

540  
A  
C O L L E C T I O N  
O F  
H Y M N S,  
FOR THE USE OF THE  
P R O T E S T A N T C H U R C H  
O F T H E  
U N I T E D B R E T H R E N.

---

Come before his Presence with Singing. PSALM c. 2.

I will sing of thy Power; yea, I will sing aloud of thy Mercy. Psalm  
lix. 16.

Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all Wisdom; teaching and  
admonishing one another in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs,  
singing with Grace in your Hearts to the Lord. COL. iii. 16.

I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the Understanding also.  
1 COR. xiv. 15.

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L O N D O N   P R I N T E D :

A N D   S O L D   A T   T H E   B R E T H R E N ' S   C H A P E L S   I N   G R E A T - B R I T A I N  
A N D   I R E L A N D .

M.DCC.LXXXIX,





26  
*James Ballou Hemenster*

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## P R E F A C E.

**T**HE large Collection of Hymns, designed chiefly for the use of the congregations in union with the church of the Brethren, which was published in the year 1754, containing all such hymns of former Hymn-books used among us, which were thought to merit a place in that collection, was (on account of its being too voluminous) inconvenient to some, and too expensive for others; in consequence of which another collection was published in the year 1769, which as to the general import of its contents, is a brief extract of the former, and though justly complained of, as containing by far too little, hath hitherto been used in all our places of worship, both at home and abroad, where divine service is performed in the English language. Besides the above objections to the size of these hymn-books, there were others of a more important nature. For though they contained for the greatest part valuable hymns, there were however some which were particularly liable to censure, being written in a peculiar style, or badly translated. It hath therefore been wished for many years, that a hymn-book might be published, less copious than the former, and containing more than the latter. Though dispatch was necessary, as both the abovementioned hymn-books were out of print; yet a work of this kind being attended with many difficulties, its progress was greatly retarded.

The hymns contained in this collection were either written in the English, or translated from the German language. As to the former, we have not only taken from our old hymn-books those we deemed suitable, (some of which have been altered, and we hope amended) but we have also inserted several out of other collections. Some have been added, which never appeared in print before, part of which were composed for this collection. Many of those, originally written in the English language, indicate that their

authors were good poets; others contain scriptural or experimental divine truths, or the ejaculations of a heart mourning, rejoicing, praying or praising, expressed in plain rhyme, in which frequently a concise and feeling expression has been retained at the expence of a lame verse.

In regard to the hymns translated from the German, their number is considerable. Most of those that were published before have either been re-translated or altered, where singular expressions, or grammatical inaccuracy required it; though these alterations have been as much avoided as the nature of the case would allow, in hymns or verses much known and sung, and have never been made without mature deliberation. We find this last remark the more necessary, as some persons might be inclined to prefer former phrases and expressions, merely because they are by long and constant use become familiar to them, though the alterations be more intelligible and scriptural.

The German hymn-book for the use of the Brethren's congregations, printed at Barby in the year 1778, which met with much approbation both in our congregations and with other sincere Christians abroad, containing many new hymns never translated into the English tongue, and a great many translated before, which were abbreviated or amended: pains have been taken, not only to translate a considerable number for this hymn-book, but also to make former translations conformable to the altered originals, except where it was to be apprehended, that a too strict conformity to the original would not produce any material amendment. We readily allow that many translations are very defective in point of fluency or sublimity of expression, so that we could hardly have given them a place in this collection, if the prevailing tendency of our endeavours had not been to retain and add, as much as possible (without swelling this volume too much) such hymns as contained plain and practical bible truths, though more or less defective in regard to diction or rhyme.

Those, who are acquainted with the difficulties which attend the translating poetry out of one language into another, (especially when the nature of one language doth not admit of what is adopted in the other) will readily allow that many

defects are rather to be attributed to the nature of the work than to want of attention. This observation is particularly applicable to the English and German languages, the former confining itself in general to the masculine or iambic whereas the latter makes very frequent use of the feminine or trochaic rhymes. Besides this it ought to be considered, that though some translations were put to tunes better adapted to English metre than the originals, we were in general under the necessity to suit our translations to the original tunes, because they are known and used among us.

The arrangement and divisions of this hymn-book, though not exactly conformable to the above-named German hymn-book as to the number of its divisions and subdivisions, is however as nearly the same as the nature of our design would admit. Whoever should meet with any thing in these hymns that strikes him as singular, will not, we hope, be inclined on that account to disapprove of the whole, if he considers that our main design has been to render it useful to the members of the Brethren's congregations and societies.

The *great* church-litany has undergone but little alteration; but the *shorter*, which is used on Sundays in all our chapels, being an abbreviation of the former before it was revised and amended in the German, hath now been made conformable to the last edition, of which it is nearly a literal extract.

As this hymn-book is also intended for the use of our missions in the English dominions abroad, where holy baptism is frequently administered to adults; and as the same is at times the case here, we have added two hymns, that may be suitably used upon such occasions.

All the hymns translated from the German are distinguished by an asterisk [\*]; those not marked in this manner, are English compositions.

Agreeable to the wish of many, the *index* does not only contain the first line of each *hymn*, but of each *verse* in this collection. The lines which begin an hymn are marked in the index also with an asterisk [\*].

The numbers of the tunes, which are placed over the hymns, have a reference to the second index, which points out the tunes for the hymns that occur in this book.



It is our ardent wish and fervent prayer unto the Lord, that he may render this publication a means to enliven that part of our worship which consists in *singing*, and that we may sing unto him with humble hearts and cheerful voices, both when assembled before him, and in our private devotion.

We also hope that our endeavors, however imperfect, will not be unacceptable or unprofitable to our friends and other sincere Christians, who according to the advice of the apostle Paul, (1 Theff. v. 21.) "Prove all things," and "hold fast that which is good."

If the important subjects contained in these hymns are heartily believed and feelingly experienced by those who sing, though their voices should sometimes jarr, yet the harmony of spirit which prevails in a congregation of believers, will prevent in a great measure, on the one hand, languor in singing, and, on the other hand, exclude unseemly clamour and vociferation.

May all, who use these hymns, delight in and experience at all times the blessed effects of the apostle Paul's advice, when he saith, (Eph. v. 19.) "Be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord;" yea anticipate already, whilst in the body, though in an humble and imperfect strain, the song of the innumerable company of just men made perfect, (Heb. xii. 23.) who being redeemed out of many nations, kindreds and tongues, and having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, (Rev. v. 9. and vii. 14.) are singing in perfect harmony, (Rev. v. 12.). "Worthy is the Lamb, that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing, for ever and ever. Amen."

London,  
March 25, 1779.



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# C O L L E C T I O N

OF

## H Y M N S, &c.

### I. Of the WORD of GOD.

1.\*

(T. 119.) *G. Gregor*

1. HOLY Lord, :|| :  
Holy and almighty Lord,  
Thou who, as the great Creator,  
By all creatures art ador'd;  
Source of universal nature,  
And to man redeem'd by Jesu's blood.  
Gracious God. :|| :

2. Thanks and praise, :|| :  
Lord our God, be ever thine,  
That thy word to us is given,  
Which, replete with truth divine,  
Leads us in the way to heaven,  
Which is Christ, whose life for us to gain,  
Once was slain. :|| :

3. Day nor night :|| :  
Never let us hold our peace;  
In his blood-bought congregation  
Never shall his praises cease;  
For Immanuel's incarnation,  
For his death, (my soul, he dy'd for  
thee)

Joyful be. :|| :

4. Lord our God, :|| :  
May thy precious, saving word,  
Till our race is here completed,  
Light unto our path afford!  
And, when in thy presence seated,

We'll in highest strains thy name adore  
Evermore. :|| :

2. *W. Hammond*

(T. 14.)

1. JESUS, thy word is my delight;  
There grace and truth are seen:  
Ah, could I study day and night,  
And meditate therein.

2. The gospel, as a polish'd glass,  
Thy glory lets us see;  
And by beholding there thy face,  
We're render'd like to thee.

3. When into darkness we are brought,  
When thou thy face hast hid,  
Vain seems thy word, it strikes us not,  
Our hearts are cold and dead.

4. Alas, how blind and deaf are we!  
We neither see, nor hear:  
Enlighten us, O Lord, to see,  
Grant us an open ear.

5. O Lamb of God, the book unseal,  
And to our hearts explain;  
Let all its life and spirit feel,  
And heav'nly wisdom gain.

6. That thou for us didst live and die,  
Make known to us, dear Lord;  
The promises to us apply,  
Contained in thy word:

# Of the Word of God.

*Bohemian Rym*

3.\*

(T. 22.)

1. **GOD's** holy word, which ne'er shall cease,  
Proclaimeth pardon, grace and peace;  
Directs to Jesus and his blood,  
And teaches us the will of God.
2. As fallen creatures could not bear  
The awful voice of God to hear,  
By men the Spirit of the Lord  
Reveal'd God's holy cov'nant word.
3. This sacred word exposes sin,  
Convinces us that we're unclean;  
Points out the wretched, fallen state  
Of ev'ry man, both small and great.
4. It also shews God's boundless grace  
Towards the fallen human race;  
Eternal life to ev'ry one  
Who turns to Jesus Christ his Son.
5. This gospel cheers the poor in heart,  
And heav'nly riches doth impart:  
Sets forth the myst'ry of Christ's cross,  
And that his blood aton'd for us:
6. It gathers God's elected flock,  
Grounds them on Jesus Christ the rock,  
Serves to instruct us and reprove,  
Confirms our hope, inflames our love,
7. Preserves believers in the faith  
Of Christ and his atoning death,  
Prompts us to do God's holy will,  
And leads us safe to Salem's hill.
8. Receive our cordial thanks, O Lord,  
For granting us thy holy word.  
O may we live accordingly,  
Till we in heav'n shall dwell with thee.

4.\*

(T. 83.)

**WHAT** a peace divinely sweet  
Fills my soul, when I've the favor  
To sit down at Jesu's feet,  
And his gracious words to savor!  
Then I open heart and ear;  
What he says finds entrance there.

5.

(T. 106.)

1. **SPIRIT** of Truth, essential God,  
Who didst the saints of old inspire,  
Shed in their hearts thy love abroad,  
And touch their lips with sacred fire:  
Thou Guide divine, who dost impart  
The truth to man, instruct each heart!
2. May we believe, almighty Lord,  
(Whose presence fills both earth and heav'n,)  
The meaning of thy written word,  
Which was by inspiration giv'n:  
Thou only canst thyself explain,  
As truth divine to fallen man.
3. Come, thou divine Interpreter,  
Our sloth and ignorance thou know'st;  
Ah, teach us humbly to revere  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
For all the mercy, truth and grace,  
We in the holy scriptures trace.

6.\* *R. Selner*

(T. 22.)

1. **LORD** Jesus, with thy children stay  
Till dawn of thy eternal day;  
And let thy glorious gospel light,  
Till then, dispel the gloom of night.
2. In these degen'rate evil days  
We pray for constancy and grace,  
That we keep pure, most gracious Lord,  
Thy holy sacraments and word.
3. Thy sacred word is all our boast;  
In this thy church can boldly trust:  
This doth alone to bliss direct;  
All other doctrines we reject.
4. Lord! from such teachers us pre-serve,  
Who from thy holy scriptures swerve,  
And by false doctrines would deceive  
Those who thee love and thee believe.
5. The cause and glory, Lord, are thine;  
Thy word is pure and all divine:  
Assist us to rely on thee,  
And keep us thine eternally.



7. *Wm Cowper*

(T. 22.)

1. O How I love thy holy word,  
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord!  
It guides me in the peaceful way;  
I'll think upon it all the day.
2. What are the mines of flining  
wealth,  
The strength of youth, the bloom of  
health!  
What are all joys, compar'd with those  
Thine everlasting word bestows!

8. \* *Gregor*

(T. 97.)

GIVE us thy Spirit, Lord, that we,  
With gladness and humility,  
The holy scriptures may believe,  
And with a grateful heart receive,  
As thy own word, to make us truly  
wise,  
And not as man's invention or device.

9. \*

(T. 58.)

MOST gracious Lord! we render  
thanks and praise,  
Since thy blest word, replete with  
truth and grace,  
Teaches us to know thee, and seek  
thy favor;  
It proves to us a life-giving favor,  
Through Jesus Christ.

10. \*

(T. 97.)

1. HERE in thy presence we appear,  
Lord Jesus Christ! thy word to hear;  
Our wand'ring thoughts and hearts  
incline  
With thirst to imbibe thy word divine;  
That thus our minds drawn from this  
earth to thee,  
May love thee more, and serve thee  
faithfully.

2. Thy Spirit can afford us light,  
And from our hearts dispel the night

A 3

Of ignorance and unbelief:  
From him alone we can receive  
Whate'er we need for prailing thee,  
our Lord,  
And for instruction from thy sacred  
word.

3. God Holy Spirit, now impart  
Thy unction to each longing heart;  
Us with thy heav'nly light and fire,  
To sing, to pray, and preach, inspire;  
Thus shall we praise the Father, Son,  
and thee,  
Both now and ever, in sincerity.

11.

(T. 12.)

1. FAIN would I, dear Redeemer,  
learn,  
Fain what is excellent discern;  
Thy will would search, my duty  
know;  
O let thy word the secret show.
2. Sigh after sigh to thee I send,  
That I thy word may comprehend,  
That word, which learnt and under-  
stood,  
Affords the soul a lasting food.
3. Let human arts make others wise,  
My learning from the cross shall rise;  
Thy wounds, thy passion, death and  
grave,  
Is all the knowledge that I crave.
4. With pity view me at thy feet,  
To be instructed, Lord, I wait;  
I may not, cannot, will not rise,  
Till by thy cross I am made wise.

12. \* *J. Baumgarten*

(T. 84.)

1. DEarest Jesus! we are here,  
By thy word to gain instruction;  
We desire to feel thee near,  
And thy Spirit's manuduction,  
That our minds by him directed,  
From all sin may be protected.
2. Reason gives no saving light  
Unto fallen human nature;



But thy Spirit clears our sight,  
Makes the sinner a new creature;  
And by his divine emotion,  
Prompts our hearts to true devotion.

3. Holy Ghost, eternal God,  
We now humbly ask the favor:  
Shed in all our hearts abroad  
The great love of God our Saviour:  
Bless our pray'rs and meditation,  
And accept our supplication.

## 13.

(T. 14.)

1. **T**HE statutes of the Lord are just,  
And bring sincere delight;  
His pure commands, in search of truth,  
Assist the feeblest sight.

2. His perfect worship here is fix'd,  
On sure foundations laid;  
His equal laws are in the scales  
Of truth and justice weigh'd.

3. My trusty counsellors they are,  
And friendly warnings give;  
Divine rewards attend on those,  
Who by thy precepts live.

4. But what frail man observes how oft  
He doth transgress and fail?

O cleanse me from my secret faults,  
My God, thou know'st them well.

14. *J. Watts*

(T. 22.)

1. **T** Was by an order from the Lord,  
The ancient prophets spoke his word;  
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,  
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.

2. Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look  
On the dear volume of thy book;  
There my Redeemer's face I see,  
And read his name, who dy'd for me.

3. Let the false raptures of the mind  
Be lost and vanish in the wind;  
Here I can fix my hope secure;  
This is thy word, and must endure.

15. *Swertner*

(T. 11.)

**L**ET the splendor of thy word  
Light unto our paths afford;  
That we in thy truth and grace  
May proceed throughout our race.

## II. Of the Fall and Corruption of Man, and his Redemption by Christ.

16. \* *Hay Spangler*

(T. 212.)

1. **W**HEN Adam fell, the frame  
entire  
Of nature was infected;  
The source, whence came the poison  
dire,

Was not to be corrected,  
But by God's grace, which saves our  
race

From their entire destruction:  
The fatal lust, indulg'd at first,  
Brought death as its production.

2. By one man's guilt we are enslav'd  
To sin, death, hell, and devil;  
But by another's grace was sav'd  
Mankind from all this evil:  
And as we all, by Adam's fall,  
Were sentenc'd to perdition;  
So Jesus hath, by his own death,  
Regain'd us life's fruition.

3. Has God bestow'd his only Son  
On us rebellious creatures,  
To save our souls, which were undone,  
And wash our sinful natures  
From all their guilt, by th' blood he  
spilt,  
His death and resurrection:

Then don't delay! This is the day  
T'insure thy own election.

4. I send my cries unto the Lord,  
My heart implores this favor,  
To grant me of his living word  
A never-failing favor;  
That sin and shame may lose their  
claim  
To hinder my salvation:  
In Christ the scope of all my hope,  
I fear no condemnation.
5. Thy word's a lanthorn to my feet;  
My soul's best information;  
My surest guide and path to meet  
Eternal consolation:  
This leading star, where't doth appear,  
Revealeth Christ our Saviour  
Unto the lost, who firmly trust  
In him alone for ever.

17. *Watts*

(T. 22.)

1. LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,  
And born unholy and unclean;  
Sprung from the man, whose guilty  
fall  
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.
2. Soon as we draw our infant breath  
The seeds of sin engender death;  
The law demands a perfect heart,  
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.
3. O God! create my heart anew,  
And form my spirit pure and true;  
O make me wise betimes to see  
My danger and my remedy.
4. Behold, I fall before thy face;  
My only refuge is thy grace:  
No outward forms can make me clean,  
The leprosy lies deep within.
5. Jesus, my God, thy blood alone  
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;  
Thy blood can make me white as snow,  
Nought else but this can make me so.
6. While guilt disturbs and breaks my  
peace,  
Nor flesh, nor soul hath rest or ease;  
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,  
And make my broken heart rejoice.

A 3

18. \* *W. Angelus*

(T. 590.)

1. THE true good Shepherd, God's  
own Son  
From all eternity,  
Urg'd by his love, exchang'd his throne  
For human misery,  
His wand'ring sheep gone far astray  
He sought with pungent pain,  
And did for all a ransom pay  
To bring them home again.
2. One of those sheep, in deserts lost,  
Art thou, my needy soul;  
His blood, which thy salvation cost,  
Can cleanse and make thee whole.  
Now shew him cordial gratitude,  
And glorify his name.  
He doth, as purchas'd by his blood,  
Thy soul and body claim.

19. *Watts*

(T. 14.)

1. HOW sad our state by nature is!  
Our sin how deep it stains!  
How satan binds our captive souls  
Fast in his slavish chains!
2. But there's a voice of sov'reign grace  
Sounds from the sacred word:  
"Ho! ye despairing finners, come,  
Rely upon the Lord"
3. My soul obey th' almighty call,  
And haste to gain relief;  
I would believe thy promise, Lord;  
O, help my unbelief!
4. To the dear fountain of thy blood,  
Incarnate God! I fly:  
Here let me wash my spotted soul  
From crimes of deepest dye.
5. A guilty, weak and helpless worm  
Into thy arms I fall:  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus, and my all.

20. \* *Bohem. Br.*

(T. 166.)

1. WHEN the due time had taken  
place,  
God look'd upon the sons of men,

Saw them a sinful, cursed race,  
 Perverse, polluted and unclean;  
 Then Jesus came to set us free,  
 And for our guilt to shed his blood;  
 His death procur'd our liberty,  
 And reconcil'd us unto God.

2. Therefore our Lord calls constantly:  
 Come, sinners, come to me and live;  
 Surrender up yourselves to me,  
 Repenting sinners I receive:  
 I freely gave my life for you;  
 Now all your wants I will supply;  
 Yea, pardon, rest, and life bestow;  
 O turn to me, why will you die?

3. Sinners, attend to Jesu's voice;  
 He's call'd, The Lord our Righteous-  
 ness:

Mourn not, but in his name rejoice,  
 Accept of his redeeming grace:  
 He fills the hungry soul with good,  
 The thirsty heart may drink its fill;  
 He guides us in the narrow road  
 That leads to Salem's blessed hill.

4. Ah! come, Lord Jesus, hear our  
 pray'r,

Thou worthy Son of God most high!  
 We humbly ask: our souls prepare,  
 That we may to thy mercy fly;  
 That we may all believe on thee,  
 And on thy flesh and blood may feed,  
 True members of thy body be,  
 For ever join'd to thee our head.

21.

(T. 14.)

1. I, With the fallen human race,  
 Lay wett'ring in my blood;  
 Cover'd with shame, and deep dis-  
 grace,  
 And banish'd far from God.

2. The loving Jesus passing by,  
 His bowels yearn'd to see  
 Me outcast wretch so helpless lie  
 In deepest misery.

3. Inclin'd to me in tenderness,  
 My soul he would relieve  
 From all its misery and distress,  
 He said, "Arise, and live."

4. He wash'd away my ev'ry stain,  
 And cleans'd me in his blood;  
 Deck'd me with righteousness divine,  
 And brought me nigh to God.

5. My heart no condemnation fears,  
 Nor hell, nor satan dreads;  
 Christ as the mercy-seat appears,  
 His blood my pardon pleads.

6. Against the fiercest pow'rs of hell,  
 He is my strength and shield;  
 Within his wounds I safely dwell;  
 He fights, I win the field.

7. Making himself a sacrifice,  
 My bonds and chains he broke;  
 Now to my willing neck he ties  
 His soft and easy yoke.

8. Rejoice, my soul, for evermore,  
 Since Christ thy Saviour is;  
 And thou for ever shalt adore  
 Him in the realms of bliss.

22. *M. Taylor*

(T. 79.)

1. THOU holy, spotless Lamb of  
 God!

Didst leave thy glorious, blest abode,  
 In love to sinners vile,  
 To bleed for all lost Adam's race,  
 Who were accursed, dead and base,  
 Entangled fast by satan's guile.

2. Thou, for their sake who hated thee,  
 Didst shed thy blood upon the tree,  
 Thy life for ours didst give;  
 Thou bor'st our curse; our debt is  
 paid,

Thy soul for sin an off'ring made,  
 Thou dy'dst, that we with thee  
 might live.

3. Thus thou hast bought us with thy  
 blood;  
 That price accepted was by God,  
 We are with him at peace;  
 No wrath remains on any one,  
 That will but come unto the Son,  
 Take and put on his righteousness.

4. Never may I depart from thee;  
 Thou hast procur'd this liberty,  
 That I may keep thy grace;

Thy wounds, whereon I trust by faith,  
My refuge are 'gainst sin and death,  
My feeble soul's abiding-place.

23. \**Bul. peratus*  
(T. 132.)

1. OUR whole salvation doth depend  
On God's free grace and Spirit;  
All our best works can ne'er defend  
A boast in our own merit:  
Derived is our righteousness  
From Christ and his atoning grace;  
He is our Mediator.
2. Who can maintain the bold conceit,  
That poor mankind was able  
To observe, by means of nat'ral light,  
The first and second table?  
The law reveals the root of sin,  
Which lay before conceal'd within,  
With all its hellish branches.
3. No! 'twas beyond all human art  
To purge that deep pollution;  
Efforts to move the poison'd dart,  
Confirm'd the foul infection.  
The Lord a feigned work abhors;  
Mere flesh increases but the curse  
Of our entail'd corruption.
4. The law cry'd, justice must be done,  
Or men doom'd to damnation;  
But Mercy sent th' eternal Son,  
Who purchas'd our salvation,  
Fulfill'd the law in its extent,  
And gave its wrath a thorough vent,  
To spare the sons of Adam.
5. Thus having all the law fulfill'd,  
Through his blest cross and passion,  
He's now the Rock whereon we build  
Our faith and whole salvation:  
We call him, Lord, our righteousness,  
Whose death has purchas'd life and  
grace,  
And ransom'd us for ever.
6. The law reveal'd sin's sinfulness,  
Enhanc'd the accusation;  
The gospel tenders saving grace  
For sinners' consolation,  
Bids all lay hold on Jesu's cross;  
The law could ne'er retrieve our loss,  
With all its best performance.

A 4

7. True faith, by Jesus in us wrought,  
By works is manifested;  
That faith is empty which is not  
By works of love attested.  
Yet faith alone us justifies!  
Love to our neighbour but implies,  
We are sincere believers.

24.

(T. 582.)

1. NOT one of Adam's race,  
However just and good,  
Can by his works of righteousness,  
Be justify'd 'fore God.  
The works which we have done  
Are all, alas! unclean;  
But we are sav'd by faith alone,  
And cleans'd thereby from sin.
2. If sinners, full of grief,  
Deserving to be damn'd,  
Look up to Jesus for relief,  
They shall not be ashamed:  
Since God his Son us gave,  
That sinners who believe,  
Might pardon and redemption have,  
And in his kingdom live.

25 \**he. Angelus*

(T. 89.)

1. IN thine image, Lord, thou mad'st  
me,  
Gav'st me being out of love;  
Though I fell, yet thou hast sent me  
Full redemption from above:  
Sacred Love, I long to be  
Thine to all eternity.
2. Love! before I life obtained  
I was chose to bliss by thee:  
God of love! thou'st not disdain'd  
To become a Man like me:  
Love almighty and divine!  
I would be for ever thine.
3. Love! who hast for me endured  
All the pains of death and hell:  
Love! whose suff'rings have procured  
More for me than tongue can tell.  
Sacred Love, &c.



4. Love! my Life, and my Salvation,  
Light and Truth, eternal Word!  
Thou alone dost consolation  
To my sinking soul afford.  
Love almighty, &c.

5. Love! thy yoke I gladly carry,  
It's easy, gentle, light:  
Grant that I may ne'er be weary  
Thee to serve with all my might.  
Sacred Love, &c.

6. Love! who interced'd in heaven  
For my soul, when I'm oppress'd,  
And hast my poor name engraven  
Upon thy high-priestly breast.  
Love almighty, &c.

7. Love! thou'lt raise me unto glory  
From the grave and bed of dust,  
And as Conqueror place before thee,  
Crown'd with blessings 'mongst the  
just.

Sacred Love! I long to be  
Thine to all eternity.

## 26.

(T. 22.)

1. When justice did demand its due,  
And sins increas'd the dreadful strife,  
My Saviour to my succor flew,  
And by obedience bought my life.

2. My Ransom from the pow'r of sin  
Could not be paid on other terms:  
Run, hide thyself, my soul, within  
Thy bleeding Saviour's outstretch'd  
arms.

3. When law condemns, and justice  
cries  
For dreadful vengeance without end,  
To Jesus then I turn my eyes;  
He tells me, he will stand my friend.

4. God on these terms is reconcil'd,  
And I his gracious heart have won;  
Now I am deem'd his favor'd child,  
In Jesus, his beloved Son.

5. What can be laid unto my charge,  
When God saith, Freely I'll forgive?  
Though hell should on my crimes en-  
large,

Christ says, I shall not die, but live.

6. The curses which the law of God  
Pronounc'd o'er me, he freely bore;  
I'm now, by faith in Jesu's blood,  
Acquitted of sin's dreadful score.

7. Away then, doubts, and anxious fears!  
Be silent all my needless sighs;  
My Saviour wipes away my tears,  
O'er sin and death I conquer rise.

8. Jesus! be endless praise to thee,  
Let sinners loud thy lauds proclaim:  
Of old their sins could pardon'd be,  
And Jesus always is the same.

27. \* *Living words*

(T. 221.)

1. YE bottomless depths of God's  
infinite love,

By Jesus Christ to us reveal'd!  
Its motions how burning, how flaming  
they prove!

Though from man's wisdom quite  
conceal'd.

What dost thou love? Sinners, the  
vilest race;

Whom dost thou bless? Children,  
who scorn'd thy grace;

O Being most gracious! whom angels  
adore,

Thou tak'st thy delight in things  
worthless and poor,

2. Yet, O God of glory! our thirsting  
can never

Extend so far as doth thy grace;  
On us thou hast lavish'd more blessing  
and favor

Than stripes deserv'd our trespasses:  
So teach us to trust thy fidelity,

And closely united with Christ to be.  
The Spirit's kind teachings in all  
things to prove,

And thus thee to honor, to serve and  
to love.

3. We pray thee, O Being most gra-  
cious and mild,

Instruct our minds and teach us now,  
That thus in our Lord, who's thine  
image and child,

What thy great name is we may know.



## Of the Incarnation and Birth of Jesus Christ.

9

Ah, show us how easy it is to bear  
Thy yoke, and to trust thy paternal  
care,  
That till the short period of this life  
shall end,  
Our faith and our labor may th' Au-  
thor commend.

28. *Evkine*

(T. 580.)

1. **ARISE** ye, who are captive led,  
Complain no more, for Christ our  
head

From sin can set you free.  
Redemption Jesus freely gives,  
Repenting sinners he receives,  
He gladly saves both thee and me.

2. He meekly all our sorrows bore,  
Us fallen sinners to restore  
To life and liberty :

For us he suffer'd deep distress,  
Was without form or comeliness.  
O depth of love ! O mystery !

3. Th' almighty Judge condemn'd was,  
That he by death might gain our cause,  
The Prince of life was slain :  
And, dying in the sinner's stead,  
We need no condemnation dread,  
Eternal life in him we gain.

4. The Holy One made sin for us,  
Was nail'd to th' accursed cross,  
And shed his precious blood ;  
Thus he obtain'd a righteousness  
For all who mourn for pard'ning grace,  
Thro' Jesus we have peace with God !

5. The ransom'd hosts in heav'n re-  
joice,

And we attempt to raise our voice,  
The Lamb of God to praise ;  
Him, him we'll love, him we'll adore,  
Yea him we'll praise for evermore,  
When we shall see him face to face.

29.

(T. 22.)

1. **WE** sing to God, whose tender  
love

Caus'd him to leave his throne above,  
To dwell with sinful worms below,  
And save them from eternal woe.

2. On fallen men he cast his eye,  
In depths of mis'ry saw them lie ;  
Pity'd their state, resolv'd to come,  
And suffer freely in their room.

3. A mortal body he assum'd,  
Bled, groan'd and dy'd, and was en-  
tomb'd ;

At length, the work thus finished,  
He rose triumphant from the dead.

4. To heav'n's bright realms he took  
his flight,

Beyond the reach of mortal sight ;  
There pleads with God for ransom'd  
men,

Thence will in glory come again.

5. To Jesus, our exalted Head,  
Immortal honors now be paid.

The glory of his saving name  
Our tongues shall evermore proclaim.

## III. Of the Incarnation and Birth of Jesus Christ.

30. \* *Matth. Zach*

(T. 97.)

1. **JESUS**, th' almighty Son of God,  
Takes up with mortals his abode ;  
He who was sworn to Abraham,  
Who ever was and is the same,  
He came and hidden mysteries re-  
veal'd,  
Which from the world's foundation  
were conceal'd,

2. We, dead in sins and trespasses,  
The narrow way to life and peace  
Had neither will nor pow'r to find ;  
Nor were our stubborn hearts inclin'd  
To wish, or ask, that happiness to know,  
Which love alone on sinners could be-  
stow.

3. Then Love brake forth, " Behold  
" me still  
" Prepar'd, O God, to do thy will !

10 Of the Incarnation and Birth of Jesus Christ.

"I freely come, I freely die,  
 "For guilty man to satisfy;  
 "I, in his stead, will hang upon the  
 tree,  
 "From sin, and death, and hell, to  
 set him free."

4. And thus, for our imputed guilt,  
 Our Surety's precious blood was spilt;  
 The sins of all on him were laid,  
 And he for all has fully paid;  
 Now God, as children, freely will re-  
 ceive  
 Repenting sinners who in Christ be-  
 lieve.

5. Out of pure grace unmerited,  
 Salvation shew's upon our head:  
 Merely because the Lord has dy'd.  
 Because the Lamb was crucify'd,  
 Are we invited to possess a throne,  
 Before the world was made, ordain'd  
 our own.

31.

(T. 22.)

1. **MAKER** of all things, Lord our  
 God,  
 Now veil'd in feeble flesh and blood,  
 To reconcile and set us free  
 From endless woe and misery.  
 2. What heights, what depths of love  
 divine  
 In thy blest incarnation shine!  
 Let heav'n and earth unite their lays  
 To magnify thy boundless grace.

32. *Watts*

(T. 14.)

1. **H**ofanna to the royal Son  
 Of David's ancient line!  
 His natures two, his person one,  
 Mysterious and divine.  
 2. The root of David here, we find,  
 And offspring is the same;  
 Eternity and time are join'd  
 In our Immanuel's name.  
 3. Blest He that comes to wretched  
 men  
 With peaceful news from heav'n!

Hofannas in the highest strain  
 To Christ the Lord be giv'n.

33. *Paul Gerhau*  
 (T. 151.)

1. **H**ow shall I meet my Saviour?  
 How shall I welcome thee?  
 What manner of behavior  
 Is now requir'd of me?  
 I wait for thy salvation,  
 Cause me to know aright  
 What kind of preparation  
 Is pleasing in thy sight.

2. Whilst with her fragrant flower  
 Thy Sion strews thy way,  
 I'll raise with all my powers  
 To thee a grateful lay:  
 I'll thee, the King of glory,  
 For thy great goodness praise,  
 And thankfully adore thee  
 Throughout my future days.

3. What hast thou not performed  
 From death to rescue me,  
 While I was so deformed  
 By sin and misery;  
 Fair gifts of my creation  
 Quite lost, made me despair;  
 But thy blest incarnation  
 Brought my redemption near.

4. I lay in fetters groaning,  
 Thou can't to set me free;  
 My shame I was bemoaning,  
 With grace thou clothedst me.  
 Thou'lt raised me to glory,  
 Endowed me with bliss,  
 Which is not transitory,  
 As worldly grandeur is.

5. This caus'd thy incarnation,  
 This brought thee down to me!  
 Thy thirst for my salvation  
 Procur'd my liberty:  
 O Love beyond all measure!  
 Wherewith thou dost embrace  
 Mankind, 'midst all that pressure  
 Which, since the fall, takes place.

6. Let this consideration  
 Your wounded conscience heal,  
 Ye who your depravation  
 With deep conviction feel,

# Of the Incarnation and Birth of Jesus Christ. 11

Fear not, for your salvation  
Is nigh, yea at the door,  
The gospel-consolation  
Is nearer than before.  
7. 'Tis none of our endeavor,  
Nor any mortal care,  
Could draw his sov'reign favor  
To sinners in despair:  
Uncall'd, he comes with gladness  
To save you from the fall,  
And cure all grief and sadness  
He knows ye're clogg'd withal.  
8. Be not cast down, nor frighted  
At sin, though e'er so great;  
No! Jesus is delighted  
The greatest to remit.  
He comes, repenting sinners  
With life and love to crown;  
And make them happy winners  
Of glory like his own.

34. \* *H. Heide*  
(T. 11.)

1. **ALL** the world exalt the Lord,  
Who for ever keeps his word,  
And revealeth truth and grace  
In his Son, the Prince of peace.  
2. What the fathers wish'd of old,  
What the promises foretold,  
What the seers did prophecy,  
Is fulfill'd most gloriously.  
3. My Salvation, welcome be;  
Thou, my Portion, praise to thee;  
Come, and take thy blest abode  
In my heart, O Son of God.  
4. Grant thy comforts to my mind,  
Since I'm helpless, poor and blind;  
O may I, in faith, abide  
Thine, and never turn aside.  
5. Jesus, when in majesty,  
Thou shalt come our Judge to be;  
Grant in grace, that I may stand  
Justified at thy right hand.

35. \* *Mich. Weiss*  
(T. 22.)

r. **TO** God we render thanks and  
praise,  
Who pitied fallen human race,

And gave his dear and only Son,  
That us, as children, he might own.  
2. What grace, what great benevo-  
lence!  
What love, surpassing human sense!  
For this great work, no angel can  
Him duly praise, much less a man.  
3. God takes on him our nature base,  
Our Maker takes his creature's place;  
A virgin's womb he did not scorn,  
But condescended to be born.  
4. The Word eternal did assume  
Our flesh and blood, and man become;  
The Alpha and Omega see  
Partake of human misery.  
5. He came to seek and save the lost;  
We sinn'd, and he would bear the  
cost,  
That we might share eternal bliss:  
O, what unbounded love is this!  
6. For what is all the human race,  
That God should show such match-  
less grace  
To give his Son, that we might claim  
Life everlasting in his name.  
7. How wretched they who still despise  
Jesus, the Pearl of greatest price,  
Such as neglect to hear his voice,  
Must perish by their own free choice.  
8. Unhappy they who turn away,  
Or such carelessly delay  
To meet their Saviour, tho' he came  
Their souls from mis'ry to reclaim.  
9. Come, sinners, Jesus will receive  
The worst of sinners; come and live.  
"I'll dwell with you," our Saviour  
saith;  
Receive him in your hearts by faith.  
10. Your crimes and self-made holi-  
ness,  
Your carnal reason, and distress,  
Give up, and trust to Christ alone,  
Who did for all your sins atone.  
11. Thus, sav'd by God's unbounded  
grace,  
You'll humbly render thanks and  
praise,  
With all the num'rous ransom'd host,  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

36. *Wm. Hammond*

(T. 11.)

1. **WHAT** good news the angels  
bring?

What glad tidings of our King?  
Christ the Lord is born to-day,  
Christ, who takes our sins away.

2. He who rules both heav'n and earth,  
Has in Bethlehem his birth;  
Him shall all the faithful see,  
And rejoice eternally.

3. Lift your hearts and voices high,  
With hosannas fill the sky:  
Glorify to God above,  
Who is infinite in love!

4. Peace on earth, good will to men,  
Now with us our God is seen:  
Angels join his name to praise,  
Help to sing redeeming grace.

5. Jesus is the loveliest name;  
This the angel doth proclaim;  
Sinners poor he came to save;  
They in him redemption have.

6. They who see themselves undone,  
And take refuge to the Son,  
They shall all be born again,  
And with him in glory reign.

37. *Wm. Taylor*

(T. 590.)

1. **ALL** glory to Immanuel's name  
The choirs of angels sing;  
Gladly these heralds do proclaim,  
Peace from our Father and King:  
Well might the shepherds haste away  
This wondrous Babe to see;  
Well might the sages homage pay,  
Before him bow the knee.

2. We too have reason to rejoice,  
When we this myst'ry view,  
That God assum'd our flesh and blood:  
O wonder ever new!  
We humbly in the dust adore;  
Lord, who is like to thee  
That thou, vile sinners to restore,  
Vouchsaf'dst a man to be!

38. *Paul Gerhardt*

(T. 157.)

1. **RISE**, my soul, shake off all sadness,

Christ is near thee to cheer,  
Angels sing with gladness:  
Unto you is born a Saviour  
On this day,—don't delay  
To accept God's favor.

2. Our eternal, kind Creator  
Leaves his own-glorious throne,  
And assumes our nature:  
From perdition full exemption  
To procure,—and endure  
Death for our redemption.

3. O th' amazing demonstration  
Of his love,—which we prove  
By his incarnation.  
If mankind by him were loathed,  
How could he—deign to be  
In our nature clothed?

4. See your Saviour in a manger,  
'Mongst his own,—yet unknown,  
Treated like a stranger,  
Tended by an earthly mother.  
Him believe,—and receive,  
He is Christ your Brother!

5. Ye that feel quite poor and needy,  
Come who will,—take your fill,  
All things now are ready.  
He is come to be your Saviour,  
Full of love—to remove  
Guilt and curse for ever.

6. Jesus, hear my supplication,  
Grant me grace—to embrace  
Thee as my salvation.  
Then, like Simeon, (O what favor!)  
I desire—to retire  
Hence in peace for ever.

39. *J. Sweetmer*

(T. 590.)

1. **BEHOLD**, to us a Child is born,  
To us a Son is giv'n,  
To us, who're wretched and forlorn,  
Descends the Lord from heav'n:  
The promis'd seed, Immanuel,  
The everlasting God



Came down to save from death and hell  
Poor sinners by his blood.

2. Great is the hidden mystery

That God became a man:

He had from all eternity,

In mercy form'd a plan

To save from mis'ry and distress

The fallen human race;

And now the Sun of righteousness

His healing beams displays.

3. The Father lov'd us as his own,

Though we from him had stray'd,

And freely gave his only Son

To suffer in our stead.

The Son, in love to us, declar'd:

"I come to do God's will;"

And in this fallen world appear'd,

His council to fulfil.

4. The Holy Ghost had long foretold

That Jesus should appear;

And thus the patriarchs of old

Did his salvation share.

Of him bless'd Mary did conceive,

The holy Child she bore;

And he instructs us to believe

In Christ, and him t'adore.

5. Thus Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

In this resolve are one,

To save us sinners, vile and lost,

By Jesus Christ the Son.

The Father's love we plainly trace

In Christ th' incarnate God:

What we possess of life and grace,

The Spirit has bestow'd.

6. Come, sinners, view th' incarnate  
Word,

Who us and all things made;

This Babe now born is Christ the Lord,

Though in a manger laid.

For us to die is Jesus born,

Adore his saving name,

Rejoice, rejoice! for all that mourn

May his salvation claim.

40. *M. Taylor*

(T. 580.)

1. ALL glory be to God on high!

Ye sons of Adam, fill the sky

With praise and thankfulness.

God, mov'd by everlasting love,

Decreed, with his dear Son above,

A sinful world to save and bless.

2. Stand still and see what God hath  
done,

His only and beloved Son

For us he freely gave,

For us, and for the num'rous race

Of curied sinners vile and base!

Yea, e'en the worst he came to save.

3. He as a poor mean Child was born,

His birth no palace did adorn,

A manger was his bed;

Look, look upon this rising Son,

Till tears of love your eyes o'erspread:

This lovely Babe is Christ our Head.

41. *W. Taylor*

(T. 168.)

1. INfinite Source, whence all did  
spring,

Thou of all things the Head and Lord,

Thou mighty and eternal King,

Who art in heav'n and earth ador'd,

Thou whom the heav'ns cannot con-  
tain,

Didst deign to leave thy throne above,

To be an infant poor and mean:

O myst'ry deep! O boundless love!

2. What caused this I know too well,

'Twas I who made thee thus to bow,

'Twas I who had deserved hell,

Who promised thee to stoop so low;

My mis'ry and the God of grace,

Who in thy bosom lay,

When the world was had taken place

His deep compassion to display.

3. What off'ring shall I bring to thee,

Immanuel, my King and God!

Thou who vouchsaf'dst a Man to be,

To save me by thy precious blood:

Thou Babe, t' whom angels praise

sing,

"Peace upon earth, good will to  
men;"

To whom the wise men humbly bring

Their gifts, though thou appear so  
mean?



4. This will I do, thou Child divine!  
I'll give thee that for which thou  
cam'st;

My soul and body, Lord, are thine,  
And them in love to me thou claim'st.  
My humble sacrifice receive,  
Dear Jesus! born to bleed for me,  
That I by faith in thee might live;  
And live with thee eternally.

42.\* *D. Luther*

(T. 22.)

1. **CHRIST**, whom the virgin Ma-  
ry bore,

We all with humble hearts adore!  
O might all nations, tribes and tongues,  
To our Immanuel raise their songs.

2. The mighty God, who all things  
gave

Both form and life, vile man to save,  
Assum'd our feeble flesh and blood,  
And for our debt as surety stood.

3. He, who the wants of all supplies,  
Now in the manger helpless lies,  
He, who the whole creation feeds,  
An earthly mother's nursing needs.

4. The angels at his birth rejoice,  
Singing his praise with cheerful voice;  
The Shepherds, hearing Christ is born,  
To Jesus, our chief Shepherd, turn.

5. Thanks to the Father be now giv'n,  
Who sent his Son to us from heav'n.  
Thanks to the Son who saves the lost,  
Thanks to our Guide the Holy Ghost.

43.\* *D. Luther*

(T. 50.)

1. **JESUS**, all praise is due to thee,  
That thou wast pleas'd a man to be!  
A virgin's womb thou didst not scorn;  
Angels rejoice to see thee born.

Hallelujah!

2. He, who the earth's foundations  
laid,

Is now a little infant made;  
The Son of God, who fram'd the  
skies,

Now humbly in a manger lies. Hal.

3. Th' eternal and almighty God  
Assumes our feeble flesh and blood;  
He deigns with sinful man to dwell,  
Is God with us, Immanuel. Hal.

4. He is the Sun of righteousness,  
Which rises with re-plendent grace,  
And doth dispel sin's gloomy night,  
That we may share his saving light.  
Hal.

5. To grant us pardon, peace and rest,  
He in this world became a guest,  
And open'd, thro' himself, the way  
To life and everlasting day. Hal.

6. Forthefore poor on earth he came,  
That we might all his riches claim,  
To make us heirs of endless bliss,  
With all the ransom'd saints of his.  
Hal.

7. For us these wonders hath he  
wrought,  
To show his love, surpassing thought:  
Then let us all unite to sing  
Praise to our Saviour, God and King.  
Hal.

44.\* *J. Hart*

(T. 590.)

1. **COME**, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
Your grateful tribute bring,  
And celebrate, with one accord,  
The birth of Christ our King.  
Let us with humble hearts repair  
(Faith will point out the road)  
To little Bethlehem, and there  
Adore th' incarnate God.

2. No pomp adorns, no sweets perfume  
The place where Christ is laid.  
A stable serves him for his room,  
A manger is his bed.  
The crowded inn, like sinners' hearts,  
(O ignorance extreme!)  
For other guests of various sorts  
Had room; but none for him.

3. But see what diff'rent thoughts  
arise  
In ours and angels' breasts,  
To hail his birth THEY left the skies,  
We lodg'd him with the beasts.

Yet let believers cease their fears,  
Nor envy heav'nly pow'rs:  
If sinless innocence be THEIRS,  
Redemption all is OURS.

45. \* *St. Luther*

(T. 22.)

1. IMMANUEL, to thee we sing,  
Thou Prince of life, almighty King,  
That thou, expected ages past,  
Didst come to visit us at last.

2. Though heav'n and earth belong  
to thee,  
A stranger, Lord! thou deign'st to be.  
Thou clothest all, yet wear'st a dress  
Which doth the poorest state express.

3. Thou dost a mother's nursing need,  
Who dost the whole creation feed;  
Thou who control'st the sea and wind,  
In swaddling-clothes art now confin'd.

4. On wither'd grass reclines thy head,  
A wretched manger is thy bed:  
Though thou appear'st amongst thine  
own,  
No kindness unto thee is shown.

5. I thank thee, gracious Lord, that  
thou  
On my account didst stoop so low:  
O that my words, my works and ways  
May all proclaim thy loudest praise!

46. \* *St. Basil*

(T. 169.)

1. ARISE, my spirit, bless the day,  
Whereon the ages' Sire  
A Child became: thy homage pay;  
Receive him with desire.  
This is the night in which he came,  
Was born, and put on human frame,  
Us sinners to deliver  
From sin and death for ever.

2. Welcome, thou Source of ev'ry  
good,  
O Jesus, King of glory!  
Welcome, thrice welcome, Lamb of  
God,  
To this world transitory!

In grateful hymns thy name I'll praise,  
With heart and voice throughout my  
days,

For thy blest incarnation  
Procured my salvation.

3. Ah Jesus! thy unworthy bride  
Deserved to be lothed,  
And yet thou hast her to thyself  
Upon the cross betrothed:  
Her portion had been infamy,  
Eternal shame and misery,  
For her thou leav'st thy glory:  
Who can enough adore thee!

4. O lovely Infant! thou art full  
Of grace above all measure;  
Thou art more precious to my soul  
Than ev'ry other treasure.  
Come, Jesus, come, and stay with me,  
O let my heart thy dwelling be;  
Then I, without cessation,  
Shall joy in thy salvation.

47.

(T. 16.)

1. CHRIST the Lord, the Lord most  
glorious,

Is now born: O shout aloud!  
By him man is made victorious:  
Praise your Saviour; hail your God!

2. Praise the Lord, for on us shineth  
Christ the Sun of righteousness;  
He to us in love inclineth,  
Cheers our souls with pard'ning  
grace.

3. Praise the Lord, whose saving  
splendor  
Shines into the darkest night:  
O what praises shall we render  
For this never-ceasing light!

4. Praise the Lord, GOD, our SAL-  
VATION;  
Praise him who retriev'd our loss,  
Sing with awe and love's sensation,  
HALLELUJAH, GOD WITH US!

48.

(T. 586.)

**I** Will rejoice in GOD my SAVIOUR,  
And magnify this act of love.  
I'm lost in wonder at his favor,  
Which him to leave his throne could  
move,  
To take on him my sickly nature,  
To suffer for his wretched creature,  
Sin's curse and keenest pain,  
And death-pangs to sustain,  
My soul to gain.

49.\* *H. Kasper*

(T. 58.)

**SINCE**, ye redeemed from Adam's  
fall,  
Your Hallelujahs join great and small,  
Praise ye God rejoicing, for our sal-  
vation,  
This Child was born; this divine do-  
nation  
Is God with us.

50.\* *L. Luther*

(T. 22.)

1. **TO**-day we celebrate the birth  
Of Jesus Christ, who came on earth,  
Man as his property to claim,  
And from perdition to redeem.

2. Awake, my heart; my soul, rejoice;  
Look, who in yonder manger lies;  
Who is that Child; so poor and mean?  
'Tis he, who all things doth sustain.

3. Welcome, O welcome, noble Guest!  
Who sinners not despised hast,  
But cam'st into our misery;  
How shall we pay due thanks to thee?

4. Immanuel, incarnate God,  
Prepare my heart for thy abode:  
O may I, through thy aiding grace,  
In all I do, shew forth thy praise.

51.\* *J. Greening*

(T. 155.)

**CHRIST**, the Lord of all things, was  
A weak Babe laid in a manger,  
A poor Stranger,  
'Midst the people stil'd his own  
Quite unknown;  
Yea, despised, scorn'd and hated,  
Lord, who all things hast created,  
Thee we honor and adore.

52.\* *Nic. Herrman*

(T. 14.)

1. A Wondrous change Christ with  
us makes;  
The praise is his alone;  
His own t' impart, our nature takes,  
To raise us to his throne.

2. In servant's form, lo! he appears,  
Our freedom to obtain;  
To show his love, our shame he bears,  
And glory thus we gain.

53.\* *Gregor*

(T. 39.)

**TO** God our Immanuel made flesh  
as we are,  
Our Friend, our Redeemer, and Bro-  
ther so dear!  
Be honor and glory; let, with one  
accord,  
All people say, Amen! Give praise  
to the Lord.

## IV. Of the Name of Jesus, and his Walk on Earth.

54. \* *Lingendorf*

(T. 146.)

1. **LORD** Jesus, when I trace  
Thee as the great Creator,  
With fear I hide my face;  
But when in human nature  
I see thy deep distress,  
And lowliness of heart,  
I freely may confess  
That thou my brother art.
2. Therefore I'll thee adore  
With deep humiliation,  
And own thee evermore  
Lord of the whole creation;  
But thy humanity,  
Thy birth, thy life, and death,  
Unite my soul to thee,  
Whilst here on earth I breathe.

55. \* *Wingaster*

(T. 97.)

1. **BEHOLD** I send my messenger,  
Who shall the way for me prepare;  
Thus by the prophet spake the Lord  
Of old, and John fulfill'd this word,  
When he as Christ's forerunner did  
appear,  
Declaring that heav'n's kingdom now  
was near.
2. He came, as plainly was foretold,  
And, seeing Jesus, said, Behold,  
This is the Lamb of God, who came  
For lost mankind to bear the blame,  
And take away their sins, he is the  
Christ,
- Repent, believe in him, and be bap-  
tiz'd.
3. Lord Jesus Christ, may we receive  
This testimony, and believe  
That thou for us a sacrifice  
Wast made, to pay our ransom-price.  
O may we know thee as the Lamb of  
God,  
And feel the virtue of thy precious  
blood!

B

56. *L. Cennick*

(T. 24.)

1. **O MY** dear Saviour, when thy  
cares,  
Thy toils for me I read,  
My eyes run o'er with grateful tears,  
And I bow down my head.
2. Thy soff'ring life I cannot trace;  
Or read thy sacred word,  
But I'm o'ercome with thankfulness  
To thee, my gracious Lord.
3. What am I, Lord, that thou so  
much  
Should'st love and value me?  
Vile dust I am, yet thou for such  
Didst bear thy misery.

57. \* *W. Hammond*

(T. 11.)

1. **SEE**, my soul, with wonder see  
The incarnate Deity;  
Human nature he assumes,  
He, to ransom sinners, comes.
2. He was not conceiv'd in sin,  
He was altogether clean:  
Him no sinful spot disguis'd,  
Yet, lo! he was circumcis'd.
3. He fulfill'd all righteousness,  
Standing in the sinner's place;  
From the manger to the cross,  
All he did, he did for us:
4. All our woes he did retrieve,  
He expir'd that we might live;  
By his stripes our wounds are heal'd,  
By his blood our pardon's seal'd.
5. Lord, conform us to thy death,  
That new life regain'd, each breath,  
Thro' thy resurrection's pow'r,  
May thy praises sound each hour.



18 Of the Name of Jesus, and his Walk on Earth.

7. Circumcise our sinful hearts;  
Purify our inward parts;  
Lord, destroy the carnal mind,  
That in thee we peace may find:  
8. In thy righteousness array'd,  
Let us triumph and be glad;  
Let us walk with thee in white,  
Let us see thy face in light.

58. \**Amc. Church*

(T. 243.)

1. MY Jesu's first bleeding  
At his circumcision,  
His earliest blood-shedding  
Did loudly petition,  
And mercy free-obtain'd for me.  
2. He's God come from heaven,  
But ev'n in our nature;  
Unto him is given  
The sway o'er each creature:  
All knees shall low-'fore Jesus bow.

59. *Bla. Trobe*

(T. 119.)

1. JESU's name, :||:  
Source of life and happiness;  
In this name true consolation  
Mourning sinners may possess;  
Here is found complete salvation.  
Name of Jesus, thee alone we'll praise,  
All our days. :||:  
2. God with us. :||:  
God with us in human frame  
Doth appear; now sing with glad-  
ness:  
Unto poor lost man he came;  
None need sink in hopeless sadness,  
For Immanuel is now with us,  
God with us. :||:

60. *S. Newton*

(T. 114.)

1. HOW sweet the name of Jesus  
sounds  
To a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

3. Jesus! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace.

4. Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King;  
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,  
Accept the praise I bring.

5. Weak are the efforts of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6. 'Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With ev'ry fleeting breath;  
And may thy saving Jesu's name  
Refresh my soul in death.

*Dr. 61. Doddridge*

(T. 14.)

1. JESUS, I love thy charming name,  
'Tis music to my ear;  
I gladly would thy praises sound,  
That earth and heav'n might hear.

2. Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
In thee is all my trust;  
Jewels to me are gaudy toys,  
And gold is fordid dust.

3. O may thy name still cheer my heart,  
And shed its fragrance there!  
The noblest balm for all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

4. I'll speak the honors of thy name  
With my last lab'ring breath;  
When speechless, thou shalt be my  
hope,  
My joy in life and death.

62. *J. Harsh*

(T. 11.)

1. JESUS is our highest good,  
He has sav'd us by his blood;  
May we love him evermore,  
And his saving name adore.

2. Jesus, when stern justice said,  
"Man his life has forfeited,  
"Vengeance follows by decree,"  
Cry'd, "Inflict it all on me."

3. Jesus gives us life and peace,  
Faith, and love, and holiness;  
Ev'ry blessing, great or small,  
Jesus for us purchas'd all.

4. Jesus therefore let us own,  
Jesus we'll exalt alone,  
Jesus has our sins forgiv'n,  
Jesus's blood procur'd us heav'n.

63. *J. Bennick*

(T. 58.)

1. Precious name of Jesus,  
So great and holy,  
That all our tongues cannot praise  
thee truly

As thou deserv'st.

2. Holy name of Jesus,  
Though some blaspheme thee,  
I will adore, when I hear or name  
thee

With gratitude.

3. Healing name of Jesus,  
When thou art named,  
Though souls were dead before, or  
halt; or maimed,  
They leap for joy.

4. Pow'rful name of Jesus,  
Before which devils,  
Diseases, sins, and all the train of  
evils,

Must frighted fly.

5. Saving name of Jesus,  
In which salvation  
Is preach'd to ev'ry kindred, tongue  
and nation,

Might all thee praise.

6. Faithful name of Jesus,  
In thee I've trusted,  
And of thy faithfulness on earth have  
boasted,

And shall in heav'n.

7. Blessed name of Jesus,  
Thou'rt efficacious,  
To save and sanctify and preserve us,  
Thee we adore.

B 2

8. Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
Name so revered  
By all believers; they can ne'er be  
wearied

In praising thee.

9. Name for ever sacred,  
For ever precious;  
Let all within us echo Jesus, Jesus!  
For evermore.

64. *J. Wesley*

(T. 58o.)

1. THE wife men from the East  
ador'd

The infant Jesus as their Lord,  
Brought gifts to him their King.  
Jesus, grant us thy light, that we  
The way may find, and so to thee  
Our hearts, our all, a tribute bring.

2. May Jesus Christ, the spotless Lamb,  
Who to the temple humbly came  
The legal rights to pay,  
Subdue our proud and stubborn will,  
That we his precepts may fulfil,  
Whate'er rebellious nature say.

3. Jesus, thou gracious Son of God,  
Since thou for us wouldst shed thy  
blood,

And die upon the cross;  
O may we praise thy love, and be  
Ready, dear Lord, to bear for thee,  
With joy, reproach and pain and  
loss.

4. Jesus, who, after thou wast slain,  
By thine own pow'r took'st life again,  
And liv'st for evermore;  
O may thy death new life impart  
To every poor repenting heart:  
May all thy saving name adore.

5. Jesus, who to thy heav'n again  
Return'dst in triumph, there to reign  
Of men and angels King:  
When our departing soul take flight  
May we in realms of joy and light,  
Eternally thy praises sing.

20 Of the Name of Jesus, and his Walk on Earth.

65. *Swerthmer*

(T. 14.)

1. MY God a man! a man indeed,  
An infant truly poor;  
Born for a sinful race to bleed,  
Salvation to procure.
2. Who can describe the loveliness  
Which was, dear Child, in thee,  
Thy whole deportment heav'nly  
grace,  
And true humility?
3. According to th' appointed plan  
My infant Saviour grew,  
Became a youth, at last a man,  
As other children do.
4. My Saviour learned Joseph's trade,  
Was call'd a carpenter, Mark 6. 3.  
And therefore, that he earn'd his  
bread,  
We justly may infer.
5. Often oppress'd with human care,  
He to his Father sighs,  
Or spends the night in fervent pray'r,  
And offers tears and cries.
6. Again as Teacher of mankind  
I see my humble Lord:  
How cheerfully was he inclin'd  
To preach the saving word!
7. To comfort men was his delight,  
To help them in distress;  
He ready was, by day and night,  
To pardon, heal and bless.
8. Oft he was hungry, spent and sad,  
In his own world a guest,  
And of his own no place he had,  
His weary head to rest.
9. Ah, might my heart a mirror be,  
Reflecting Jesu's grace,  
That all, who my behaviour see,  
May some resemblance trace.
10. Grant me that meek and lowly  
mind,  
Thou, when on earth, hast show'd,  
Which in thy holy life I find,  
My Pattern, King, and God.

66. *J. Wesley*

(T. 14.)

1. O Son of God and man, receive  
This humble work of mine;  
Worth to my meanest labor give,  
By blessing it with thine.
2. Servant of all, to toil for man  
Thou would'st not, Lord, refuse:  
Thy Majesty did not disdain  
To be employ'd for us.
3. In all I think, or speak, or do,  
Let me show forth thy praise;  
Thy bright example still pursue  
Throughout my future days.
4. By faith thro' outward cares I go,  
From all distraction free;  
My hands are but engag'd below,  
My heart is still with thee.
5. When thou, my Saviour, shalt ap-  
pear,  
Then gladly may I cry,  
"The work which thou hast giv'n  
me here  
"Is done," and to thee fly.

67. *Watts*

(T. 14.)

1. LORD, at thy temple we appear,  
As happy Simeon came,  
And hope to meet our Saviour here;  
O make our joys the same.
2. With what divine and vast delight  
Was Simeon's heart then fill'd,  
When fondly in his aged arms  
He clasp'd the holy Child!
3. "Now I can leave the world," he  
cry'd,  
"Behold thy servant dies;  
"I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,  
"And peaceful close mine eyes.
4. "This is the light prepar'd to shine  
"Upon the Gentile lands;  
"Thine Israel's glory, and their hope  
"To break their slavish bands."
5. Jesus, the vision of thy face  
Hath overpowering charms:  
Scarce shall I feel death's cold em-  
brace,  
If Christ be in my arms.

68. *Connick*

(T. 58.)

1. LAMB of God, my Saviour,  
O set before me  
Thy matchless love, and by thy grace  
procure me

A mind like thine.

2. Thy humiliation  
So meritorious,  
Thy birth in poverty, and life laborious,

Teach me to stoop.

3. Thy flight into Egypt  
Amidst great danger,  
Teach me to be a pilgrim here and  
stranger,

Where'er I am,

4. Thy unspotted childhood  
And meek behavior,  
Teach me to be a little child for ever  
Before thy face.

5. Thy unfeign'd obedience  
And true subjection  
Unto thy parents, form to like affection

My stubborn heart.

6. Thy forty days fasting,  
Thy self-denial,  
Thy being sorely try'd, in ev'ry trial  
Deliver me.

69.

(T. 22.)

1. MY dear Redeemer, God and Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word;  
But in thy life the law appears,  
Set forth in living characters.

2. Such was thy truth, and such thy  
zeal,  
Such defence to thy Father's will,  
Such love and meekness so divine  
I would transcribe, and make them  
mine.

3. Cold mountains and the midnight  
air  
Witness'd the fervor of thy pray'r;

The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.

4. Be thou my pattern; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here;  
Then as my Judge thou'lt me confess,  
Adorned with a wedding dress.

70. *Watts*

(T. 22.)

1. 'T Was in a dark and doleful night,  
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son, God's sole delight,  
A friend betray'd him to his foes.

2. Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and bless'd, and  
broke;  
What love thro' all his actions ran!  
What wond'rous words of grace he  
spoke!

3. "This is my body, broke for sin;  
"Take, eat of this life-giving food;"  
Then took the cup and bless'd the  
wine,

"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.

4. "In mem'ry of your dying Lord,  
"Do this, he said, till time shall end,  
"Meet at my table and record  
"The love of your departed friend."

5. Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,  
Shew forth thy death, and sing thy  
name,

Till thou return, and we shall eat  
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

71. *Watts*

(T. 96.)

CHRIST Jesus is that precious grain  
Which fell into the ground and dy'd.  
Now since he for our sins was slain,  
He doth no more alone abide,  
But for the travail of his soul,  
His seed appears from pole to pole.



# V. Of the Sufferings and Death of Jesus Christ, and his Resting in the Grave.

72. *J. Sweetmer*

(T. 114.)

1. **WHAT** human mind can trace  
the condescension  
Of our almighty Maker's love to man?  
No angel can the hidden myl'ry scan;  
Redeeming love, thou'lt past our comprehension;  
Yet by the Spirit's teaching we can prove,  
From Jesus's agony, that God is love.

2. Pursue, my soul, the sacred meditation,  
And view the agonizing Lamb of God;  
He is oppress'd with the pond'rous load  
Of all thy sins, to merit thy salvation.  
He rises with a heart-affecting look,  
And with his foll'wers passes Cedron's brook.

3. My spirit too, with solemn, deep devotion,  
Doth follow Jesus to Gethsemane;  
There he, on my account, doth weep and pray,  
O'ercome with horror at the bitter passion:  
Yet to his Father's will he was resign'd.  
Grant me, dear Jesus, thy obedient mind.

4. I see my Saviour kneeling, groaning, weeping,  
He prostrates on the ground and prays for me.

Yea, trembling, wrestles in an agony;  
And whilst his sad disciples all are sleeping,  
His soul is griev'd, his eyes in tears are drown'd,  
A bloody sweat in drops falls to the ground.

5. By all thy grief, thy tears and supplication;

Thy bloody sweat, thy bitter agony;  
Grant that my soul may love thee ardently:

Be thou, O Lord, my life and consolation.

Whene'er temptation would my soul beset,

I'll pray to thee, and think of Olivet.

73. *M<sup>rs</sup> Taylor*

(T. 580.)

1. **BEHOLD!** how in Gethsemane  
Th'incarnate God did sweat for thee  
Till drops of blood fall down;  
For thee the Lord lies prostrate there,  
Hear his thrice-utter'd mournful pray'r,

Mark ev'ry dol'rous sigh and groan.

2. I'm lost in wonder and amaze;  
Here I'll abide and melt and gaze,  
'Tis God's beloved Son!

How heavy is that weight he bears!  
His soul's oppress'd with grief and fears,

Lo! now the bitter cup comes on.

3. Lord, dost thou suffer thus for me?  
Dost thou endure such misery,  
To give me life and peace?

Then will I bear this on my heart,  
"My all is purchas'd with thy smart,  
"Thy sweat and blood sign my release."

74. *\*Mich. Paly*

(T. 36.)

**GOD** in a garden suffers in our nature;

He faints, who cheers and comforts ev'ry creature;

An angel strengthens his Creator yonder:

Adore and wonder.

75.\* *Gregor*

(T. 99.)

O Sight, which my poor heart doth break,

Oh! it can ne'er my mind forsake  
How thou'st for me on Olivet prayed!  
Might I for thy soul's agony,  
When wrest'ling with death bitterly,  
Be as thy trophy soon displayed!

76. *Cennick*

(T. 96.)

1. Gethsemane, thou dolorous place,  
Near Cedron's brook, to which the  
Lamb,

Who lov'd to be in loneliness,  
With his disciples often came,  
Where, out of boundless love to me,  
He wrestled in an agony.

2. There, quite o'erwhelm'd with  
grief, he said:

"My soul is sorrowful to death;"  
And, suff'ring freely in my stead,  
He drank the bitter cup of wrath;  
Now on his knees, then on his face,  
He weeps, and sweats, and bleeds and  
prays.

3. So lov'd me the eternal God,  
That he became the Son of man,  
And took my sins' prodigious load.  
My soul admire his gracious plan!  
Thy stripes, thy guilt and curse he  
bore;

Believe and thankfully adore.

77.\* *Gregor*

(T. 54.)

GO, congregation, go, and see  
Thy Saviour in Gethsemane;  
There is a scene which with amaze  
Must strike thee; there astonish'd gaze,  
Thy Maker prays.

*Chr. Rev. C. 78.\* Linsendorf*

(T. 185.)

1. MY Redeemer, overwhelm'd with  
anguish,  
Went to Olivet for me;

B 4

There he kneels, his heart doth heave  
and languish

In a bitter agony:

Fear and horror seiz'd his soul and  
senses,

For the hour of darkness now com-  
mences.

Ah, how does he weep and groan,  
For rebellious man t'atone!

2. How is Jesu's sacred soul oppress'd  
With our sins' prodigious load?  
Tho' an angel comforts the distressed,  
Weak and fainting Lamb of God;  
Yet what trembling seizes him all over,  
Tears and sweat and blood his visage  
cover,

And in drops fall to the ground,  
Whilst his heart in grief is drown'd.

3. Jeers and stripes and mock'ries he  
endured,

Patiently, in all our stead;

How are Jesu's gracious eyes ob-  
scured,

View his wounded back and head;  
He, whom whips and thorns have la-  
cerated,

Is the Lord, who all things hath  
created:

Ah, his pungent grief and smart  
Melts and breaks my stubborn heart.

4. See him bear his cross, 'midst deep  
affliction,

On his sore and wounded back,  
Led to Calvary for crucifixion,  
Where his limbs they stretch and  
rack.

As a Lamb he's led unto the slaughter,  
And his soul is poured out like water;  
Vinegar and gall he tastes,  
Whilst his suff'ring body wastes.

5. Now behold him weeping, bleed-  
ing, crying,

'Midst two thieves upon the cross;  
Lo, he bows his sacred head; and,  
dying,

Life eternal gains for us.

Lord, afford us all thy Spirit's unction,

To consider this with heart's com-  
punction:

24 Of the Sufferings and Death of Jesus Christ,

Might our words and actions prove  
That we know thy dying love.

6. Our enraptur'd hearts shall ne'er  
be weary

On our dying Lord to gaze;  
At his cross, in faith, we wish to tarry,  
There shall be our hiding-place.  
May his dying look remain engraven  
On our hearts: for pardon, life and  
heaven,

Our Redeemer has procur'd,  
When he death for us endur'd.

7. Therefore all his agony and pas-  
sion,

And his sin-atoning death,  
Shall remain, through grace, our sole  
foundation,

Whilst we draw our vital breath:  
Thus shall neither honor, wealth nor  
pleasures,

Robour souls of everlasting treasures;  
Jesus then, by day and night,  
Will remain our sole delight.

8. Could we tune our hearts and  
voices higher

Than the most exalted lays,  
Yet, till join'd to the celestial choir,  
Cold will prove our warmest praise.

Ah, our love to him we dare not  
mention,  
For his love is past all comprehen-  
sion.

We may weep beneath his cross,  
But he wept and bled for us.

9. O delightful theme past all expres-  
sion:

"Thy Redeemer dy'd for thee!"

Ah, this prompts my deepest adora-  
tion,

When I hear: "He dy'd for me!"  
Might my thoughts, my words, and  
whole behavior

Show that I believe in Christ my Sa-  
viour:

Yea, my love to Jesus show,  
His to me, in all I do.

10. Lamb of God! thou shalt remain  
for ever

Of our songs the only theme;

For thy boundless love, thy grace and  
favor,

We'll exalt thy saving name.

That for our transgressions thou wast  
wounded,

Shall by us more perfectly be founded,  
When the church triumphant we  
Join, to all eternity.

*Paul 79.\* Gerhard*

(T. 151.)

1. O Head so full of bruises,  
So full of pain and scorn,

'Midst other sore abuses  
Mock'd with a crown of thorn!

O head ere now surrounded  
With brightest majesty,  
In death now bow'd and wounded!  
Saluted be by me.

2. Thou countenance transcendent,  
Thou life-creating Sun

To worlds on thee dependent;  
Now bruise'd and spit upon!

How art thou grown so fallow?  
How are those gracious eyes,  
Whose radiance knew no fellow,  
Clouded in cruel wife?

3. Thy cheeks, through heavy dolor,  
Are marred, fall'n, and wan;

Thy lips, depriv'd of color,  
Spoke heav'nly truth to man:

Thy body, ah! how wasted,  
Death's horror did reduce  
Thy strength, and quite exhausted  
Each drop of vital juice.

4. O Lord, what thee tormented,  
Was my sins' heavy load!

I had the debt augmented,  
Which thou didst pay in blood.

Here am I, blushing sinner,  
On whom wrath ought to light:

O thou my health's beginner!  
Let thy grace cheer my fight.

5. Own me, Lord, my Preserver,  
My Shepherd, me receive;

I know thy love's strong fervor  
By all thy pain and grief.

Thou richly hast supplied  
My soul with heav'nly food,

For which I've often sigh'd,  
Thy holy flesh and blood.  
6. I'll here with thee continue,  
(Though poor despise me not)  
I'm one of thy retinue:  
As were I on the spot,  
When; earning my election,  
Thy heart-strings broke in death,  
With shame and love's affection  
I'll watch thy latest breath.

7. O what a consolation  
Doth in my heart take place,  
When I thy toil and passion  
Can in some measure trace;  
Ah! should I, whilst thus eyeing  
My dear Redeemer's cross,  
Lose all, and then be dying,  
Great gain would be that loss.

8. I give thee thanks unfeigned,  
O Jesus, Friend in need!  
For what thy soul sustained  
When thou for me didst bleed:  
Grant me to lean unshaken  
Upon thy faithfulness,  
Until from hence I'm taken  
To see thee face to face.

9. Lord, at my dissolution  
Do not from me depart,  
Support, at the conclusion  
Of life, my fainting heart;  
And when I pine and languish,  
Seiz'd with death's agony,  
O by thy pain and anguish,  
Set me at liberty,

10. Lord, grant me thy protection,  
Remind me of thy death  
And glorious resurrection,  
When I resign my breath:  
Ah then, though I be dying,  
'Midst sickness, grief and pain,  
I shall (on thee relying)  
Eternal life obtain.

80.\* *Gregor*

(T. 168.)

1. **THIS** repeat in tones harmonious,  
This repeat: Behold the Man!  
Sing of my Belov'd melodious,  
My Belov'd: Behold the Man!

On thy dying look, dear Saviour,  
I will fix my eyes forever;  
I am neventir'd to gaze  
At thy lovely bleeding face.

2. Oh! this makes me think with  
sighing,  
I'm the cause: Behold the Man!  
Then his love, which I'm enjoying,  
Comforts me: Behold the Man!  
Ah! that terribly abused  
Countenance so marr'd and bruised,  
Makes my eyes with tears o'erflow,  
Till to him I've leave to go.

3. Wounded head, back plough'd  
with furrows,  
Visage marr'd, Behold the man!  
Eyes how dim, how full of sorrows,  
Sunk with grief, Behold the Man!  
Lamb of God, led to the slaughter,  
Melted, poured out like water;  
Should not love my heart inflame,  
Viewing thee, thou slaughter'd Lamb!

81.\* *Int. Herrman*

(T. 36.)

1. **DEAR** Jesus! wherein wast thou  
to be blamed,  
That a death's sentence 'gainst thee  
was proclaimed?  
What is thy crime? of what art thou  
accused,

Whilst thus abused?

2. I see thee scourg'd, plung'd in a  
sea of sorrows,  
Beat in the face, thy back plough'd  
with deep furrows,  
Thy temples crown'd with thorns,  
in mock'ry hailed,  
To the cross nailed.

3. Why was thy soul with hellish  
pain surrounded?  
Alas, my sins have thee, my Saviour,  
wounded!

I should have waded through this sea  
of anguish,

Which made thee languish,

4. There is no good at all in my whole  
nature,  
Sin has diffus'd its shame through  
ev'ry feature;



I had deserv'd eternal consternation,  
And condemnation.

5. How highly wonderful is this proceeding!

The Shepherd for his wandring sheep  
is bleeding;

The Master pays for servants' misbehavior,

That loving Saviour.

6. O boundless love! O love beyond expression,

Constraining thee to chuse such bitter passion!

Whilst I liv'd in the world's and sin's enjoyment,

Thou chusest torment.

7. O greatest King! whose power is unbounded;

How can thy mercy be aright expounded?

The depth's too great: the God of love is crying,

For sinners dying.

8. My mind to trace its limits is too shallow,

Thy dying love all other love doth swallow;

For such compassion, and for love so tender,

What shall I render!

9. One thing I'll gladly do to give thee pleasure,

No more to sin I'll yield in any measure:

Lest it again seduce my mind and senses  
To old offences.

10. But as my strength is far too weak and feeble

To crucify my flesh, and innate evil:

Lord, let thy Spirit graciously direct me,

From sin protect me.

11. Unto thy praise my all I'll gladly venture;

Upon thy shame and cross I'll freely enter;

Nor pain, nor death, shall change my resolution,

Nor persecution.

12. I trust thou'lt not despise my poor endeavor

To praise and love and serve thee,  
dearest Saviour:

Take soul and body, Lord, as an oblation

For all thy passion.

13. When thou confer'st on me a crown of glory,

And all is swallow'd up that's transitory,

Then shall my voice be suited to the matter,

And praise thee better.

82. *W. Clark*

(T. 167.)

1 GREAT High-priest, we view thee stooping,

With our names upon thy breast,  
In the garden, groaning, drooping,

To the ground with horrors press'd.  
Angels saw, with great amazement,

Their Creator suffer thus;

And we're fill'd with deep abasement,  
Since we know 'twas done for us.

2. On the cross thy body broken  
Cancels ev'ry legal charge,  
Pleading this authentic token,

Guilty souls are set at large;  
All is finish'd, truth hath said it,

Doubts away, believe your Lord;  
To frail reason give no credit,

You have his unerring word.

3. Lord, we fain would trust thee solely:

'Twas for us thy blood was spilt.  
Suff'ring Saviour, take us wholly,

Take, and make us what thou wilt.  
Thou hast borne the dreadful sentence

Pass'd on man's devoted race:  
Grant us faith, and true repentance,

They're thy gifts, thou God of grace.

83. *Cornick*

(T. 243.)

1. Go, follow the Saviour,  
Consider his travail,

Adore him for ever,  
Ye sinners, and marvel;  
It is for you—he suffers so.

2. With tears interceding  
Your load he sustaineth,  
And sweating and bleeding  
Peace and pardon gaineth;  
Whoe'er believes,—he freely saves.

3. He's mock'd and defamed,  
'Midst scourging and torture;  
By sinners he's blamed,  
And led to the slaughter;  
And thorns disgrace—his royal face.

4. Behold the Lord Jesus,  
For you he is wounded,  
He bleeds to release us;  
Ah, his love's unbounded;  
For evermore—his name adore.

5. When to the cross nailed  
He hung on the mountain,  
That we might be healed;  
His blood, like a fountain,  
Flow'd from his wounds.—Now peace  
abounds.

6. Our meek suff'ring Saviour  
Pray'd for his oppressors,  
And gain'd us God's favor,  
Us who're all transgressors;  
And thus displays—his boundless grace.

7. When he had prevailed,  
And all was accomplish'd,  
And by his blood sealed,  
He said: "It is finish'd!"  
Then bow'd his head,—and join'd the  
dead.

8. Accept for thy passion,  
Most merciful Saviour,  
Our deep adoration.  
Ah, remain for ever  
Our highest Good,—O Lamb of God!

*Paul 84.\* Gerhard*

(T. 216.)

1. A Lamb goes forth and bears the  
guilt

Of all the world together,  
Most patiently his blood he spilt  
To pay for ev'ry debtor;

He freely took sin's heavy load,  
To reconcile us unto God,  
All comfort he refused:  
He underwent reproach and blame,  
Death on the cross, with stripes and  
shame,

And said, I freely choose it.

2. This Lamb is God omnipotent,  
The sovereign Creator,  
Whom in the world the Father sent,  
T' assume our feeble nature;  
O love, no human tongue can tell,  
O love divine, unfathomable,  
God gave his well-beloved,  
To sufferings, death, and to the grave,  
That he lost man thereby might save,  
His mercy thus he proved!

3. Jesus, I never can forget  
What thou'lt for me sustained;  
I'll thee, long as my pulse doth beat,  
Adore with thanks unfeigned;  
Yea, thou shalt be my heart's delight;  
And when I sink in death's dark night,  
Thou'lt be my consolation;  
In life and death I will be thine,  
And on thy faithfulness recline  
With humble resignation.

4. My song in thy great loveliness,  
Both day and night, shall center;  
I'll, 'midst all wants and feebleness,  
Glad in thy service venture:  
My life's whole stream for thee shall  
flow

O may, in all I speak or do,  
Thy holy name be praised!  
And all what thou hast done for me,  
Upon my heart indelibly  
For ever be impressed.

5. Thou canst true comfort to me  
yield

In my life's ev'ry station;  
In combat thou dost prove my shield,  
In grief my exultation;  
In happy hours, the source of joy,  
And when all other meat doth cloy,  
This manna shall support me;  
In thirst thou shalt my well-spring be,  
In solitude my company,  
At home and on a journey.

6. What harm can I from death sustain,  
Since thou art my salvation?

In scorching heat thou art my screen,  
In pain my consolation.

When gloomy thoughts surround my breast,  
'Tis thou alone giv'st ease and rest,

And by thy pow'r I conquer:  
'Thou art, when storms of trials blow,

And toss my vessel to and fro,  
My cable and my anchor.

7. And when at last I rest with thee,  
'Thou God of my salvation,

Thy blood and righteousness shall be  
My glorious decoration:

Thou'lt put upon my head a crown,  
Thus shall I stand before the throne

Of thy dear heav'nly Father,  
Dress'd in salvation's robe, with thee

To live to all eternity,  
In bliss, no tongue can utter.

*Chr. Ren. C. 85.\* Linsindorf*  
(T. 184.)

1. With painful penance thoughts distressed,  
In spirit I my Saviour view;

I view him mourning and oppress'd,  
While floods of tears his cheeks be-

dew;  
To change my sorrow into gladness,

His sweat was mix'd with blood;  
and he,

Fill'd with unutterable sadness,  
Trembled and agoniz'd for me.

2. O'erwhelm'd with grief and rack'd  
with torment,

He's pain'd in ev'ry weary limb;  
Those who should watch with him

lie dormant,  
An angel comes to comfort him:

O how heart-piercingly he prayed,  
When he his Father did accost,

To have the bitter cup delayed:  
Here is my soul in wonder lost!

3. I see his countenance defiled,  
His forehead spit on, I behold;

I see him laugh'd at and reviled,  
Sharp-pointed thorns his head in-

fold.  
Thus to the multitude displayed,

His back with scourges raw and torn,  
A reed he beareth, is arrayed

In purple, and thus hail'd in scorn.  
4. Breathless and almost suffocated

He bears the cross's spond'rous weight,  
Already feels what him awaited,

The dismal scenes of torment great.  
I see him now in sore affliction

Ascend the brow of Calvary;  
'Tis here I view his crucifixion,

Thereby it was he saved me.

5. I see his hands and feet extended  
Upon the cross in keenest smart;

I see him as his life he ended,  
I see the spear transfix his heart:

Thus clos'd he his bitter passion,  
Expiring on th' accursed tree,

Then horror seiz'd the whole crea-  
tion,

But streams of grace came over me.

6. The thought of blood and water  
bursting

From God, my rock, o'ercomes my  
heart;

I for that living flood am thirsting,  
O may it stream through ev'ry part!

Lord, for thy love, with adoration,  
I'll thank and laud thee all my days;

Long as I live, shall each pulsation,  
And ev'ry breath declare thy praise.

7. This awful, blessed meditation  
Oft fills my soul with conscious shame,

Since Jesus dy'd for my salvation,  
Who to his mercy had no claim:

How poor I am, how void of glory,  
Thou, Lord, know'st best, but yet

when I,  
With all my ailments, come before

thee,  
My suit is granted presently.

8. Thou, Jesus, art my God and  
Saviour,

Thee I will serve with all my pow'r,  
On thee I'll meditate for ever,

And for thy goodness thee adore:

Thy dying love has captivated  
My heart, and now my chief delight,  
Until to heav'n I am translated,  
Is to enjoy thee day and night.

86.

(T. 14.)

1. **BEHOLD** the Saviour of the  
world

Imbru'd with sweat and gore,  
Expiring on th' accursed cross,  
Where he our sorrows bore!

2. Compassion for lost human race  
Brought down God's only Son,  
To veil in flesh his radiant face,  
And for their sins atone.

3. Who can to love his name forbear,  
That of his suff'rings bears,  
And finds the ransom of his soul  
Was blood as well as tears?

4. Thy sacred blood, O Son of God,  
Which flow'd from ev'ry wound,  
When earth and hell's malicious  
pow'rs  
Encompass'd thee around.

5. Till death's pale ensigns o'er thy  
cheeks,  
And trembling lips were spread;  
Till light forsook thy dying eyes,  
And life thy drooping head.

6. Joy for thy torments we receive,  
Life in thy death have found;  
For the reproaches of thy cross  
Shall be with glory crown'd.

7. May we a grateful sense retain  
Of thy redeeming love;  
And live below like those that hope  
To live with thee above!

87. *Greening*

(T. 582.)

1. **GO** forth in spirit, go  
To Calv'ry's holy mount;  
See there thy Friend between two  
thieves  
Suff'ring on thy account.

2. Fall at his cross's foot,  
And say, My God and Lord,  
Here let me dwell, and view these  
wounds,

Which life for me procur'd!

3. Fix on that face thine eye;  
Why dost thou backward shrink?  
What a base rebel thou hast been  
To Christ, thou now dost think.

4. Fear not; for this is he  
Who always loves us first,  
And with white robes of righteousness  
Delights to deck the worst.

5. Or art thou at a loss  
What thou to him shalt say?  
Be but sincere, and all thy case  
Just as it is display.

88. *J. Wesley*

(T. 14.)

1. **BEHOLD** the Saviour of mankind  
Nail'd to the shameful tree;  
How vast the love that him inclin'd  
To bleed and die for thee!

2. Hark how he groans! while na-  
ture shakes,  
And earth's strong pillars bend!  
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,  
The solid marbles rend.

3. 'Tis done! the precious ransom's  
paid,  
" 'Tis finish'd!" Jesus cries;  
Behold he bows his sacred head,  
He bows his head and dies.

4. But soon o'erdeath he'll reign again  
In majesty divine:  
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,  
Was ever love like thine!

Paul 89. *Gerhard*

(T. 79.)

1. **O** World, see thy Creator  
Extended, like a traitor,  
Upon the cross's tree!  
Behold him, whilst expiring,  
And for mankind acquiring  
Thereby life, grace and liberty.



2. Draw near : thou wilt discover,  
How blood and sweat all over  
His sacred body dyes ;  
Out of his heart most noble,  
For inexhausted trouble,  
Sighs are successive foll'wing sighs.
3. Who hath thee thus abused,  
Dear Lord, and so much bruised  
Thy most majestic face ?  
Thou art no sin's transactor,  
Thou art no malefactor,  
Like others of the human race.
4. I, I, and my transgressions,  
Which by my own confessions,  
Exceed the sea-shore sands ;  
These, these have been the reason  
Of thy whole bitter season,  
Of all thy bruises, stripes and bands.
5. I ought to have been pained,  
And fast for ever chained  
Both hand and foot in hell ;  
The bonds and scourges tearing,  
Which thou, my God, wast bearing,  
My soul, my soul deserv'd to feel.
6. I'll be 'mongst the beholders,  
And see thee on thy shoulders  
Bear my prodigious load :  
Thou tak'st the curse-infliction,  
Giv'st for it benediction ;  
Thy death procures my peace with  
God.
7. As surety thou presentest  
Thyself, to die consentest  
For me in debt all o'er ;  
A crown of thorns thou wearest,  
All scorn and pain thou bearest,  
With patience never known before.
8. Into death's jaws thou leaping,  
Provid'st for my escaping,  
That I its sting mayn't prove ;  
My curse and condemnation  
Thou bear'st for my salvation :  
O most unheard-of fire of love !
9. The highest obligations  
Bind me through all life's stations,  
T' express my thanks to thee ;  
Weak as I am and feeble,  
As far as I am able,  
I'll yield thee service willingly.
10. Whilst here on earth I'm living,  
I have nought worth the giving  
To thee, for all thy pain ;  
Yet shall thy passion ever,  
Till soul and body sever,  
Deep in my heart engrav'd remain.
11. Its fresh representation  
Shall raise my admiration,  
Where'er I turn or move ;  
I'll take it for a mirror  
Of innocence, for terror  
To guilt, but seal of truth and love.
12. How greatly man incenses  
The Lord by his offences !  
God's holiness how stern :  
How rig'rous he chastises,  
When he with wrath baptizes !  
This will I by thy suff'rings learn.
13. From thence I'll be taught truly,  
How to be pure and holy,  
Resign'd, compos'd, and still ;  
How patiently to suffer,  
When any to me offer  
Rude acts of malice and ill-will.
14. I'll be my flesh denying,  
And gladly crucifying,  
With Christ, each sinful lust.  
What in thy sight is odious,  
I'll leave, howe'er commodious,  
By help and strength which thou be-  
stow'st.
15. Thy sighs and groans unnum-  
ber'd,  
And from thy heart encumber'd,  
The countless tears forth prest ;  
These shall, at my dismissal,  
To final rest's fruition  
Convey me to thy arms and breast.

90.

(T. 22.)

1. THERE hangs the Saviour of  
mankind,  
His visage marr'd, his head reclin'd.  
His bleeding hands, his bleeding feet,  
Declare his love divinely great.
2. His flesh is torn with whips and nails ;  
His strength decays, his spirit fails ;

His side is pierc'd, his heart is broke:  
Our sins upon himself he took.

3. The thieves, expiring on each side,  
Proclaim the crimes for which they  
dy'd:

But what, dear Saviour, hast thou done?  
Thou dy'dst for sin, but not thine own.

4. Jesus, and didst thou bleed for me?  
O great, O boundless mystery!  
I bow my head in deep amaze,  
And silently adore thy grace.

91. *J. Lennick*

(T. 582)

1. ALmighty God and Lord,  
Who heav'n and earth hast made;  
How didst thou stoop, by love o'er-  
pow'r'd,

To suffer in our stead:

On Olivet we see

Thy soul's distress and tears,  
Thy bloody sweat and agony,  
And hear thy cries and pray'rs.

2. O Lamb of God! we trace  
How Judas thee betray'd;  
How thou wast bound and in disgrace  
Before the rulers led;  
Expos'd to pain and scorn,  
Thy back with furrows plough'd,  
Thy face and temples marr'd and torn,  
And shown to all the crowd.

3. Condemn'd to death for us  
Thou'rt led to Calvary;  
Bear'st on thy wounded back the cross  
'Midst shame and infamy.  
What pain didst thou endure,  
What smart, O Son of God!  
In all thy body faint and tore,  
Under the pond'rous load.

4. When up the mount he came,  
How piteous did he look!  
Yet, meek and guiltless as a lamb,  
Our Saviour never spoke:  
They stretch his hands and feet,  
And nail him to the tree,  
Then raise him up: ah, then how great  
Must Jesu's suff'rings be!

5. Three hours upon the cross  
He groan'd and cry'd aloud,

'Midst keenest anguish, grief and woes,  
Forfaken by his God:

At last "'Tis finish'd!" cry'd,  
And, yielding up his breath,  
Reclin'd his sacred head and dy'd,  
And, dying, conquer'd death.

6. O death, where is thy sting?

O grave, thy victory?

He that believes in Christ can sing:

"He has redeemed me!"

By faith in Jesu's cross

We now the vict'ry gain;

Sin, world, and all things count but

loss,

Because the Lamb was slain.

*Ch. 92. \*Botchenstein*

(T. 51.)

1. WHEN Jesus hung upon the  
cross,

Expiring to retrieve our loss,

Bereft of consolation,

Sev'n dying words he spoke which  
claim

Our serious meditation.

2. First for his foes he intercedes,  
And with his Father for them pleads,  
(His matchless goodness showing);  
He says: "Forgive them; they know  
not

What they to me are doing."

3. Weigh next the pardon and relief

Bestow'd on the repenting thief,

The object of his favor:

"To-day thou'lt be in paradise

"With me, and live for ever."

4. Thirdly, observe the tender care

Which he for John and Mary bare,

"Behold thy Son, O mother;

"John, see thy mother; take her

home:"

Thenceforth they liv'd together.

5. Fourthly, the meek and suff'ring

Lamb

Does on the cross "I thirst" exclaim;

Such thirst the Lord sustained

For our salvation, but now he

Joy for his grief hath gained.

6. Next, take to heart his anguish  
great,  
When press'd beneath sin's pond'rous  
weight,

All comfort from him taken ;  
He cries aloud, "My God, my God,  
Why hast thou me forsaken ?"

7. "'Tis finish'd," was the foll'wing  
word,

When for mankind our dying Lord  
Had gain'd complete salvation ;  
Ye mourning sinners, all rejoice  
To hear this declaration.

8. The sev'nth, attention due de-  
mands,

"O Father dear, into thy hands  
"I recommend my spirit !"  
He bow'd his head, gave up the ghost,  
That we might life inherit.

9. All those who here enjoy, by faith,  
The blessed fruits of Jesu's death,  
True bliss in him possessing,  
Find in his seven dying words  
A source of endless blessing.

93. *M. Taylor*

(T. 14.)

1. BEHOLD the loving Son of God  
Stretch'd out upon the tree ;  
Behold him shed his precious blood,  
And die for you and me.

2. Why is his body rack'd with pains,  
And wrung with keenest smart ?  
Why flows the blood out of his veins,  
Why torn with grief his heart ?

3. All righteousness did he fulfil,  
No sin did ever know ;  
He never thought nor acted ill,  
Why was he wounded so ?

4. Alas ! I know the reason why :  
Our num'rous sins he bore ;  
This caus'd his bitter agony,  
This wounded him so sore.

5. But hence our confidence begins ;  
For we may boldly say,  
That thus, by bearing all our sins,  
He took them all away.

6. Our God is fully reconcil'd,  
His justice satisfy'd,  
Each sinner now may be his child,  
Since Jesus bled and dy'd.

7. Come then, each needy sinner,  
come,  
If you'll accept, he'll give ;  
But suffer him to lead you home,  
Whoever will, may live.

94. *\*Gregor*

(T. 583.)

WHENE'er the suff'ring Lamb of  
God I see,  
It raises grief and joy alternately ;  
Grief, since he bore such suff'rings  
in my stead ;  
And joy, because for me my Saviour  
bled.

P. 76. 95. *Molther*

(T. 232.)

BEHOLD, my soul, the Lamb of  
God

Baptiz'd with tears and sweat and blood,  
Spent, comfortless, forsaken ;  
See how he bows his head and dies,  
Whilst to the world the sun denies  
His shine, and rocks are shaken.  
My dear Redeemer, let thy smart  
Subdue my cold and lifeless heart ;  
Teach me thy dying love to know,  
And in return with love to glow.  
Thy love divine  
My heart incline,  
Lord, to be thine,  
Till I in death my soul resign.

Paul 96. *\*Gerhard*

(T. 14.)

1. SEE, world, upon the shameful  
tree :  
Thy Maker sinks in death,  
Cover'd with stripes and wounds for  
thee  
Thy Saviour yields his breath.  
2. Behold his body stain'd with blood,  
Out of his tender heart,

Deep sighs and groans he sends to God  
In his excessive smart.

3. Thou Prince of glory knew'st no  
sin;

What caus'd thee then thy pain?  
Thou harmless, undetil'd and clean,  
What caus'd thee to be slain?

4. My sins, as num'rous as the sands  
Upon the ocean shore,  
Have been the cruel, murd'rous hands  
That wounded thee so fore.

5. Thy anguish, thy tormenting pain,  
And ev'ry dreadful woe,  
Thou didst so willingly sustain,  
My soul should undergo.

6. Thou on thy shoulders took'st the  
whole,  
To ease my burthen'd heart:  
Thou bor'st the curse, to bless my soul,  
And heal'st me by thy smart.

7. Thy wondrous love to evidence  
Thou would'st my surety be:  
Thyself would'st pay my debt im-  
mense,  
Thereby to set me free.

8. Thou art destruction to the grave,  
Death's enemy severe;  
That each who was before its slave,  
Might now be sav'd from fear.

9. My debt to thee, thou God of love,  
Weak words can ne'er express;  
I cannot here, if there above,  
Show proper thankfulness.

10. Grant me the grace while I am here,  
(Since I can nothing give)  
Thy suff'rings in my heart to bear,  
And by thy death to live.

97. *Bernick*

(T. 582.)

1. MY Saviour, Lord and God,  
Who me and all things made,  
In love to me did shed his blood,  
And died in my stead.

C

2. But why, my soul, was this?  
Why did thy Maker die?  
Why was the Lord and Prince of peace  
Hung on th' accursed tree?

3. Why did the scourges tear  
Thy dear Redeemer's back?  
Why did the thorns his forehead mar,  
His head and temples rack?

4. Alas! I know the cause,  
And will confess with shame;  
I broke my Maker's holy laws,  
And he bore all the blame.

5. He could not bear to see  
My soul for ever lost,  
Therefore he left his majesty,  
And all the heav'nly host.

6. My God a Man became,  
And for my follies bled,  
Endur'd my curse, and bore my shame,  
Expiring in my stead.

7. Rather than I should feel  
For all my sins God's wrath,  
He chose to bear the pains of hell,  
And die a cursed death.

8. Therefore the slaughter'd Lamb  
I'll praise for evermore:  
His precious, saving Jesu's name  
I'll thankfully adore.

9. He lov'd and saved me,  
And bliss for me procur'd;  
When I depart, I then shall be  
For ever with the Lord.

98. *Mich. Weiss*

(T. 152.)

1. CHRIST, who saves us by his cross;  
Who in nought offended,  
He was in the night, for us,  
Betray'd, apprehended,  
Led before a wicked race,  
And falsely accused,  
Laugh'd at, mock'd, spit in the face,  
Shamefully abused.



2. In the morn, at the sixth hour,  
They led him with fury,  
As a foe of civil pow'r,  
'Fore a heathen jury,  
Who him try'd, but found him free  
Of th' imputed treason;  
Herod mock'd him, yet ev'n he  
Found for death no reason.

3. At nine was the Son of God  
By the scourges furrow'd,  
And the thorny crown drew blood  
From his sacred forehead.  
With a purple garment mock'd,  
On all sides assailed,  
He must bear the cross to which  
He was to be nailed.

4. He at noon was on the cross,  
Rear'd for our transgression,  
Where he pray'd and bled for us,  
To procure salvation:  
The spectators shook their heads,  
Had him in derision,  
Till the sun his beams withdrew  
From so sad a vision.

5. At three Jesus cry'd, "My God,  
"Why am I forsaken?"  
Having vinegar and gall,  
Which was offer'd, taken,  
He then yielded up the ghost!  
Pause, my soul, and wonder; —  
Then the temple's veil was rent,  
Rocks were cleft asunder.

6. At th' approaching even-tide  
Crim'nals' bones were broken;  
But a spear pierc'd Jesu's side,  
For a lasting token;  
From thence stream'd a double flood  
Of a cleansing nature:  
Both the water and the blood  
Wash the guilty creature.

7. Joseph, having leave obtain'd,  
And got spices ready,  
From the cross (by love constrain'd)  
Took our Saviour's body:  
Had it, with all decent grace,  
To his own tomb carry'd;  
Where the keepers for three days  
To secure it tarry'd.

8. Grant, O Christ, thou Son of God,  
Through thy bitter passion,  
That we, as thy smart's reward,  
In thy great salvation  
May rejoice and weigh the cause  
Of thy death and suff'ring,  
Yea for this, though poor we are,  
Bring thee our thank-off'ring.

99. *Newton*

(T. 22.)

1. **WHEN** on the cross my Lord  
I see

Bleeding to death for wretched me;  
Satan and sin no more can move,  
For I am fill'd with Jesu's love.

2. His thorns and nails pierce through  
my heart,

In ev'ry groan I bear a part;  
I view his wounds with streaming eyes,  
But see! he bows his head and dies!

3. Come, sinners, view the Lamb of  
God,

Wounded and dead, and bath'd in  
blood!

Behold his side, and venture near,  
The well of endless life is here.

4. Here I forget my cares and pains,  
I drink, yet still my thirst remains;  
Only the fountain-head above  
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5. O that I thus could always feel!  
Lord, more and more thy love reveal!  
Then my glad tongue shall loud pro-  
claim

The grace and glory of thy name.

6. Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,  
Revives my heart and charms mine ear,  
Affords a balm for ev'ry wound,  
And Satan trembles at the sound.

*Densholt 100. \*Schlicht*  
(T. 217.)

1. **TH'** abysses tremble, crack and  
roar,

As thou, O God, from pain released,  
Thy mortal period being o'er,  
To bow thy head in death wast  
pleased,

Then felt the pow'rs of hell below  
Their last irrevocable blow;  
Thy aim was by thy right obtained,  
To free the souls whom Satan chained;  
Now, thro' thy anguish and distress,  
The captives find a full release.

2. Thou, who the nail-prints dost retain,

Tho' to thy glorious throne ascended,  
Whose side's incision doth remain,  
And thorn marks, which thy head  
once rended:

That is thy most transcendent form,  
Which doth our hearts transport and  
warm,

As thou upon the cross didst languish,  
Extended there in keenest anguish,  
Or as thy body, white and red,  
In the cold sepulchre was laid.

3. 'Tis the most lovely attitude  
Wherein we can behold our Saviour,  
When by the Spirit's eye he's view'd,  
With blood and bruises stain'd all  
over.

But more than all that can be said  
Of Jesus Christ, our Lord and head,  
Doth sparkle in our hearts' recesses:  
The blessed fruits of his distresses  
We richly can enjoy by faith,  
Whilst meditating on his death.

4. Christ's agony, his death and blood  
Shall be our joy and consolation,  
The grace unmerited bestow'd  
On us, our constant meditation;

Fresh proofs of his fidelity,  
And Shepherd's care we daily see,  
And he'll continue still to feed us,  
Till he at last will thither lead us,  
Where we shall see him face to face,  
And with the ransom'd sing his praise.

101. \* *Lockman*

(T. 152.)

1. JESUS, I am richly blest  
By thy bitter passion;  
O how is my soul refresh'd  
In the meditation  
On the pain and deep distress,  
Which thou hast endured!

C 2

By thy death for me a place  
Is in heav'n procured.

2. Jesus, who hast once been dead,  
Now for ever livest;  
Thou in ev'ry time of need  
Kindly me relievest,  
And dost help to me afford.  
Faithful Lord and Saviour,  
Give me what thy death procur'd,  
And I'm rich for ever.

102. *Hennick*

(T. 583.)

1. I Kneel in spirit at my Saviour's  
cross,  
Where he in blood expired for his foes.  
With deepest rev'rence humbly I adore  
My dying Lord, who all my sorrows  
bore.

2. I, sinful worm, most humbly 'fore  
him bow,  
While I the deep unfathom'd myst'ry  
view:

Poor man must highly valu'd be in-  
deed,  
For whom so great a ransom-price was  
paid.

3. This blessed truth I firmly will  
maintain,  
That my Creator for my sins was slain.  
May this constrain me humbly to obey,  
And love the Lord, who took my sins  
away.

103. *Matts*

(T. 14.)

1. ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,  
And did my Sov'reign die?  
Would he devote his sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

2. Was it for crimes that I had done,  
He groan'd upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide  
And shut his glories in,  
When God th' almighty Maker dy'd  
An off'ring for my sin.

36 Of the Sufferings and Death of Jesus Christ,

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While Jesu's cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes in tears.

5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe :

O Lord, to thee I humbly pray,  
Teach me thy love to know.

*John Herman* 104.\* *of Augustine*  
(T. 165.)

1. CHRIST, thy wounds and bitter  
passion,

Bloody sweat, cross, death, and tomb,  
Be my daily meditation,  
Till I to thy presence come.

When a sinful thought would start,  
Ready to seduce my heart,  
Thy sore pain effectually  
Me forbid with sin to dally.

2. Should my bosom with lewd passion  
Be inflam'd, and burn with sin,  
Let the thoughts of thine oblation  
Quench that spreading fire within.  
Would the serpent make his way  
To my heart, Lord! grant I may  
By thy wounds, thy pain and anguish,  
All his vile intrusions vanquish.

3. Would the world with gay temp-  
tation

Draw me to its own broad way;  
Let me think upon thy passion,  
And the load which on thee lay.  
Sure the sweat and precious blood  
Of the dying Lamb of God  
Can arm me, on each occasion,  
To oppose th' infatuation.

4. Lord, in ev'ry sore oppression,  
Let thy wounds be my relief.  
When I seek thine intercession,  
Add new strength to my belief.  
Ah, the feeling of thy peace  
Sets my troubled heart at ease,  
And affords a demonstration  
Of thy love and my salvation.

5. All my hope and consolation,  
Christ, is in thy bitter death.

At the hour of expiration,  
Lord, receive my dying breath.  
Most of all, when I go hence,  
Let this be my confidence,  
That thy deep humiliation  
Has procured my salvation.

105. *Sweetmer*

(T. 168.)

1. O Behold your Saviour wounded,  
Hanging on th' accursed cross;  
None hath e'er the love expounded,  
Our Redeemer shou'd to us:  
Hear him at his crucifixion  
Pray for foes 'midst keen affliction,  
"O forgive them; they don't know,  
"Heav'nly Father, what they do."

2. At his cross's foot now tarry,  
View his languid, marred face;  
Mark his care for John and Mary;  
To the thief he offers grace.  
Ah, he thirsts with love unshaken,  
"God! why hast thou me forsaken?"  
And "'Tis finish'd!" Jesus cries,  
Yields his spirit, droops and dies.

*Gertrud* 106.\* *Imberhard*  
(T. 126.)

1. O Lord, when condemnation  
And guilt afflict my soul,  
Then let thy bitter passion  
The rising storm control.  
Remind me, that thy sacred blood  
Hath cancell'd my transgressions  
By paying what I ow'd.

2. O wonder far exceeding  
All human thought and sense!  
Heav'n's Sov'reign was seen bleeding  
To wipe off our offence:  
The Source of life gave up his breath  
For me, whose vile rebellion  
Deserv'd an endless death.

3. Though sins exceed a mountain,  
Or sands on ocean shore,  
The everlasting fountain  
Of Jesu's blood has pow'r  
To drown and wash them quite away,  
And save me from the terror  
That held me in dismay.

4. My heart, while here 'tis moving,  
Shall beat with fervent praise  
To thee, who art so loving  
Towards lost human race:  
Thy dying words and agony  
Shall be my meditation,  
Till I am call'd to thee.

5. Lord, let thy bitter passion  
Dwell always in my mind,  
To raise an indignation  
'Gainst sin of ev'ry kind;  
That henceforth I may ne'er forget  
The greatness of that ransom,  
Which paid an endless debt.

6. All pains and tribulations,  
Contempt and worldly spite,  
Help me to bear with patience;  
And always fix my sight  
On that unerring rule of faith,  
Thy blessed steps to follow,  
Until my latest breath.

7. O may my life and labor  
Express what thou hast done,  
By love towards my neighbour,  
By serving ev'ry one  
Without self-int'rest or disguise;  
And may thy pure example  
Be my best exercise!

8. When I give up my spirit  
To thee my Judge and God,  
O then apply the merit  
Of thy atoning blood;  
And let my hope its pow'r display,  
And rest upon thy promise  
To save me in that day.

*Joh Rist or 107.\* Ein Ch  
Hermberg*  
(T. 168.)

1. JESUS, Source of my salvation,  
Conqu'ror both of death and hell!  
Thou who didst, as my oblation,  
Feel the pain which I should feel:  
By the greatness of thy torment  
Thou hast purchas'd my preferment.  
Thousand, thousand thanks to thee,  
Dearest Lord, for ever be.

2. O how basely wast thou used,  
Buffeted and spit upon!

C 3

Scourg'd and torn, and sorely bruised,  
Thou the heav'nly Father's Son:  
Me, poor sinner, to deliver  
From the devil's pow'r for ever!  
Thousand, &c.

3. Thou, with more than lamblike  
meekness,  
Suffer'dst death upon the cross;  
O that my rebellious sickness  
Had not been the fatal cause!  
Thou becam'st a curse, dear Saviour,  
To restore me to God's favor.  
Thousand, &c.

4. Lord, thy deep humiliation  
Pay'd for my presumptuous pride;  
I need fear no condemnation,  
Since for sinners thou hast dy'd:  
All thy grief and shameful bondage  
Doth redound to my advantage.  
Thousand, &c.

5. Lord, I'll praise thee now and ever  
For thy bitter pain and smart,  
For thy agonizing shiver,  
For thy wounds and pierced heart;  
For thy stooping under sentence  
Of eternal wrath and vengeance.  
For thy death and love divine,  
Lord, I'll be for ever thine.

*Paul 108.\* Gerhard*  
(T. 165.)

1. THOUSAND times by me be greeted;  
Jesus, who hast loved me,  
And thyself to death submitted  
For my treasons against thee.  
Ah! how happy do I feel,  
When 'fore thee I humbly kneel  
At the cross where thou expiredst,  
And true life for me acquiredst.

2. Jesus, thee I view in spirit,  
Cover'd o'er with blood and wounds;  
Now salvation, through thy merit,  
For my sin-sick soul abounds.  
O who can, thou Prince of peace,  
Who didst thirst for our release,  
Fully fathom all that's treasure'd  
In thy love's design unmeasure'd!

3. Heal me, O my soul's Physician,  
Wherefoe'er I'm sick or sad;



All the woes of my condition  
By thy balm be now allay'd :  
Heal the hurts which Adam wrought,  
Or which on myself I've brought ;  
If thy blood me only cover,  
My distress will soon be over.

4. On my heart thy wounds for ever  
Be inscrib'd indelibly,  
That I ne'er forget, dear Saviour,  
What thou hast endur'd for me :  
Thou'rt indeed my highest good,  
End of all sollicitude ;  
Let me, at thy feet abased,  
Be to taste thy friendship raised.

5. With the deepest adoration  
I before thy feet will lie ;  
And, with humble supplication,  
Unto thee for succour cry ;  
My petition kindly hear ;  
Say, in answer to my pray'r,  
I have chang'd thy grief and sadness  
Into comfort, joy and gladness.

*Ino* 109. *Newton*  
(T. 11.)

1. **LET** me dwell on Golgotha,  
Weep and love my life away,  
While I see him on the tree  
Weep and bleed and die for me !

2. That dear blood for sinners spilt  
Shows my sin in all its guilt :  
Ah, my soul, he bore thy load ;  
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

3. Hark ! his dying words : " Forgive ;  
" Father, let the sinner live ;  
" Sinner, wipe thy tears away ;  
" I thy ransom freely pay."

4. While I hear this grace reveal'd,  
And obtain a pardon seal'd,  
All my soft affections move,  
Waken'd by the force of love.

5. Farewel, world, thy gold is dross ;  
Now I see the bloody cross ;  
Jesus dy'd to set me free  
From the law, and sin, and thee !

6. He has dearly bought my soul ;  
Lord, accept and claim the whole :  
To thy will I all resign,  
Now no more my own, but thine.

*Ino* 110. \* *Angelus*  
(T. 167.)

1. **O** The love wherewith I'm loved,  
O the undeserved grace ;  
Thou, O Love, by mercy moved,  
Tak'st upon thee my distress !  
As a lamb led to the slaughter,  
Thou goest to the cross's tree,  
Seal'st thy love with blood and water,  
Bear'st the world's iniquity.

2. Love so strikingly displayed  
In thy tear and bloody sweat ;  
Love by sinful men betrayed,  
Dragg'd before the judgment-seat ;  
Love, who for my soul's salvation,  
Willingly didst shed thy blood,  
Through thy death and bitter passion  
I am reconcil'd to God.

3. Love, who as my bleeding Saviour  
Didst my heart in righteousness  
Unto thee betroth for ever,  
Ah, I thank thee for thy grace.  
Love, who thus himself engaged ;  
Let my mis'ry and my smart  
Now entirely be assuaged  
In thy wounded bleeding heart.

4. Love ! who hast for me endured,  
Death upon th' accurs'd tree  
And eternal bliss procured,  
Fill my soul with love to thee.  
Lord, how hast thou captivated  
My else cold and wretched heart !  
Let me till to heav'n translated  
Never more from thee depart.

*Chr* *Ben* 6. III. \* *Living*  
(T. 208.)

1. **HAPPY** meditation  
On my Saviour's passion,  
On his death and grave ;  
None can e'er express it,  
What a feeling blessed  
At such times I have,  
When I Christ in spirit view  
In his suff'ring scenes ; revising  
My Lord agonizing,

2. All the pains and sorrows  
He endured for us;  
All the tears he shed,  
When he in the garden,  
Bearing our sin's burthen,  
In soul's anguish pray'd:  
Yea, each part of toil and smart  
In my soul excites a motion  
To intense devotion.

3. Lamb of God, thus dearest  
Thou to me appearest;  
O might I each breath  
Spend, whilst here I'm living,  
In praise and thanksgiving  
For thy wounds and death!  
This, this is my only plea;  
On me, sinner poor and needy,  
Deign to look with pity.

4. Soul, from toil reposing,  
Languid eyes, just closing,  
Side, pierc'd with a spear;  
Limbs, to pain inured,  
Feet, for me through bored,  
Hands, the nails did tear,  
Head by right divinely bright,  
Crown'd with pointed thorns and  
bruised,  
Spit on and abused.

5. Breast, which heaves with sorrows;  
Back, plough'd o'er with furrows,  
From the scourges fore;  
Arms, in pain extended,  
Shoulders raw and wounded,  
Hair distain'd with gore;  
Sacred lips, in death how pale!  
Lamb of God! thy bitter passion  
Prompts my adoration.

*I* 112. *Mesley*

(T. 96.)

1. O Love divine, what hast thou  
done!  
Th' immortal God hath dy'd for me!  
The Father's co-eternal Son  
Bore all my sins upon the tree:  
Th' immortal God for me hath dy'd,  
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd!  
2. Behold him, all ye that pass by,  
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!

C 4

Come see, ye worms, your Maker die,  
And say, was ever grief like his!  
Come feel, with me, his blood ap-  
ply'd:

My Lord, my Love is crucify'd!

3. Is crucify'd for me and you,  
To bring us rebels back to God;  
Believe, believe the record true,  
Ye all are bought with Jesu's blood:  
Pardon for all flows from his side;  
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd!

4. Then let us sit beneath his cross,  
And gladly catch the healing stream;  
All things for him account but loss,  
And all give up our hearts to him:  
Of nothing think or speak beside,  
But that the Lamb was crucify'd!

*Anne* 113. \* *Church*

(T. 243.)

1. BLOOD worthy of praises!

Come streaming from Jesus  
O'er us, and all classes  
Of sinners, and bless us;  
We humbly flee,—and call on thee.

2. In Olivet's garden  
Before the Jews bound him,  
Most heavily laden  
I kneeling have found him,  
Wat'ring the ground—with blood-sweat  
round.

3. Thy blood-sweat, dear Saviour,  
Rain on me, like water:  
For all the world over  
Nought can bless me better:  
O sweat's dear flood!—O holy blood!

4. So sore was he smitten,  
So barb'rously used,  
With scourges so beaten,  
All over so bruised:  
Alas! I've found—no part left found.

5. Thy blood-streams and bruises,  
Thy agonies, Saviour!  
Thy wounds healing juices  
Have sav'd us for ever  
From tears and cries,—and grief and  
sighs.

6. Up Calv'ry the Saviour  
His heavy cross carry'd,  
With patient behavior  
Until spent and weary'd;  
With grief oppress'd—he sunk at last.  
7. Just ready for slaughter,  
The nail-holes they bored,  
While exquisite torture  
He, lamelike, endured;  
Dumb did he bear—the pain severe.  
8. The Lamb yonder nailed,  
By his bitter passion,  
And by his blood spilled,  
Gain'd for us salvation:  
A healing stream—flows down from  
him.

9. O dear bleeding Saviour!  
I long to embrace thee,  
While thousand drops cover,  
Hung on thee and grace thee;  
And catch the juice—thy wounds dis-  
till.  
10. For all thy wounds painful,  
Which glad I remember,  
I hourly am thankful,  
And praise their whole number;  
Me, dearest Lamb!—thou sav'dst by  
them.

*Wm* 114. *Bowyer*  
(T. 14.)

1. THERE is a fountain fill'd with  
blood,  
Drawn from Emanuel's veins;  
And sinner plung'd beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.  
2. The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Wash'd all my sins away.  
3. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love hath been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.  
4. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy pow'r to save;  
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring  
tongue,  
Lies silent in the grave.

115. \* *Prætorius*

(T. 151.)

THY blood so dear and precious,  
Love, made thee shed for me,  
O may I now, dear Jesus,  
Love thee most fervently.  
May the divine impression  
Of thy atoning death,  
And all thy bitter passion,  
Ne'er leave me while I breathe.

*Ch Ren C* 116. \* *Longinose*  
(T. 185.)

WHEN I visit Jesu's grave in spirit,  
It is never done in vain;  
Since 'tis only, from his death and  
merit,  
I can life, and strength obtain:  
Jesu's cross, his last hours in his pas-  
sion,  
Jesu's stripes, his wounds and expi-  
ration,  
Jesu's body and his blood  
Shall remain my highest good.

*I* 117. *Sweetman*  
(T. 114.)

1. NOW haste, my soul, with awe  
and deep devotion,  
To Joseph's tomb, thy Saviour to  
behold  
Laid in the dust, his body stiff and  
cold.  
Ah! in thy stead he drank death's  
bitter potion:  
He as a lamb was wounded, bruis'd  
and slain,  
For thee eternal happiness to gain.  
2. For worthless me (O, Godlike  
condescension!)  
The Maker of creation's boundless  
sphere,  
Whom all celestial hosts as Lord  
revere,  
Whose pow'r divine is past their com-  
prehension,

Became a man, my guilty soul to  
save,  
And rests from labor in the silent  
grave.

3. Here is the place where weary  
souls may tarry;  
Though near the dead, death can  
no pow'r assume,  
For life, eternal life rests in this  
tomb.

Come, then, my pardon'd soul, with  
humble Mary  
Behold thy wearied Master softly  
sleep;  
Admire his matchless love, adore  
and weep.

4. I view in thee, thou wan and man-  
gled body,  
My Lord, Redeemer, Priest and  
Sacrifice,  
The Bread of life, the Pearl o'  
greatest price,  
My soul's Belov'd, the Fairest, White  
and Ruddy,  
The promis'd Seed, the Lord our  
Righteousness,  
The long-predicted Lamb and Prince  
of peace.

5. Here will I stay, engag'd in con-  
templation  
On my Redeemer's agony and death;  
This will increase and fix my wav-  
ring faith  
In thee, the Finisher of my salvation;  
Yea will in soul and body mortify  
The sins which did my Jesus cru-  
cify.

6. Thou, Lord of life! fix thou my  
heart and senses  
On thee the dearest object of my  
heart,  
That when from this vain world I  
shall depart,  
And th' awful moment of my death  
commences,  
I may resign my spirit unto thee,  
And in thy presence live eternally.

7. Meanwhile I'll love and thank  
without cessation  
Thee, my Redeemer, who my soul  
hast bought,  
And me a wand'ring sheep in mercy  
fought!  
Accept my tears and pray'rs and ado-  
ration;  
To thee my life, my all I now resign  
In life and death; O keep me ever  
thine!

*J. 118. Bennick*  
(T. 208.)

1. NOW will I, like Mary,  
My best spices carry  
To my Saviour's tomb;  
I'll behold his body  
Pale and stiff already;  
Now my sabbath's come.  
But, alas!—what spices has  
My poor heart, save tears and crying;  
Heart-felt throbs and sighing!

2. Lo! methinks his body,  
There stretch'd out and bloody,  
Lifeless I behold:  
Yes, I view him yonder,  
And astonish'd ponder  
O'er him dead and cold.  
Deep and wide—I see his side,  
Livid wounds on ev'ry member  
I see without number.

3. Back, the scourges ploughed!  
Side, whence blood-streams flowed!  
Hands and feet and head,  
Lips, o'er which death hover'd,  
Now with paleness cover'd!  
Cheeks depriv'd of red!  
Bruised face—still full of grace!  
On you all I gaze ashamed,  
Weep where'er ye're named.

4. Lamb of God, my Saviour,  
Thou shalt be for ever  
My most fav'rite theme:  
And for thy atonement,  
Might I ev'ry moment  
Praise thy saving name:  
Constantly—thy passion be,  
Till my final consummation,  
My heart's meditation.



42 Of the Sufferings and Death of Jesus Christ, &c.

*John 119.\* Rich*  
(T. 45.)

1. O deepest grief,—which the relief  
Of mankind hath procured!  
God the Father's only Child  
In a tomb was buried.
2. Ye sons of men,—this doleful plan  
Was laid by your transgression;  
To retrieve your shameful fall,  
God dy'd in this fashion.
3. The Lamb of God—shed all his  
blood,  
Which flow'd upon the mountain;  
This for all iniquity  
Is an open fountain.
4. O Prince of peace,—thou Source of  
grace,  
And Author of salvation!  
Thy unbounded love demands  
Humble adoration.
5. How blest he is—who weigheth  
this,  
That God became his Saviour,  
To bestow both life and bliss  
Upon him for ever!
6. O Jesus blest'd!—my hearts true  
rest,  
Be thou my sole desire,  
Till I too can in my tomb  
From this world retire.

*I 120. Sweetmer*  
(T. 119.)

1. Slaughter'd Lamb, :||:  
My Redeemer! whilst I view  
Thee by faith, I'm lost in wonder;  
Grateful tears my cheeks bedew:  
Blessed Saviour, when I ponder  
On the cause of all thy grief and smart,  
Melts my heart. :||:
2. Sacred head, :||:  
Where the thorny crown was plac'd,  
I behold thee torn and wounded,  
And with ruddy thorn-marks grac'd;  
Jesus Christ, thy love unbounded  
I, with humble shame, from thy  
mar'd face  
Wish to trace. :||:

3. Broken eyes, :||:  
With a heart-affecting force  
Did ye kindly look on Peter,  
When denying, with a curse,  
Thee, dear Lord! I've done no  
better;  
But thy dying look, thy wounds and  
smart,  
Pierc'd my heart. :||:
4. Pallid cheeks, :||:  
Worn with pain and pungent grief,  
To rejoice thy mourning creatures,  
I confess my unbelief,  
When discerning in those features  
The dire pangs my Saviour's soul did  
feel  
Mine to heal. :||:
5. Mouth turn'd pale, :||:  
Heav'nly wisdom flow'd from thee,  
Livid lips, how were ye quiv'ring,  
When he surety stood for me,  
And my punishment was hov'ring  
Over my Redeemer's guiltless head,  
In my stead! :||:
6. Lord, thy hands, :||:  
Which both blest'd and heal'd the  
poor,  
I see pierc'd and sorely smitten,  
My Salvation to procure:  
There my worthless name is written.  
Thousand thanks to thee that I'm  
now stil'd—  
Thy dear child. :||:
7. Bleeding arms, :||:  
Ye were stretch'd on the tree,  
Dislocated, sorely bruised,  
To obtain my liberty,  
Though my sins the Lord abused.  
Ah, sustain me in my dying hour,  
Through your pow'r. :||:
8. Wounded back, :||:  
Bruised shoulders, weary breast,  
Plough'd with long and gaping fur-  
rows;  
My sin's burthen thee oppress'd.  
Thou sav'dst me from endless sor-  
rows,  
And the load which did my conscience  
gall,  
Through the fall. :||:

## Of the Resurrection of Christ from the Grave. 43

9. I adore, :||:  
Grateful at those pierced feet,  
Which for me were often weary :  
There was Mary's blest'd retreat ;  
There I also wish to tarry,  
And to thank and love thee all my  
days

For such grace. :||:

10. Open'd heart ; :||:  
I behold thy matchless love ;  
In that cleft my soul would ever  
Hide from danger, like a dove ;

Thou, my Lord, my God and Saviour,  
Art my Rock, my All ; I thee adore  
Evermore. :||:

11. Lamb of God, :||:  
Wounded, cold, and stiff in death,  
Mortify my sinful nature  
Till I yield my dying breath.  
Ah, protect thy feeble creature,  
Till I shall in heav'n for ever be,  
Lord, with thee. :||:

## VI. Of the Resurrection of Christ from the Grave.

*C. 121. \* Lirigund*  
(T. 132.)

*Gr 122. \* Luther*  
(T. 132.)

1. CHRIST, being risen from the  
tomb,

To Mary show'd his favor,  
And kindly called her by name ;  
She, when she saw her Saviour,  
Directly turn'd about in haste,  
His feet with heart-felt joy embrac'd,  
And hail'd her risen Master.

2. His holy name for ever be  
Adored, blest'd and praised,  
That he has such invariably  
To taste his friendship raised,  
As Mary Magdalen and me,  
Who've nought to boast, but know  
that he

Has pardon'd their transgressions.

3. How happy feels a contrite heart,  
Enjoying Christ's salvation !  
Those who have chosen Mary's part  
And fav'rite occupation,  
Find in our Saviour, day and night,  
A source of comfort and delight,  
'Midst trials, cares and troubles.

4. He pardon'd me, like Magdalen,  
I love him, my Preserver !  
I love him (but it gives me pain)  
I love not with such fervor.  
When Jesus I shall once behold,  
I then shall feel as the of old,  
When he to her appeared.

1. Christ Jesus was to death abas'd  
Because of our transgression ;  
But now for us, by being rais'd,  
Has gain'd life and salvation.  
'Tis this should prompt us to rejoice,  
To praise the Lord with heart and  
voice,  
In singing hallelujah.

2. By none of all the human race  
Could death and hell be foiled ;  
Sin render'd all men weak and base,  
All ruin'd were and spoiled ;  
Death having enter'd by the fall,  
Bore sway and was entail'd on all,  
All sinners are by nature.

3. But Jesus Christ, the Son of God,  
In love and great compassion,  
To free us from sin's galling load,  
Appear'd in human fashion :  
He quite destroy'd sin's pow'r and  
claim,  
And left death nothing but the name ;  
Its sting can't hurt believers.

4. How great and wond'rous was the  
Life was by death assailed ! [strife,  
But Jesus Christ, the Prince of life,  
O'er sin and death prevailed ;  
He triumph'd over them in death,  
And we are conquerors too by faith  
In Christ our risen Saviour.

44 Of the Resurrection of Christ from the Grave.

5. He is the blessed paschal Lamb,  
By God himself appointed :  
The prophets all aloud proclaim  
That he is the Anointed.  
If on our hearts his blood appear,  
We're freed from death's enslaving  
fear,  
Subdu'd is that destroyer.

6. This is the day the Lord hath made  
To lively hopes to raise us :  
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And join to sing his praises.  
For Christ, our everlasting light,  
Dispels the clouds of sin's dark night,  
And all the pow'rs of darkness.

7. The bread of life we eat in faith  
Is Jesus Christ our Saviour,  
Who conquer'd Satan, sin and death,  
And liveth now for ever :  
Our souls desire no other food,  
But our Redeemer's flesh and blood,  
Which gives us life eternal.

*Wie.* 123.\* *Herrman*

(T. 22.)

1. REJOICE, the Lord in triumph  
reigns,  
Breaks death and hell's infernal  
chains,  
Retakes his life and majesty ;  
Praise him to all eternity.

2. Behold the great accuser cast,  
The hour of darkness now is past ;  
Satan to us no right can claim,  
If we believe in Jesu's name.

3. O dear Redeemer, Jesus Christ,  
Our Mediator and High-priest,  
Lead us by thy almighty grace,  
That we with joy may end our race.

4. Most merciful and gracious Lord,  
Thy wond'rous name shall be ador'd.  
To thee be endless praises giv'n,  
By all on earth and all in heav'n.

124.

(T. 14.)

1. ON this glad day a brighter scene  
Of glory was display'd  
By God th' eternal Word, than when  
This universe was made.

2. He rises, who mankind has bought  
With grief and pain extreme :  
'Twas great to speak the world from  
naught,  
'Tis greater to redeem.

*Ann* 125. *Hamm*  
(T. 580.)

1. JESUS, who dy'd the world to  
save,

Revives and rises from the grave,  
By his almighty pow'r :  
From sin and death he set us free,  
He captive leads captivity,  
He lives again to die no more.

2. Children of God, look up and see  
Your Saviour cloth'd with Majesty,  
Triumphant o'er the tomb :  
Cease, cease to grieve, cast off your  
fears,

In heav'n your mansions he prepares,  
And soon will come to take you  
home.

3. His church is still his joy and crown,  
He looks with love and pity down  
On her he did redeem :  
Each member of his church he knows,  
He shares their joys and feels their  
woes,

And they shall ever reign with him.

*I* 126. *Sweetmer*  
(T. 590.)

1. BELIEVING souls, rejoice and sing,  
Your risen Saviour see,  
And say : " O death, where is thy  
sting ;

" O grave, thy victory ?"  
He dy'd, your guilty souls to save ;  
And, dying, conquer'd death ;  
Was bury'd in the gloomy grave,  
But re-assum'd his breath.

# Of the Resurrection of Christ from the Grave: 45

2. Rejoice, your conqu'ring Saviour  
lives,

He lives to die no more;  
And life eternal freely gives,  
Since he our sorrows bore,  
To ev'ry sinner who bewails  
His state; for Jesu's blood  
Now for the human race prevails  
Before the throne of God.

3. Sing praises to our risen Lord;  
Life, immortality,  
And lasting bliss, are now restor'd  
For all; for you and me.  
Believe the wond'rous deed, my soul,  
Adore his saving name;  
Rejoice, ye saints, from pole to pole  
His love and pow'r proclaim.

4. The Prince of life reclin'd his  
head,  
Expiring on the cross;  
But now the Lord is ris'n indeed,  
Is ris'n and lives for us.  
Rejoice, and in the dust adore.  
The Lamb for sinners slain  
Lives now, and lives for evermore;  
For evermore to reign.

127.

(T. 11.)

1. **GLORY** unto Jesus be,  
From the curse he set us free;  
All our guilt on him was laid,  
He the ransom fully paid.

2. All his glorious work is done;  
God's well pleased in his Son;  
For he rais'd him from the dead,  
And he reigns, the church's Head.

3. His redeem'd his praise show forth,  
Ever glorying in his worth;  
Angels sing around the throne,  
"Thou art worthy, thou alone!"

4. Ye who love him, cease to mourn,  
He will certainly return;  
All his saints with him shall reign;  
Come, Lord Jesus, come! Amen.

*128. Horne*

(T. 54.)

1. **R**Ejoice, O church, the Saviour's  
bride,

All grief and mourning lay aside:  
With cheerful hearts and voices sing  
The resurrection of our King. Hal.

2. He, having triumph'd over death,  
Now re-assumes his vital breath:  
The angels wait with watchful eyes,  
And joy to see their God arise.

3. Our gracious Saviour, Head and  
Lord,  
Haswell perform'd his promis'd word;  
And now would have his church re-  
joice;

He loves to hear her cheerful voice.

4. Let us then join th' angelic lays,  
In singing our Redeemer's praise,  
Exalting him, our God and King,  
Whose death did our salvation bring.

5. Blessing and praise we give to thee,  
That thou from death hast set us free;  
Thy resurrection from the grave  
Shows plain that thou hast pow'r to  
save.

6. Thy blood shall wash our garments  
clean,  
And keep them from all stains of sin;  
And thus, with joy, we thee, our God,  
Can meet, when sprinkled with thy  
blood.

7. Astonish'd, at thy footstool low,  
With humble gratitude we bow:  
Our words can never fully tell  
What in our thankful hearts we feel!

*129. Sweetmer*

(T. 205.)

1. **C**Hrist, when risen from the dead,  
To his foll'wers soon appear'd;  
"Peace be unto you," he said,  
And their drooping spirits cheer'd:  
By his wounds they knew 'twas he,  
Who expir'd on Calvary,  
And for our transgressions slain,  
Re-assum'd his life again.



2. "Thomas, we have seen the Lord;  
 "Christ, our Master, lives again."  
 Thus they said with one accord:  
 But he deem'd these tidings vain.  
 "If I see him," Thomas cry'd,  
 "View his wounds and open'd side,  
 "Then I'll own, from doubting freed,  
 "That our Lord is ris'n indeed."
3. To remove his unbelief,  
 Jesus, who is always near  
 To assuage his children's grief,  
 Unto Thomas did appear,  
 Saying, "Come, my nail-prints view,  
 "And my side the spear ran through."  
 Then his unbelief was fled,  
 "Thou'rt my Lord and God!" he  
 said.
4. I would go from pole to pole  
 To behold my risen Lord;  
 But content thyself, my soul,  
 Listen to thy Saviour's word:  
 Those who me by faith receive,  
 Without seeing, who believe,  
 Trust my word, and thereon rest,  
 Those abundantly are blest.

*Corint* 130. \* *Lingenborn*  
 (T. 22.)

1. To have of Jesus such a view  
 As Thomas, I would gladly go

Around this world, and spend my  
 days,  
 To bless him for his matchless grace.

2. But since our Saviour doth de-  
 clare,  
 That those his blessings richly share,  
 Who do not see and yet believe,  
 By faith in Jesus may I live.

*I* 131. *Hart*

(T. 582.)

1. Christians, dismiss your fear;  
 Let hope and joy succeed,  
 The joyful news with gladness hear,  
 "The Lord is ris'n indeed!"  
 The promise is fulfill'd  
 In Christ our only head,  
 Justice with mercy's reconcil'd;  
 He lives who once was dead.
2. He quits the dark abode,  
 From all corruption free.  
 The holy, spotless Lamb of God  
 Could no corruption see.  
 My soul, thy Saviour laud,  
 Who all thy sorrows bore,  
 Who dy'd for sin, but lives to God,  
 And lives to die no more.

132.

## EASTER-MORNING LITANY.

[The bishop or minister saith or sings:]

**I** Believe in the one only God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
 who created all things by Jesus Christ, and was in Christ  
 reconciling the world unto himself.

*Chor.* I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth,  
 that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and  
 hast revealed them unto babes.

Even so, Father, for so it seem'd good in thy sight.

*Min.* Father, glorify thy name!

*Cong.* Our Father which art in heaven; Hallowed be thy  
 Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is

*in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory for ever and ever, Amen.*

*Ch.* O Father, love us, because we love thy Son, and believe that he came out from thee.

*Min.* I believe in the Name of the only begotten Son of God, by whom are all things, and we through him:

I believe, that he was made flesh, and dwelt among us; and took on him the form of a servant:

By the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, was conceived of the virgin Mary; as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same, was born of a woman:

And being found in fashion as a man, was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin:

For he was the Lord, the angel of the covenant, whom we desired; the Lord and his Spirit had sent him, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord;

He spake that which he did know, and testified that which he had seen: As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.

Behold the Lamb of God! which hath taken away the sin of the world,

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried;

Went by the spirit and preached unto the spirits in prison,

The third day rose again from the dead, and with him many bodies of the saints which slept;

Ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the throne of the Father; whence he will come, in like manner as he was seen going into heaven.

*Ch.* The Spirit and the bride say: Come:

*Min.* And let him that heareth, say: Come!

*Cong.* Amen, Come, Lord Jesus! do not long tarry,  
With longing hearts we are waiting for thee;  
Come soon! O come!

*Min.* The Lord will descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the arch-angel, and with the trump of God, to judge both the quick and the dead.

This is my Lord, who redeemed me a lost and undone human creature, purchased and gained me from all sin, from death, and from the power of the devil,

Not with gold or silver, but with his holy precious blood, and with his innocent suffering and dying;

To the end that I should be his own, and in his kingdom live under him and serve him in eternal righteousness, innocence, and happiness;

So as he, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth world without end.

*Cong. This is certainly true.*

*Min.* I believe in the Holy Ghost, who proceedeth from the Father, and whom our Lord Jesus Christ sent us, after he went away, that he should abide with us for ever.

And that he should work all in all, dividing to every man severally as he will.

To him be glory in the church, which is in Christ Jesus, the holy universal christian church, in the communion of saints, at all times, and from eternity to eternity;

*Cong. Amen.*

*Min.* I believe that by my own reason and strength I cannot believe in, or come to Jesus Christ my Lord.

But that the Holy Ghost calleth me by the gospel, enlighteneth me with his gifts, sanctifieth and preserveth me in the true faith;

Even as he calleth, gathereth, enlighteneth and sanctifieth all Christendom on earth, and keepeth it by Jesus Christ in the only true faith;

In which Christian church he forgiveth me and all believers all sin daily and richly.

*Cong. Amen.*

*Min.* I desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better; I shall never taste death:

Nay I shall attain to the resurrection of the dead; for my body which I shall put off, that grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption: my flesh shall rest in hope. And God will also once quicken these bodies here interred, because the Spirit of Jesus hath dwelt in them.

*Cong. Amen.*

*Min.* I believe, that our brethren *N. N.* and our sisters *N. N.\** are gone to the church made perfect, and entered into the joy of their Lord; their bodies are buried here.

*Cong.* They are at rest in lasting bliss,  
Beholding Christ our Saviour;  
Our humble expectation is  
To live with him for ever.

*Cong.* *We poor sinners pray thee to bear us, O dear Lord and God!*

*Min.* And to keep us in everlasting fellowship with the church triumphant; especially also with those servants and handmaids of the whole church, whom thou hast called home within this year, as *N. N.* and to let us once rest with them in thy presence.

*Cong. Amen.*

*Cong.* Grant us to lean unshaken  
Upon thy faithfulness,  
Until from hence we're taken  
To see thee face to face.

*Min.* Glory be to him who is the Resurrection and the Life!

He that believeth on him, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

Glory be to him, in that church which waiteth for him, and in that which is about him,

*Cb.* For ever and ever. *Cong. Amen.*

*Cong.* Lord, grant me thy protection;  
Remind me of thy death  
And glorious resurrection,  
When I resign my breath:  
Ah then, though I be dying,  
'Midst sickness, grief and pain,  
I shall (on thee relying)  
Eternal life obtain.

*Min.* The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you all.

*Cong. Amen.*

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\* Here the names of those are mentioned in each congregation, who went from among them into their eternal rest since the last Easter.



VII. Of the Ascension of Christ; his Sitting at the Right-hand of God, and interceding for us.

*Count* 133. \**Lingenborn*  
(T. 97.)

1. **E**RE Christ ascended up on high,  
His foll'wers unto Bethany  
He led, where having them address'd,  
And with his pierced hands them  
    blefs'd,  
A cloud, which him receiv'd out of  
their sight,  
Convey'd him to the realms of end-  
less light.

2. They, fill'd with wonder and amaze,  
With longing eyes did upward gaze,  
Till he was vanish'd quite away,  
Two angels, dress'd in white array,  
Unto his mourning followers ap-  
pear'd,  
And thus their drooping spirits kindly  
cheer'd :

3. "This Jesus, who to heav'n is gone  
"To re-assume his glorious throne,  
"Will in like manner come again,  
"As ye, his highly-favor'd train,  
"Have seen him go to heav'n." Christ  
we adore  
With them, and own thee Lord for  
evermore.

*S* 134. *Bennick*  
(T. 580.)

1. **W**HEN thou, dear Saviour, didst  
ascend,  
"My hosts," thy Father said, "at-  
tend,  
"And worship ye the Son."  
With loud acclaims of joy they gaz'd,  
And cheerful hallelujahs rais'd,  
Adoring humbly at thy throne.

2. Can we thy triumphs e'er forget?  
Shall we not worship at thy feet,  
For all thy griefs and pain?  
Yes, we will join th' angelic throng,  
In singing that eternal song:  
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was  
slain!"

3. Th' assembly, which with thee at  
rest,  
Appears in spotless garments dress'd,  
Bows down and humbly sings:  
We too thy saving name will blefs,  
And thee our gracious Lord confess:  
The Lord of lords and King of  
kings!

*Count* 135. \**Lingenborn*  
(T. 146.)

**G**O up with shouts of praise,  
Go up, High-priest, to heaven,  
Who hast the ransom'd race  
Upon thy heart engraven.  
Though seated on thy throne,  
Thou deign'st to hear our pray'r,  
Nor art asham'd to own,  
That we thy brethren are.

*S* 136. *Sweetman*  
(T. 22.)

1. **T**O thee, our Lord, all praise be  
giv'n,  
For thy ascending up to heav'n:  
Support us while on earth we stay,  
And kindly hear us when we pray.

2. Tho' seated on thy Father's throne,  
Thou'lt never cease thy flock to own;  
For we believe that thou art near,  
When in thy presence we appear.

3. For us to heav'n thou didst ascend,  
To plead our cause, and to attend  
To all our wants, yea, to prepare  
A place for us, thy bliss to share.

4. At parting from thy little fold,  
Thy second advent was foretold;  
Therefore we wait with eagerness,  
Lord Jesus, to behold thy face.

5. Mean while we pray thee, gracious  
Lord,  
Thy Spirit unto us afford,  
That we, with all the ransom'd train,  
May meet thee when thou com'st  
again.

6. Ah then we shall behold thy face  
In everlasting joy and peace;  
Mean while we'll cleave to thee by  
faith,  
And love thee till our latest breath.

*J. 137. Hart*

(T. 14.)

1. O For a theme of thankful praise  
To tune the stamm'ers tongue!  
Christians, your hearts and voices  
raise,  
And join the joyful song.

2. The Lord ascendeth up on high,  
Deck'd with resplendent wounds;  
While shouts of vict'ry rend the sky,  
And heav'n with joy resounds.

3. Eternal gates their leaves unfold,  
Receive the conqu'ring King:  
The angels strike their harps of gold,  
And saints triumphant sing.

4. Sinners, rejoice; he dy'd for you;  
For you prepares a place;  
His Spirit sends, you to endow  
With ev'ry gift and grace.

5. His blood, which did for you atone,  
For your salvation pleads;  
And seated on his Father's throne,  
He reigns and intercedes.

*J. 138. West*

(T. 14.)

1. JESUS, our High-priest and our  
Head,  
Who bear'st our flesh and blood,  
And always interced'st for us  
Before the throne of God;

2. We know thou never canst forget  
Thy poor weak members here;  
Yea, when we suffer in the least,  
A part with us thou'lt bear.

3. Thou with great tenderness art  
touch'd  
At what thy children feel;  
When by temptations we are press'd,  
Thou know'st well what we ail;

D 2

4. Thou hast a tender sympathy  
With ev'ry grief and pain:  
For when thou wast a man on earth,  
Thou didst the same sustain.

5. And though thou art exalted now,  
Yet thou to us art near;  
Thou know'st our weaknesses and  
wants,  
And list'nest to our pray'r.

6. What shall we say for this thy love,  
But 'fore thee prostrate lie;  
And thank thee that thou wast a man,  
To all eternity.

139.

(T. 132.)

1. RAISE your devotion, mortal  
tongues,

To praise the King of glory;  
Sweet be the accents of your songs  
Of him who's gone before you:  
Lo! angels strike their loudest strings,  
For heav'n and all created things  
Must sound Emanuel's praises.

2. Ye mourning souls, look upward  
too,  
For Christ is now preparing,  
At God's right-hand a place for you;  
Shake off what seems despairing:  
Thence he, your gracious Lord, will  
come

To fetch your longing spirits home,  
And crown your love and labor.

3. Since he o'er heav'n bears sov'  
reign sway,  
By all its pow'rs attended;  
And hath more graces to display  
Than can be comprehended:  
Fear not, for he his blessing pours  
On such meek humble breasts as  
yours,  
The objects of his favor.

*Isaac 140. Watts*

(T. 582.)

1. JESUS, who dy'd, is now  
Seated upon his throne:  
The angels who before him bow,  
His just dominion own.

2. Th' unworthiest of his friends  
Upon his heart he bears ;  
He ever to their cause attends,  
And for them heav'n prepares.
3. Blest Saviour, condescend  
My Advocate to be :  
I could not have a better friend  
To plead with God for me.

141. *Matts*

(r. 14.)

1. WITH joy, we meditate the  
grace  
Of our High-priest above ;  
His heart is fill'd with tenderness,  
His bowels yearn with love.
2. In all our griefs he takes a share,  
He knows our feeble frame :  
He knows what sore temptations are,  
For he hath felt the same.
3. He in the days of feeble flesh,  
Pour'd out strong cries and tears ;  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What ev'ry member bears.
4. He'll never quench the smould'ring  
flax,  
But raise it to a flame ;  
The bruised reed he'll never break,  
Nor scorn the meanest name.
5. Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his pow'r :  
We shall obtain deliver'ing grace  
In the distressing hour.
6. He ever lives to intercede  
Before his Father's face ;  
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,  
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

142. *Bart*

(r. 590.)

1. WE sing thy praise, exalted Lamb,  
Who sitt'st upon the throne :  
Ten thousand blessings to thy name,  
Who worthy art alone.  
Thy bruised, broken body bore  
Our sins upon the tree ;

And now thou liv'st for evermore :  
O may we live to thee !

2. Poor sinners sing : The Lamb that  
dy'd !

(What theme can sound so sweet ?)  
His drooping head, his streaming side,  
His pierced hands and feet ;  
With all that scene of suff'ring love,  
Which faith presents to view ;  
For now he reigns and lives above,  
Yea lives and reigns for you.

3. Was ever grace, Lord, rich as thine,  
Can ought be with it nam'd ?  
What pow'rful beams of love divine  
Thy tender heart inflam'd !  
Ye angels, praise his glorious name,  
Who lov'd and conquer'd thus ;  
And we will likewise laud the Lamb,  
For he was slain for us.

143. *Luther*

(r. 58.)

1. YE who're humbly weeping,  
Because Christ Jesus  
Reproach and death endured to re-  
lease us.

Rejoice and sing.

2. For the Lord who died  
For our transgression,  
Who gain'd for us life, pardon and  
salvation,

And rose again,

3. He is now ascended  
Again to heaven :  
To him all power and dominion's  
given

For evermore.

4. Now the heav'nly armies  
Exalt our Saviour,  
Who pleadeth for us, and remains for  
ever

The church's head.

5. We to God the Father  
Are reconciled :  
And are in Christ his heirs and chil-  
dren filed,

If we believe.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>6. Jesus, our Redeemer,<br/>Is not ashamed<br/>That we joint-heirs and brethren<br/>should be named<br/>Of him, our Lord.</p> | <p>7. By the Holy Spirit<br/>We are instructed;<br/>And through this world most faith-<br/>fully conducted<br/>To heav'nly bliss.</p> |
|--|---|

VIII. Of God as manifested in the Creation, Preservation and Government of the World.

144. \* *Breth'raunt*

(T. 234.)

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1. O GOD, thou bottomless abyfs!<br/>Thee to describe I am not able;<br/>I can't exprefs thy properties,<br/>Thy heights and depths unmeasura-<br/>ble!<br/>Thou'rt an unfathomable sea,<br/>The God of univerfal nature:<br/>True wi dom is not found in me,<br/>I'm a short-sighted feeble creature.<br/>I'd place thee full in view,<br/>'Fore me and others too:<br/>But with fuch weaknefs I'm fur-<br/>rounded,<br/>For all, that thou art, knows<br/>Nor origin, nor clofe,<br/>Ah, here my fenfes are confounded.<br/>2. All fprung from thine omnipotence,<br/>What now or ever hath fubfifted:<br/>No fingle atom comes by chance;<br/>Waft thou not, nothing had exifted.<br/>Whate'er accofts our ear or eye,<br/>Objects of knowledge or the fenfes,<br/>Derives its origin from thee,<br/>Their being at thy word commences.<br/>None can control thy will,<br/>What's call'd impoffible,<br/>Thy power to effect is able.<br/>Thou to thyfelf alone<br/>Art adequately known;<br/>Thy wifdom is unmeafurable.<br/>3. No limits thee can circumscribe,<br/>Thy kingdom ev'ry where extend-<br/>eth;<br/>Who can thy greatnefs e'er defcribe?<br/>Thy praise and power never ende h.</p> | <p>Thou ftretcheft to infinity,<br/>Beyond the higheft heav'ns thou'rt<br/>feated;<br/>Thy glorious name, thy majefly<br/>Can never be conceiv'd or meted.<br/>Thou art ador'd by all,<br/>Each muft before thee fall;<br/>And who in confidence applieth<br/>To thee in his diftrefs,<br/>He'll prove thy boundlefs grace,<br/>And all his wants will be fupplied.<br/>4. Counfel and deed are one with<br/>thee,<br/>And juftice in thy court prefideth;<br/>Perfection's thine, without degree,<br/>And love thy character abideth.<br/>Mercy and faithfulnefs moft true,<br/>And grace and goodnefs beyond<br/>meafure,<br/>Are ev'ry morning to us new,<br/>According to thy own good pleafure.<br/>Each moment of our days<br/>Thy tender care difplays,<br/>And fome new pledge of mercy flow-<br/>eth.<br/>What we are, or fhall be,<br/>Muft be deriv'd from thee,<br/>From whom alone each bleffing flow-<br/>eth.<br/>5. Who now can render thee juft praise?<br/>Who? though his heart and tongue<br/>combined!<br/>No temple is thy dwelling-place,<br/>Thy worfhip cannot be confined.<br/>By building fhrones, where thou fhalt<br/>be,<br/>No man thy proper aim attaineth.</p> |
|--|---|



Thou lovest him, who trusts in thee,  
And prostrate at thy feet remaineth;  
What he performs for thee,  
Shall his own profit be;  
Thou of his gifts hast no occasion:  
Thou dost on him bestow  
Life and salvation too,  
But thou receivest no accession.

6. Thy hand rewards, tho' all is thine,  
Thou! by whose fire thy foes must  
perish;

Although it's genial warmth and shine  
Thy friends mean while doth warm  
and cherish.

The seraph's choir with sweetest tone  
Express their praise and adoration;  
The elders, kneeling at thy throne,  
Serve thee with deepest veneration.  
Thine is the pow'r and praise,  
Scepter and holy place!

With humble awe I sink ashamed  
Before thy majesty,  
For thou'rt essentially,  
What can be great and holy named.

*J. 145. Addison*

(T. 14.)

1. WHEN all thy mercies, O my  
God,

My rising soul surveys:  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love and praise.

2. O how shall words with equal  
warmth

The gratitude declare,  
That glows within my ravish'd heart!  
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redrest,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.

4. To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
To form themselves in pray'r.

5. Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
From whom those comforts flow'd.

6. When in the slipp'ry paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.

7. Through hidden dangers, toils and  
deaths,

It gently clear'd my way,  
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be fear'd than they.

8. When worn with sickness, oft hast  
thou

With health renew'd my face;  
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

9. Ten thousand thousand 'precious  
gifts

My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

10. Through ev'ry period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And, after death, in heav'n with thee  
The glorious theme renew.

11. Through all eternity to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise:

But, O! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

*Psalm 46 \* Gerhard*

(T. 151.)

1. COMMIT thou thy each grievance  
And cast into his hands,

To his sure care and guidance,  
Who heav'n and earth commands.

He, who's the clouds director,  
Whom winds and seas obey,  
Will be thy feet's protector,  
And will prepare thy way.

2. Rely on God thy Saviour,  
So shalt thou safe go on;  
Build on his grace and favor,  
So shall thy work be done.

Thou canst make no advances  
By self-consuming care;  
But he his help dispenses,  
When call'd upon by pray'r.

3. Thy faithfulness eternal,  
O Father, certainly

What's good or detrimental  
Doth for thy children see :  
Thee all things serve in nature ;  
According to thy will,  
Thou, as the great Creator,  
Thy counsel dost fulfil.

4. Poor soul! then with assurance  
Hope still, be not dismay'd ;  
He will from each encumbrance  
Again lift up thy head.  
Beyond thy wish extended  
His goodness will appear,  
When he hath rightly ended  
What caus'd thy needles fear.

*G. 147.\* Arnold*

(T. 192.)

1. How well, O Lord, art thou thy  
people leading,  
Though oft thy ways seem won-  
derful and strange!

There can be nothing wrong in thy  
proceeding,  
Because thy faithfulness can never  
change.

Thy ways seem often crooked, yet  
are straight,

In which thy children are ordain'd  
to walk :

Should all to ruin seem to go and wreck,  
Yet finally 'tis seen thou'rt wise  
and great.

2. Like east and west, thy understand-  
ing scatters

That which our prudence to com-  
bine would try :

And that, which some would lay in  
bonds and fetters,

Is by thy power rais'd to reach the  
sky.

The contrary of what thou dost in-  
tend

Full often shows itself to human sight.  
The man, that thought he understood  
it right,

Is often disappointed in the end.

3. 'Fore thee that's nought, which is  
the admiration

Of all ; what's nothing, that thou  
lov'st, O Lord!

D 4

Fine words with thee find no recom-  
mendation,

Thy impulse must th' emphatic pow'r  
afford.

The haughty pharisee thou passest by,  
To humble sinners thou dost mercy  
show ;

Thy thoughts are very high, who  
can them know ?

What human mind thy wisdom can  
descry.

4. We magnify thy name, O God of  
heaven!

Who, though thou kill'st, dost also  
quicken us ;

When wisdom's treasures unto us are  
given,

Thy watchfulness, thy heart solici-  
tous

To seek our good, thou dost 'fore us  
display :

To dwell among us is thy soul's  
delight ;

'Tis love which doth thy father  
heart excite ;

This leads thy children on from day  
to day

5. Thou know'st, O Lord, how weak  
we are and feeble,

Thou clearly canst discern our ig-  
norance ;

To help ourselves we're utterly un-  
able,

Our very actions prove our impo-  
tence.

Therefore thou tak'st us, thou dost  
us uphold ;

Ast'st fatherlike, show'st mother's  
faithfulness :

Those sheep, which that they're  
thine, no man could guess,

Are ever fed, and kept within thy  
fold.

6. Sometimes it seems, that thou'rt  
severely dealing,

Again thou'rt tender and compas-  
sionate :

Thy chastisement corrects us when  
we're failing,

When our poor minds seek to ex-  
travagate.

Then bashfulness forbids us to look up;

Thou pardon'st us, we promise better things,

Then thy blest Spirit peace unto us brings,

And puts to all extravagance a stop.

7. O give me wisdom's sharpest penetration,

Thou eye, which hatest all deceitful shine!

That I distinguish nature's operation From grace; that I discern thy light from mine.

Let no strange fire be kindled in my mind,

Which I might bring before thee foolishly,

And vainly think, O Lord, of pleasing thee.

How blest is he who thy true light doth find!

148. Watts

(T. 14.)

1. RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,

Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,  
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful-sound  
To praise th' eternal God.

2. Long ere the lofty skies were spread,  
Jehovah fill'd his throne;  
Ere man was form'd, or angels made,  
The Maker liv'd alone.

3. His boundless years can ne'er decrease,

But still maintain their prime,  
Eternity's his dwelling-place,  
And ever is his time.

4. While like a tide our minutes flow,  
The present and the past;  
He fills his own immortal now,  
And sees our ages waste.

G. Neumark or 149. \*Valentine Litch

(T. 106.)

1. HE that confides in his Creator,  
Depending on him all his days,

Shall be preserv'd in fire and water,  
And sav'd in many dang'rous ways.

He that makes God his staff and stay,  
Builds not on sand that glides away.

2. What gain'st thou by thy anxious caring?

What causes thee to pine away?

Thy rest and health thou art impairing  
By sighs and groans from day to day.

Thou art but adding grief to grief,  
Instead of getting sure relief.

3. Would we but be a little quiet,  
And rest in God's good providence,

Who oft prescribes us wholesome diet,

By methods cross to flesh and sense!

To him, who chose us for his own,  
Our wants and cares are fully known.

4. He knows the hours for joy and gladness,

The proper time, and proper place;

Are we but faithful 'midst our sadnesses,

Seek not ourselves, but seek his praise:

He'll come before we are aware,  
And dissipate our grief and care.

5. God can this hour with ev'ry dainty  
The poor man's table amply spread;

And strip the rich of all his plenty.  
And send him out to beg his bread:

God can do wonders, if he please,  
Humble the one, the other raise.

6. Do thou with faith discharge thy station,

Keep God's commands and sing his praise:

Rely on him for preservation,  
On whom the whole creation stays.

The man that's truly wise and just,  
Makes God, and God alone his trust.

150. Newton

(T. 581.)

1. QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,  
Make me teachable and mild,

Upright, simple, free from art;  
Make me as a weaned child:

From distrust and envy free,  
Pleas'd with all that pleases thee.

2. What thou shalt to-day provide,  
Let me as a child receive ;  
What to-morrow may betide,  
Calmly to thy wisdom leave :  
'Tis enough that thou wilt care,  
Why should I the burden bear ?

3. As a little child relies  
On a care beyond his own ;  
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
Fears to stir a step alone :  
Let me thus with thee abide,  
As my Father, Guard and Guide.

4. Thus preserv'd from satan's wiles,  
Safe from dangers, free from fears ;  
May I live upon thy smiles,  
Till the promis'd hour appears ;  
When the sons of God shall prove  
All their Father's boundless love.

*Paul* 151.\* *Jerhans*

(T. 214.)

1. I Will sing to my Creator,  
Unto God I'll render praise,  
Who by ev'ry thing in nature  
Magnifies his tender grace.  
Nought but loving condescension  
Still inclines his faithful heart  
To support, and take their part,  
Who pursue his blest-intention.  
All things to their period tend,  
But his mercy hath no end.

2. Yea, his Son, his heart paternal  
Freely did give up for me,  
To redeem me from eternal  
Death, and endless misery.  
Depth of love past comprehension !  
Whence can my weak spirit fetch  
Thoughts profound enough to reach  
This unfathom'd condescension ?  
All things, &c.

3. His good Spirit's best instruction  
In his word to me is giv'n.  
By his gracious manuduction  
I am led the way to heav'n.

He endows my soul and spirit  
With the light of living faith,  
To o'ercome the pow'rs of death,  
And escape the hell I merit.  
All things, &c.

4. My soul's welfare he advances,  
For my body he doth care ;  
Aid and comfort he dispenses,  
When I call on him by pray'r.  
When my nat'ral strength is shrinking,  
In the time of utmost need,  
He, my God, draws nigh with speed,  
And recovers me from sinking.  
All things, &c.

5. When I sleep, his love is taking  
Care to rouse my drowsy heart :  
And each morn when I am waking,  
God new mercies doth impart.  
Had my God withdrawn his favor,  
Had not his protecting grace  
Sav'd me in each trying case,  
I should have been helped never.  
All things, &c.

6. As a hen is us'd to gather  
Her young brood beneath her wings,  
So hath God, my heav'nly Father,  
Kept me safe from hurtful things,  
From the hour of my formation,  
When he life and being gave  
Unto me, he kept me safe,  
Till he brought me to this station.  
All things, &c.

7. Since nor end, nor bounds, nor  
measure,  
In God's mercies can be found,  
Heart and hands I lift with pleasure,  
As a child in duty bound.  
Lord, I humbly ask this favor,  
Thee to love with all my might,  
Gracious Father, day and night ;  
Till I change this infant favor  
For that taste of bliss above,  
Perfect praise and endless love.

152.

(T. 22.)

1. LORD! I contemplate with de-  
light  
Thy various works both day and night.



What glory shines through ev'ry part.  
What boundless pow'r, what wond'-  
rous art!

2. All things in beauteous form ap-  
pear'd,

By thy almighty FIAT rear'd :  
At last thou from the dust didst raise  
Thine image Man, unto thy praise.

*Dr Phil. Jacob* 153.\* *Spenser*

(T. 169.)

1. **J**EHOVAH, thy wise government,  
And its administration,  
Is found to be most excellent,  
On due consideration  
Of thy majestic height, which is  
Beyond the highest dignities  
Of potent monarchs crowned,  
In royalty enthroned.

2. Immeasurable is th' extent  
Of thy vast domination :  
All's under thy wise government,  
Heav'n, earth, and ev'ry nation.  
The greatest king is certainly  
The greatest debtor unto thee :  
Thy hand all things dispenses,  
Both to the poor and princes.

3. In thy realm all goes orderly ;  
All's put in execution  
Which is resolv'd upon : we see  
No error, no confusion.  
Thy work is to preserve, defend,  
To order, to begin and end :  
Of all things thou tak'st notice,  
And rul'st with truth and justice.

4. Here prostrate on my face I lie,  
To thy grace I commend me ;  
Reach out thy sceptre graciously ;  
Though nothing doth attend me,  
Which could incite thee to look  
down ;

I am a worm 'fore thee I own :  
But thou, great King, assurest  
Thy mercy to the poorest.

5. Care for us still, preserve, defend,  
And govern with compassion ;  
Let mercy, peace and joy attend  
Us all in ev'ry station.

O might to thee be homage paid  
By all the creatures thou hast made,  
We humbly ask the favor  
T' adore thee, Lord, for ever.

154.

(T. 14.)

1. **I**N thee I live, and move, and am ;  
Thou number'st all my days :  
As thou renew'st my being, Lord,  
Let me renew thy praise.

2. From thee I am, through thee I am,  
And for thee I must be :  
'Twere better for me not to live,  
Than not to live to thee.

3. Naked I came into this world,  
And nothing with me brought ;  
And nothing have I here deserv'd,  
Yet have I lacked nought.

4. I do not praise my lab'ring hand,  
My lab'ring head, or chance ;  
Thy Providence, most gracious God,  
Is mine inheritance.

5. Thy bounty gives me bread with  
peace,  
A table free from strife :  
Thy blessing is the staff of bread,  
Which is the staff of life.

6. The daily favors of my God  
I cannot sing at large :  
Yet humbly can I make this boast,  
I am th' Almighty's charge.

7. Lord, in the day, thou art about  
The paths wherein I tread ;  
And in the night, when I lie down,  
Thou art about my bed.

8. A thousand deaths I daily 'scape,  
I pass by many a pit ;  
I sail by many dreadful rocks,  
Where others have been split.

9. Man's life's a book of history,  
The leaves thereof are days ;  
The letters, mercies closely join'd :  
The title is, thy praise.

10. O let my house a temple be,  
That I and mine may sing  
Hosannas to thy majesty,  
And praise our heav'nly King.

155. *Watts*

(T. 166.)

1. High in the heav'ns, eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines;  
Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud  
That veils and darkens thy designs.  
For ever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundation keep;  
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
2. Thy providence is kind and large,  
Both man and beast thy bounty share;  
The whole creation is thy charge,  
But man is thy peculiar care.  
My God, how excellent thy grace!  
Whence all our hope and comfort  
springs,  
The sons of Adam in distress  
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
3. From the provisions of thy house  
We shall be fed with sweet repast;  
There mercy, like a river, flows,  
And we the living water taste.  
Life, like a fountain rich and free,  
Springs from the presence of my  
Lord;  
And in thy light our souls shall see  
The glories promis'd in thy word.

*Count* 156. \* *Wingender*

(T. 590.)

LORD, when thou saidst, "So let  
it be,"

The heav'ns were spread and shone,  
And this whole earth stood gloriously,  
Thou spak'st and it was done;  
The whole creation still records,  
Unto this very day,  
That thou art God, the Lord of lords,  
Thee all things must obey.

157. *Watts*

(T. 14.)

1. Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace.  
My God, my heav'nly King!  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In sounds harmonious sing.

2. God reigns on high, but not con-  
fines

His goodness to the skies;  
Through the whole earth his good-  
ness shines,  
And ev'ry want supplies.

3. With longing eyes thy creatures  
wait

On thee for daily food;  
Thy lib'ral hand provides them meat,  
And fills their mouths with good.

4. How kind are thy compassions,  
Lord!

How slow thine anger moves!  
But soon he sends his pard'ning word,  
To cheer the soul he loves.

5. Creatures, with all their endless  
race,

Thy pow'r and praise proclaim:  
May we, who taste thy richer grace,  
Delight to bless thy name!

158. \* *Gaylinghausen*

(T. 22.)

1. Monarch of all, with humble fear  
To thee heav'n's host their voices  
raise,

Ev'n earth and dust thy bounties share:  
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

2. Before thy face, O Lord, most high!  
Sinks all created glory down:

Yet be not wrath with me, that I,  
Vile worm, draw near thy awful  
throne.

3. Of all thou the Beginning art,  
Of all things thou alone the end:

On thee still fix my wav'ring heart,  
To thee let all my actions tend.

4. Thou, Lord, art light: thy native  
ray

No shade, no variation knows  
To my dark soul thy light display,  
The brightness of thy face disclose.

5. Thou, Lord, art love: from thee  
pure love

Flows forth in unexhausted streams;  
Let me its quick'ning virtue prove;  
O fill my heart with sacred flames!

6. Thou, Lord, art good, and thou alone;

With eager hope, with warm desire,  
Thee may I still my portion own,  
To thee in ev'ry thought aspire.

7. So shall my ev'ry pow'r to thee  
In love and endless praises rise;  
Yea, body, soul and spirit be  
Thy ever-living sacrifice.

8. Lord God Almighty, ceaseless praise  
In heav'n, thy throne, to thee is  
giv'n;

Here, as in heav'n, thy name we bless,  
For where thy presence shines, is  
heav'n.

159. Watts

(T. 22.)

1. GIVE to our God immortal praise!  
Mercy and truth are all his ways;  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2. Give to the Lord of lords renown,  
The King of kings with glory crown;

His mercies ever shall endure,  
When lords and kings are known no  
more.

3. He built the earth, he spread the  
sky,  
And fixt the starry lights on high:  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4. He fills the sun with morning light,  
He bids the moon direct the night:  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When suns and moons shall shine no  
more.

5. He sent his Son with pow'r to save  
From guilt, and darkness, and the  
grave:  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6. Through this vain world he guides  
our feet,  
And leads us to his heav'nly seat;  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When this vain world shall be no more.

## IX. Of the HOLY TRINITY.

*Gloria in Excelsis Deo*

160. Selneker

(T. 132.)

1. TO God on high all glory be;  
And thanks that he's so gracious,  
That hence to all eternity  
No evil shall oppress us.  
God is well pleas'd with human race,  
There's now confirm'd a lasting peace,  
Through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

2. We humbly thee adore and praise,  
And laud for thy great glory;  
Father, thy kingdom lasts always,  
Not frail, nor transitory.  
Thy pow'r is endless as thy praise,  
Thou speak'st, the universe obeys.  
In such a Lord we're happy.

3. O Jesus Christ, thou only child  
Of thy celestial Father,  
By whom all strife is reconcil'd,  
And all the lost find succour;

Thou slaughter'd Lamb, our God  
and Lord,

To needy pray'rs thine ear afford,  
And on us all have mercy!

4. O Holy Ghost, our sov'reign good,  
And highest consolation!  
From Satan's pow'r henceforth keep  
clear,

What Christ did save and ransom,  
Thro' torment great and bitter smart.  
All mischief, and all harm avert;  
We trust, thou'lt this accomplish.

161. Wesley

(T. 14.)

1. OUR heav'nly Father, God of  
love!

To thee our hearts we raise;  
Thy all-sustaining pow'r we prove,  
And gladly sing thy praise.

2. Lord Jesus, thine we wish to be,  
Our sacrifice receive;  
Made, and preserv'd, and sav'd by thee,  
To thee ourselves we give.

3. Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's  
love  
Shed in our hearts abroad;  
So shall we ever live, and move,  
And be with Christ in God.

162. *Nyberg*

(T. 68.)

1. HOLY Trinity!  
We confess with joy,  
That our life and whole salvation  
Flows from God's blest incarnation,  
And his death for us  
On the shameful cross.

2. Had we angels tongues,  
With seraphic songs,  
Bowing hearts and knees before you,  
Blessed Three! we would adore you  
In love's highest strain  
For the Lamb once slain.

163. *Mesley*

(T. 39.)

1. O Father of mercy, be ever ador'd;  
Thy love was displayed in sending our  
Lord  
To ransom and bless us: thy goodness  
we praise  
For sending in Jesus salvation by grace.

2. Most merciful Saviour, who deign-  
edst to die  
Our curse to remove, and our pardon  
to buy;  
Accept our thanksgiving, almighty to  
save,  
Who openest heaven to all that believe.

3. O Spirit of wisdom, of love, and of  
pow'r,  
We prove thy blest influence, thy grace  
we adore:  
Whose inward revealing applies our  
Lord's blood,  
Attesting and sealing us children of  
God.

164. *Schlicht*

(T. 206.)

1. O Father! hear  
Our humble pray'r,  
Thy kindly own  
As children, since thy Son,  
Whom thou so graciously  
And free  
Gav'st up to die,  
Did satisfy  
For Adam's race,  
Procuring truth and grace.

2. And thou, O Lord,  
Th' eternal Word,  
Who flesh wast made,  
Our Saviour, Friend and Head;  
Thou holy Lamb of God,  
Thy blood,  
Thy pain and death  
Preserve in faith  
Thy church while here,  
Till we 'fore thee appear.

3. Dear Comforter,  
Receive our pray'r,  
Instruct us, Lord,  
That we may know thy word,  
And thus in love and peace  
Increase.

Oh may we all,  
Both great and small,  
Count all things loss  
Save Jesus and his cross.

165. *Gennick*

(T. 58.)

1. LORD God, Abba Father!  
Who sent to bless us  
Thy only Son, our Lord, and call'd  
him Jesus,  
We worship thee.

2. God the Son, Redeemer,  
Who by thy bleeding  
Hast sav'd us sinners, and for us art  
pleading,  
Remember us.

3. Holy Ghost, we praise thee,  
That Christ's revealed



Unto our hearts, and that by thee we're  
sealed

Unto his day.

4. Bless'd Three! who bear witness  
In heav'nly places,  
And upon earth, O hear our pray'rs  
praises,  
For Jesu's sake.

*J. 166. Newton*

(T. 166.)

THE peace which God alone reveals,  
And by his word of grace imparts;  
Which only the believer feels;  
Direct, and keep, and cheer your  
hearts.

And may the holy Three in One,  
The Father, Word, and Comforter,  
Pour an abundant blessing down  
On ev'ry soul assembled here.

167.\* *Gregor*

(T. 185.)

THE Lord bless and keep thee in his  
favor,

As his chosen property;  
The Lord make his face shine on thee  
ever,

And be gracious unto thee.  
The Lord lift his countenance most  
gracious

Upon thee, and be to thee propitious,  
And his peace on thee bestow:  
Amen. Amen. Be it so.

*J. 168. Newton*

(T. 16.)

1. MAY the grace of Christ our Sa-  
viour,

And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
Rest upon us from above.

2. Thus may we abide in union  
With each other in the Lord;  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

169.

(T. 14.) *Watts*

HONOR to the almighty Three,  
And everlasting One:  
All glory to the Father be,  
The Spirit and the Son.

170. *Watts*

(T. 582.)

GIVE to the Father praise,  
Give glory to the Son;  
And to the Spirit of his grace  
Be equal honor done.

171. *Watts*

(T. 582.)

YE angels round the throne,  
And men that dwell below,  
Worship the Father, love the Son,  
And bless the Spirit too.

*Johnes 172.\* Witherill*

(T. 22.)

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,  
The love of God so highly priz'd;  
The Holy Ghost's communion be  
With all of us most sensibly.

*Count 173.\* Linsford*

(T. 132.)

NOW sing, thou happy church of  
God,

With joy and adoration;  
(Since thou'rt redeem'd by Jesu's  
blood

From ev'ry tribe and nation):  
Most holy, blessed Trinity,  
For God's dear Lamb, all praise to thee  
Both now and ever! Amen.

## X. Of our HEAVENLY FATHER:

*Ch. 174. Taylor*

(T. 22.)

1. OUR heav'nly Father is not known  
To us, but in the Son alone;  
His mercy, love, and boundless grace  
We see display'd in Jesu's face.

2. Great God! how dreadful was thy  
name,

Until the God-man Jesus came!  
We cannot love or honor thee,  
Unless the Son hath set us free.

3. O love, no human tongue can tell!  
O love divine, unsearchable!  
The Father gave his only Son  
To bleed and die for slaves undone!

4. Can any ill distress my heart,  
Since God with his own Son did part?  
Whate'er I want can't be deny'd,  
Since Christ for me was crucify'd.

*Ch. 175. Hart*

(T. 14.)

1. FATHER of all, almighty Lord!  
Our Father, and our God;  
Since Jesus Christ, th' eternal Word,  
Assum'd our flesh and blood.

2. Let all with love and filial fear  
Thy sacred name adore;  
O may thy kingdom soon appear,  
And spread the world all o'er.

3. Help us thy pleasure to fulfil;  
As done by heav'nly pow'rs.  
Accomplish in us all thy will,  
And let that will be ours.

4. Our souls and bodies feed, we pray,  
With food which thou see'st best;  
We ask our portion for the day,  
And leave to thee the rest.

5. Let mercy pardon all our crimes,  
Which justice must condemn;  
As some have wrong'd us many times,  
And we would pardon them.

6. Let not temptation us besall,  
While here our race we run;  
But rescue and defend us all  
From sin, and th' evil one.

7. Thine is the kingdom, thine the  
pow'r  
O'er angels, and o'er men;  
The glory too for evermore  
Is thine. Amen. Amen.

*Ch. 176. Wesley*

(T. 341.)

1. THEE, O my God and King,  
My Father, thee I sing,  
Hear well-pleas'd the joyous sound,  
Praise from earth and heav'n receive;  
Lost, I now in Christ am found,  
Dead, by faith in Christ I live.

2. Father, behold thy son,  
In Christ I am thy own.  
Stranger long to thee and rest,  
See the prodigal is come:  
Open wide thy arms and breast,  
Take the weary wand'rer home.

3. Thine eye observ'd from far,  
Thy pity view'd me near:  
Me thy bowels yearn'd to see,  
Me thy mercy ran to find,  
Empty, poor, and void of thee,  
Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.

4. Thou on my neck didst fall,  
Thy kiss forgave me all:  
Still the gracious words I hear,  
Words that made the Saviour mine,  
"Haste, for him the robe prepare,  
"His be righteousness divine!"

177.

(T. 132.)

OUR heav'nly Father, God of love!  
Thy name be duly hallow'd:  
Thy kingdom come: here, as above,  
Thy will be done and follow'd.

Give us the bread whereby we live :  
 Forgive our debts, as we forgive :  
 Defend us from all evil.

May all of us now all our days  
 Live to exalt redeeming grace.

178.

*Wesley*

(T. 96.)

1. FATHER of lights, from whom pro-  
 ceeds

Whate'er thy ev'ry creature needs ;  
 Whose goodness providently nigh  
 Feeds the young ravens when they cry ;  
 To thee I look ! my heart prepare,  
 Suggest and hearken to my pray'r.

2. Since by thy light myself I see  
 Naked, and poor, and void of thee,  
 Thine eyes must all my thoughts sur-  
 vey,

Preventing what my lips would say :  
 Thou see'st my wants ; for help they  
 call,

And ere I speak, thou know'st them all.  
 3. Thou know'st the baseness of my  
 mind ;

Wayward, and impotent, and blind ;  
 Thou know'st how unspun'd my will,  
 Averse to good, and prone to ill :  
 Thou know'st how wide my passions  
 rove,

Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by  
 love.

4. Ah give me, Lord, myself to feel ;  
 My inbred misery reveal :

Ah give me, Lord, (I still would say)  
 A heart to mourn, a heart to pray ;  
 My business this, my only care,  
 My life, my ev'ry breath be pray'r.

5. Father, I want a thankful heart ;  
 I wish to taste how good thou art,  
 To plunge me in thy mercy's sea,  
 And comprehend thy love to me ;  
 The healing pow'r of faith to know,  
 And reign triumphant here below.

179.

*Singer of*

(T. 96.)

DEAR heav'nly Father, we adore  
 And thank thee for the dreadful pain  
 Thy Son, when he our sorrows bore,  
 For our redemption did sustain.

180.

*Herman*

(T. 22.)

THOU art our Father and our God,  
 Since Christ assum'd our flesh and  
 blood ;

Therefore in thee our trust we place,  
 And give thee never-ceasing praise.

181.

*Forhard*

(T. 96.)

BE of good cheer in all your wants,  
 And steadfast on God's word rely ;  
 He who the greatest favors grants,  
 The smallest surely won't deny :  
 If God could give his Son for us,  
 What can he then to us refuse ?

(T. 132.)

WHEN Christ, who sav'd us by his  
 blood,

His foll'wers call'd together,  
 His farewell was, "I go to God,  
 To mine, and to your Father ;"  
 Therefore, believing in the Son,  
 With filial love we humbly own  
 Thee God, our God and Father.

(T. 580.)

1. REJOICE, my soul, God cares for  
 thee,

Trust to his word assuredly,  
 However things may go ;  
 Thy heav'nly Father, for Christ's sake  
 Of thy concerns will notice take,  
 And mercy freely to thee show.

2. My griefs and cares to thee well  
 known,

My God, I cast on thee alone,  
 In thee is all my trust ;  
 Since thou dost manage, I'll be still,  
 Into thy hands resign my will,  
 And thank thee prostrate in the dust.

3. I confidently do believe,  
Me, thy poor child, thou wilt not leave,  
For thou my Father art:  
Fill thou my soul with love and faith,  
Thus I am rich in life and death;  
And from thy love nought shall me  
part.

184.

(T. 14.)

1. BEhold what love the Father hath  
On guilty men bestow'd,  
That we, poor sinners, sons of wrath,  
Should be the sons of God!

2. O how beyond expression great  
His love in Christ doth shine!  
'Tis like himself—th' eternal God!  
Past knowledge! all divine!

3. Behold! for fallen, guilty man,  
The Lord of glory dies;  
Lays down his life, them to redeem,  
A precious sacrifice!

4. Now doth our Lord, the Son of God,  
Who for us liv'd and dy'd,  
See of the travail of his soul,  
And is well satisfy'd.

5. Peace and good-will are now to man  
Most gloriously display'd,

And life eternal we obtain  
Of God, in Christ our Head.

6. O let us then repeat the theme,  
Which always sounds above;  
And ever sing, with joyful hearts,  
The wonders of his love!

B. 185. \* *Crabtree*

(T. 106.)

DRAW me, O Father, to the Sort,  
That he may draw me unto thee;  
Thy Spirit render me his own,  
And rule without control in me;  
Shed in my heart thy love abroad,  
And keep me in thy peace, O God!

P. H. 186. *Molther*

(T. 166.)

OUR Father, who'rt in heav'n's  
high throne,  
Hallow'd be thy most blessed name;  
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done  
Always in heav'n and earth the same;  
Give us this day our daily bread;  
Forgive our sins, as we forgive;  
Into temptation do not lead,  
But full release from evil give.

## XI. Of JESUS CHRIST, the Son of God.

187. *Mallet*

(T. 22.)

1. ERe the blue heav'n were stretch'd  
abroad,  
From everlasting was the Word;  
With God he was, the Word was God,  
And must divinely be ador'd.

2. By his own pow'r were all things  
made;  
By him supported all things stand;  
He is the whole creation's Head,  
And angels fly at his command.

3. Mortals with joy behold his face,  
Th' eternal Father's only Son;

E

How full of truth! how full of grace!  
Was Christ in whom the Godhead  
shone.

4. Archangels leave their high abode,  
To learn new myst'ries here and tell  
The love of our descending God,  
The glories of Immanuel.

*St. Angelus* 188. *W. B. Mervin*  
(T. 341.)

1. WOrthy, O Lord, art thou,  
That ev'ry knee should bow,  
Ev'ry tongue to thee confess;  
Universal nature join,  
Strong and mighty thee to bless,  
Gracious, merciful, benign!



2. Hail your dread Lord and ours,  
Dominions, thrones and pow'rs!  
Source of pow'r he rules alone:  
Veil your eyes, and prostrate fall,  
Cast your crowns before his throne,  
Hail the Cause, the Lord of all!

3. Justice and truth maintain  
Thy everlasting reign.  
One with thine almighty Sire,  
Partner of an equal throne,  
King of kings, let all conspire  
Gratefully thy sway to own.

4. Trembles the king of fears,  
Whene'er thy cross appears.  
Once its dreaded force he found.  
Saviour, cleave again the sky;  
Slain by an eternal wound,  
Death shall then for ever die.

5. Jesus, thou art my King,  
To me thy succour bring.  
Christ the mighty One art thou,  
Help for all on thee is laid:  
This thy promise claim I now,  
Send me down the promis'd aid.

6. Triumph and reign in me,  
And spread thy victory:  
Sin, and death, and hell control,  
Pride and self, and ev'ry foe;  
All subdue, through all my soul,  
Conqu'ring and to conquer go.

*189.\* Angelus*

(T. 172.)

1. **THY** majesty how vast it is!  
And how immense the glory,  
Which thou, O Jesus, dost possess!  
Both heav'n and earth adore thee.  
The numberless heavenly hosts laud  
thy name,

Thy glory and might are transcen-  
dent,  
Ten thousands of angels thy praises  
proclaim,  
Who're on thee gladly dependent.

2. The Father's Equal, God the Son,  
With him thou ever reignest;  
Thou art partaker of his throne,  
And all things thou sustainest.

Both angels and men view their Ma-  
ker as man,  
With joy that is past all expression.  
O happy, unspeakably happy who can  
Find in him life and salvation!

3. This myst'ry ev'ry throne and  
pow'r  
Admires with adoration;  
Th' angelic choirs for evermore  
Extol his incarnation.  
The angels and elders before him fall  
down,  
With accents melodious him prailing,  
Unto the Lamb slain, and to him on  
the throne,  
They render glory unceasing.

4. The church on earth, in humble  
strain,  
Is lauding Christ our Saviour;  
She sings: "The Lamb for us was  
slain,  
"Our foe is cast for ever.  
"For Christ has redeem'd us by his  
precious blood  
"Out of ev'ry nation and kindred,  
"And made us thereby kings and  
priests unto God,  
"To him thanksgiving be render'd."

5. When Christ shall come in majesty  
With all his bright attendants;  
And as the Judge in equity  
Pronounce the final sentence  
On all men; his en'mies then, qua-  
king with dread,  
Will wish, that the rocks might them  
cover.  
The ransom'd with gladness will lift  
up their head,  
And live with Jesus for ever.

190.

(T. 58a.)

1. **JESUS**, my Lord and God!  
The God supreme thou art:  
The Lord of hosts, whose precious  
blood  
Is sprinkled on my heart.

2. Jehovah is thy name;  
And, through thy blood apply'd,  
Convinc'd and certify'd I am,  
There is no God beside.
3. Soon as thy Spirit shows  
That precious blood of thine,  
The happy, pardon'd sinner knows  
It is the blood divine.
4. Yea only he, who feels:  
"My Saviour dy'd for me,"  
Is sure that all the Godhead dwells  
Eternally in thee.

191.

(T. 14.) *Watts*

1. O the delights, the heav'nly joys,  
The glories of the place,  
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams  
Of his o'erflowing grace!
2. Sweet majesty and awful love  
Sit smiling on his brow,  
And all the glorious ranks above  
At humble distance bow.
3. Princes to his imperial name  
Bend their bright scepters down:  
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs re-  
joice  
To see him wear the crown.
4. Upon that dear majestic head  
That cruel thorns did wound,  
See what immortal glories shine  
And circle it around!
5. This is the Man, th'exalted Man,  
Whom we unseen adore;  
But when our eyes shall see his face,  
Our hearts shall love him more.

192.

(T. 22.)

1. COME, worship at Immanuel's  
feet,  
Behold in him what wonders meet!  
Words are too feeble to express  
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
2. Is he our head? Each member lives,  
And owns the vital pow'r he gives.

E 2

The saints below, and saints above,  
Join'd by his Spirit, and his love.

3. Is he a vine? His heav'nly root  
Supplies each branch with life and  
fruit.  
O may a lasting union join  
My soul, the branch, to Christ, the  
vine!

4. Is he a rock? How firm he proves!  
The Rock of ages never moves:  
But the sweet streams that from him  
flow,  
Attend us all the desert through.

5. Is he a sun? His beams are grace,  
The course he runs is joy and peace.  
What healing in his beams appears,  
To chase our clouds and dry our tears!
6. Not earth, nor air, nor sun, nor  
stars,  
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears.  
His beauties we shall clearer trace,  
When we once see him face to face.

193.

(T. 68.)

1. WHO is like thee, who?  
Sweetest rest, Jesu!  
To thy beauty nothing reaches:  
Thou'rt the life of undone wretches;  
Thou art their light too,  
Sweetest rest, Jesu!
2. Life! thou dy'dst for me,  
From all misery  
And distress me to deliver,  
And from death to save for ever.  
I am by thy blood  
Reconcil'd to God.
3. Highest King and Priest,  
Prophet, Lord, and Christ!  
Thy dear scepter is embraced  
By me at thy feet abased.  
I choose Mary's seat  
At thy holy feet.
4. Quite in thee draw me,  
That, for love to thee,

I may melt, and daily bolder  
Cast all mis'ry on thy shoulder,  
Which I feel in me;  
Draw me quite in thee.

5. Wake me right, that so  
I my course pursue  
Towards thee, with love most tender,  
So that satan may not hinder  
Me by craft or force;  
Further thou my course.

6. Thy good Spirit, Lord,  
To my soul afford,  
That I watch, and pray with fervor,  
Trusting thee, my soul's Preserver.  
Love unfeign'd, O Lord,  
Unto me afford.

7. Give me courage good,  
That my wealth and blood  
I for thee could lose, my Saviour,  
Hating world and sin for ever.  
Grant me this, my God,  
Through thy precious blood.

8. When I hence depart,  
Strengthen thou my heart,  
And into thy realms convey me,  
In thy righteousness array me,  
That at thy right-hand  
Joyful I may stand.

*S.* 194. *Newton*

(T. 582.)

1. **PREPARE** a thankful song  
To the Redeemer's name;  
His praises should employ each tongue,  
And ev'ry heart inflame.

2. He laid his glory by,  
And dreadful pains endur'd,  
That rebels, such as you and I,  
From wrath might be secur'd.

3. Upon the cross he dy'd,  
Our debt of sin to pay;  
The blood and water from his side  
Wash guilt and sin away.

4. And now he pleading stands  
For us, before the throne;  
And answers all the law demands  
With what himself hath done.

5. He sees us, willing slaves  
To sin and satan's pow'r;  
But with an outstretch'd arm he saves  
In his appointed hour.

6. The Holy Ghost he sends  
Our stubborn souls to move,  
To make his enemies his friends,  
And conquer them by love.

7. The love of sin departs,  
The life of grace takes place,  
Soon as his voice invites our hearts  
To rise and seek his face.

8. The world and satan rage,  
But he their pow'r controls;  
His wisdom, love and truth engage  
Protection for our souls.

9. Tho' press'd, we need not yield,  
But shall prevail at length,  
For Jesus is our Sun and Shield,  
Our Righteousness and Strength.

10. Assur'd that Christ our King  
Will put our foes to flight,  
We on the field of battle sing  
And triumph, while we fight.

*Ch.* 195. *Wesley*

(T. 341.)

1. **O** Day-spring from on high!  
In mercy hear my cry:  
See the travail of thy soul,  
Saviour, and be satisfy'd,  
Rule in me without control,  
May I ever thine abide.

2. Jesus, who art the Tree  
Of immortality!  
Feed this tender branch of thine;  
By thy influence I shall thrive;  
Thou the true, the heav'nly Vine!  
Grafted into thee I live.

3. Of life the Fountain thou!  
I know, I feel it now.  
Faint and dead no more I droop;  
Thou reviv'st me, thy supplies,  
Ev'ry moment springing up,  
Unto life eternal rise.

4. Thou the good Shepherd art;  
From thee I'll never part.

Thou my Keeper and my Guide,  
Watch me still with tender care;  
Gently lead me by thy side,  
Kindly in thy bosom bear.

5. Thou art my daily bread!  
O Christ, thou art my Head!  
Countless benefits on me,  
As thy body's member, flow;  
Nourish'd I, and fed by thee,  
Up to thee in all things grow.

6. Prophet, to me reveal  
Thy Father's perfect will.  
Never mortal spake like thee;  
Lord, may I by thee be taught,  
May I listen eagerly  
To thy words, with comfort fraught.

7. High Priest, on thee I call,  
Thy blood aton'd for all.  
Thou dost still in heav'n above  
As the Lamb once slain appear;  
There remember me in love,  
Plead for me a sinner there.

8. Jesus, thou art my King,  
Praises to thee I sing.  
Kept by thy almighty hand,  
Saviour, who shall pluck me thence?  
Faith supports, by faith I stand,  
By the faith thou dost dispense.

*L. 196. Newton*

(T. 22.)

1. MY song shall blest the Lord of all,  
My praise ascend to his abode:  
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,  
The great Supreme, the mighty God!

2. Without beginning or decline,  
Object of faith, and not of sense;  
Eternal ages saw him shine;  
He shines eternal ages hence.

3. As much, when in the manger laid,  
Almighty Ruler of the sky;  
As when the six day's work he made,  
Fill'd all the morning-stars with joy.

4. Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,  
Salvation is his dearest claim;  
That gracious sound well-pleas'd he  
hears,

And owns Immanuel for his name.

E 3

5. A cheerful confidence I feel,  
The object of my faith I see,  
My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal  
To worship him, who dy'd for me.

6. As man, he pities my complaint,  
His pow'r and truth are all divine;  
He will not fail, he cannot faint,  
Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

*Count 197 \* Lingensof*

(T. 583.)

1. THE blessed names of Jesus Christ  
impart  
Strength and rich comfort to the con-  
trite heart.

As King, he over those the rule doth  
bear,  
Who in his kingdom faithful subjects  
are.

2. He is the Rock, on him we build  
most sure,  
And thus 'midst raging tempests are  
secure.

The Corner-stone, he of the church  
is nam'd,  
In whom the building's fitly join'd  
and fram'd.

3. As Leader, he before his people  
goes,  
And constant vict'ry gains o'er all his  
foes.

He is our High-priest, having no  
compeer,  
Our names upon his breast engraven  
are.

4. Our only Master, who instructs us  
right,  
To know God's will we need this  
Prophet's light.

Our Counsellor he is, if we believe  
His words, nor flesh, nor world can  
us deceive.

5. Of all the feeble he the Strength  
remains,  
As Hero in the fight he conquest gains.  
Him Everlasting Father, \*all must own,  
As Prince of Peace, he to his church  
is known.

\* Isa. ix. 6.



6. As Lord, none dare his sov'reign  
will control,  
That he's thy Lord, be joyful, O my  
soul!  
His name is Wonderful, who can reveal  
His thoughts divine, immense, un-  
searchable!
7. He is the Life, by whom all things  
subsist,  
The Way, which cannot ev'n by fools  
be mis'd,  
The Truth, in which we may con-  
fide; the Light  
Which shines resplendent in the shades  
of night.
8. The Word, by which all things at  
first were made,  
And which ev'n now to life can raise  
the dead.  
He's our Redeemer, who hath shed  
his blood,  
The world to save and reconcile to  
to God.
9. Thee, gracious Lord, our Saviour  
we confess,  
Since we're partakers of thy saving  
grace.  
Thou dost our cause before thy Fa-  
ther plead,  
As Advocate, and for us intercede.
10. To thee, the Mercy-seat, we may  
draw nigh,  
And confidently on thy name rely.  
As Lamb, thou didst become a sacri-  
fice  
For us, and pay in blood our ransom-  
price.
11. As Bridegroom of the soul, the  
church thy bride,  
To thee, who purchas'd her, is close  
ally'd.  
As Head, thy body thou wilt ne'er  
forsake,  
But of each member special notice  
take.
12. As Shepherd, thou thy sheep dost  
richly feed,  
Protect from harm, and to green pas-  
tures lead.
- O Bread of life, whereby alone we  
live,  
Through thee we everlasting life re-  
ceive.
13. O living Fountain, he who drinks  
of thee,  
Will thirst no more to all eternity.  
Thou art the Vine, and we the bran-  
ches are,  
Deriving juice from thee, we fruit  
can bear.
14. Our All in All, sole Source of  
peace and rest,  
Thyself to each more clearly manifest,  
Thou, who'rt unchangeably the God  
of love,  
Grant us the virtue of thy names to  
prove.
- E. 158. Brauzigerin*  
(T. 125.)
1. THOU Maker of each creature,  
The Father's arm and might,  
Thou rulest o'er all nature,  
In thy own name and right.  
May we in ev'ry station  
Enjoy thy great salvation,  
And simply follow thee.
2. Lord, let us be increasing  
In love and knowledge too,  
That we, on thee believing,  
In spirit serve thee so,  
As in our hearts to savor  
Thy matchless grace and favor,  
And always for thee thirst.
199. *Matty*  
(T. 582.)
1. Hosanna to the Son  
Of David, and of God,  
Who brought the news of pardon down,  
And seal'd it with his blood.
2. To Christ, th' anointed King,  
Be endless blessings giv'n;  
Let the whole earth his glory sing,  
Who made our peace with heav'n.

## XII. Of the HOLY GHOST, and his Gifts and Operations.

*I. 200. Wesley*

(T. 106.)

1. MY Father, who in heaven art,  
Send forth the Spirit of thy Son;  
Breathe him into my panting heart,  
And make me know as I am known;  
O render me thy child, that I  
May Father, Abba Father, cry!

2. O that the Comforter would come,  
Nor visit as a transient guest,  
But fix in me his constant home,  
And keep possession of my breast;  
Yea make my soul his lov'd abode,  
The temple of th' in-dwelling God.

3. Come, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire,  
Attest that I am born again;  
Come and baptize me, Lord, with fire,  
Nor let thy former gifts be vain:  
Grant me a sense that I'm forgiv'n,  
A pledge that I'm an heir of heav'n.

4. Grant me th' indisputable seal,  
That ascertains the kingdom mine!  
That pow'rful stamp I long to feel,  
The signature of love divine:  
O shed it in my heart abroad,  
Fullness of love, of heav'n, of God!

201.

(T. 14.)

1. COME, Holy Ghost, eternal God,  
Giv'n to us from above,  
Both by the Father and the Son,  
Thou God of peace and love.

2. Thou art the only Comforter  
In all our soul's distress;  
Thou showest us our unbelief,  
And Christ's redeeming grace.

3. Thou dost thy sanctifying gifts  
Unto the church impart;  
Writing God's holy precious law  
On each believer's heart.

4. Thy holy unction pow'r affords  
The gospel to proclaim:

E 4

By thee enabled, we set forth  
Salvation in Christ's name.

5. Assist and strengthen us, O Lord!  
Thou know'st we all are frail:  
Grant, neither satan, world, nor flesh,  
May o'er Christ's flock prevail.

6. Good Lord, our only Comforter!  
Assist us all, we pray,  
That we may not confounded be  
At the last judgment-day.

7. Cause all disharmony and strife  
In Christendom to cease:  
And give to all the flocks of Christ  
Love, union, truth, and peace.

*Pluribus from Rupert  
King of 202. France's Hymn*

(T. 203.)

1. COME, Holy Ghost! come, Lord  
our God!

And shed thy heav'nly gifts abroad  
On us, and unto ev'ry heart  
True faith and fervent love impart.  
O Lord, who by thy heav'nly light  
Hast call'd thy church from sinful  
night,

Out of all nations, tribes and places;  
To thee we render thanks and praises.  
Hallelujah! :||:

2. Thou Light divine! most gracious  
Lord!

Revive us by thy holy word,  
And teach thy flock in truth to call  
On God, the Father of us all:  
From all strange doctrines us preserve.  
No other masters may we serve,  
But Christ, who is our only Saviour.  
In him we will confide for ever.

Hallelujah! :||:

3. O Holy Ghost! kind Comforter!  
Help us, with watchfulness and pray'r,  
'Midst various trials thee t' obey,  
And never from the truth to stray:  
O Lord, by thy almighty grace,  
Prepare us so to run our race,

## 72 Of the HOLY GHOST, and his Gifts and Operations.

That we, by thy illumination,  
May gain heav'n's glorious habitation.  
Hallelujah! :||:

*Psalm. 203 \* Amen*

(T. 22.)

1. O Comforter, God Holy Ghost!  
Thou heav'nly gifts on us bestow'st;  
The Pledge of our salvation art,  
And bear'st thy witness in our heart.

2. The sheep of Jesus, which were lost,  
Thou'it call'd, and teachest them to trust

For help, forgiveness, peace and grace,  
In him, the Lord our Righteousness.

3. Thy unction freely dost impart  
To ev'ry poor and contrite heart,  
Which Jesus as its Saviour knows,  
And genuine faith by actions shows.

4. The feeble souls thou dost sustain,  
Anointest all the witness train;  
Thou keep'st believers in the faith,  
And art their guide in life and death.

5. Who can thy operations trace,  
Thy kindness, patience, truth and grace,  
Which on God's children thou bestow'st,  
O Comforter, God Holy Ghost?

204.

(T. 583.)

1. O Holy Ghost, within my soul repeat  
Those blessings, which once made  
this day so great;  
Breathe thou upon me with that  
heav'nly wind,  
Which may refresh and purify my  
mind.

2. Kindle within me, and preserve  
that fire,  
Which may with holy love my breast  
inspire,  
And with an active zeal my mind in-  
flame  
To do thy will, to glorify thy name.

3. Furnish me richly both with gifts  
and grace

To fit me for the duties of my place:  
So open thou my lips, my heart so  
raise,

That both my heart and lips may give  
thee praise.

4. As in thy temple, keep thou resi-  
dence

Within my soul, and never part from  
thence,

Until I'm fitted and prepar'd by thee  
Life to exchange for immortality.

*Ps. 205. \* Luther*

(T. 58.)

1. GOD Holy Ghost, in mercy us  
preserve,

That we from Jesu's doctrine never  
swerve,

Guide us, till to finish our race per-  
mitted,

To Jesu's presence we shall be ad-  
mitted,

Have mercy, Lord!

2. O grant us thy divine, thy saving  
light,

That we may understand Christ's  
mind aright,

That we may in Jesus abide for ever,  
Who gain'd a place in heav'n for each  
believer,

Have mercy, Lord!

3. Thou Source of love, God Holy  
Ghost, inspire

Our lifeless souls with love's celestial  
fire:

May we, as Christ's members, be  
join'd together

In unity, and truly love each other,  
Have mercy, Lord!

4. O thou, our highest comfort in all  
need,

Grant that we neither shame nor death  
may dread,

Should we even suffer hard persecu-  
tion,

O give us grace to stand without con-  
fusion.

Have mercy, Lord!

# Of the HOLY GHOST, and his Gifts and Operations. 73

*S. 206. Hart*

(T. 582.)

1. **COME**, Holy Spirit, come,  
Let thy bright beams arise,  
Dispel the darkness from our minds,  
And open all our eyes.
2. Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove;  
And kindle in our breasts the flames  
Of never-ceasing love.
3. Convince us of our sin,  
Then lead to Jesu's blood;  
And to our stubborn hearts reveal  
The hidden love of God.
4. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,  
And new-create the whole.
5. If thou, O Comforter!  
Thine influence withdraw,  
What easy victims soon we fall  
To conscience and the law!
6. No longer burns our love;  
Our faith and patience fail;  
Our sin revives, and death and hell  
Our feeble souls assail.
7. Dwell therefore in our hearts;  
Our minds from bondage free:  
Then shall we know, and praise, and  
love  
The Father, Son, and Thee.

*S. 207. Hart*

(T. 580.)

1. **DESCEND** from heav'n, celestial  
Dove,  
With flames of Jesu's dying love  
Our lifeless hearts inspire.  
Fountain of joy, blest Paraclete,  
Warm our cold hearts with heav'nly  
heat,  
And set our panting souls on fire.
2. Breathe on these bones so dry and  
dead,  
Thy sweetest, softest influence shed  
In all our hearts abroad.

Point out the place, where grace  
abounds:

Direct us to the bleeding wounds  
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.

3. Convince us that the Lamb was  
slain

For us, and to our minds explain

The myst'ry of the cross.

Let us our dear Redeemer see,

And serve and love him fervently;

This be our gain, else all things loss.

*208. Dr. Watts*

(T. 14.)

1. **COME**, Holy Spirit, on us breathe,  
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;  
Kindle our love, confirm our faith,  
Warm these cold hearts of ours.
2. Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood;  
And bear thy witness in my heart,  
That I am born of God.
3. Thou art the Earnest of his love,  
The Pledge of joys to come:  
O lead us, that we may above  
Obtain our lasting home.

*S. 209. Hart*

(T. 14.)

1. **O** Holy Ghost, eternal God,  
Descending from above,  
Thou fill'st the soul, through Jesu's  
blood,  
With faith, and hope, and love.
2. Thou comfortest the heavy heart,  
By sin and grief oppress'd.  
Thou to the dead dost life impart,  
And to the weary, rest.
3. Thy sweet communion charms the  
soul:  
And gives true peace and joy,  
Which satan's pow'r can ne'er control,  
Nor all his wiles destroy.
4. Let no false comfort lift us up  
To confidence that's vain:  
Nor let their faith and courage droop,  
Who love the Lamb once slain.



## 74 Of the HOLY GHOST, and his Gifts and Operations.

5. Breathe comfort, where distress  
abounds,

O make our conscience clean.  
And heal, with balm from Jesu's  
wounds,  
The fest'ring sores of sin.

6. Vanquish our lusts; our pride re-  
move;  
Take out the heart of stone;  
Show us the Father's boundless love,  
And merits of the Son.

7. The Father sent the Son to die;  
The willing Son obey'd;  
The witness thou, to ratify  
The purchase Christ hath made.

*Count 210.\* Singers of*  
(T. 22.)

1. To thee God Holy Ghost we pray,  
Who lead'st us in the gospel-way,  
That thou those gifts on us bestow,  
Which from our Saviour's merits flow.

2. Thou gracious Teacher, thee we  
praise  
For thy instruction, pow'r and grace,  
To love the Father, who doth own  
Us as his children in the Son.

3. Thee of ourselves we could not  
know,  
Till thou, O Lord, didst clearly show  
The sin of unbelief to us,  
And enmity to Jesu's cross.

4. When this we felt to be our case,  
Then Jesu's blood and righteousness  
Unto our hearts thou didst reveal,  
Imparting thus thy pard'ning seal.

5. Most gracious Comforter, we pray,  
O lead us further every day!  
Thy unction to us all impart,  
Preserve and sanctify each heart.

6. Till we in heav'n shall take our  
seat,  
Instruct us often to repeat:  
"Abba, our Father!" and to be  
With Christ, in union constantly.

*Singers 211.\**  
(T. 58.)

1. THOU Comforter and Guide of  
Jesu's train,  
Who dost thyself her ministers ordain,  
Look on us in mercy, grant us thy  
favor,  
Our souls and bodies we devote for  
ever,  
O Lord, to thee.

2. Where'er we look around, both far  
and near,  
The pow'r and glory of the Lord ap-  
pear,  
And such flocks of Jesus are multi-  
plying,  
Who only wish to live, themselves  
denying,  
Unto thy praise.

3. O thou life-giving Stream! the  
earth o'erflow,  
Whatever would obstruct thy course,  
break through,  
O most gracious Spirit! hear our pe-  
tition,  
Teach all to turn to Jesus with con-  
trition,  
Thy office 'tis.

4. We pray thee, fill us all with Jesu's  
love,  
That we may in his service faithful  
prove:  
Teach us all to deem it the greatest  
favor,  
With humble, contrite hearts to serve  
our Saviour  
Till we shall rest.

5. Unto Christ's congregations in  
each place,  
Grant, 'midst all trials, comfort,  
peace and grace:  
O may all believers, in ev'ry station,  
Rejoice in Jesus, and in his salvation,  
God Holy Ghost!

*Singers 212.\**  
(T. 4.)

1. O Spirit of Grace!  
Thy kindness we praise,

# Of the Holy Ghost, and his Gifts and Operations. 75

In showing to us,  
That life and salvation proceeds from  
Christ's cross.

2. In darkness we stray'd,  
Until we were led  
By thee, to believe:  
That Jesus, our Saviour, will sinners  
receive. *Barnes*

3. Our hearts thou didst cheer,  
Dispelling all fear;  
We humbly could claim  
Salvation and pardon in Jesu's dear  
name.

4. Grant us to obey *Greger*  
Thy teachings, and pay,  
O Spirit of love,  
Our thanks for thy mercy, which  
richly we prove.

5. We wish to afford *Barnes*  
To Jesus, our Lord,  
For his bitter pain,  
Joy, honor and glory, 'midst his cho-  
sen train.

6. O therefore impart *Heizendorf*  
Thyself to each heart,  
That thus we may show,  
In all our behaviour, that Jesus we  
know.

7. Grant us to increase *Bello*  
In knowledge and grace,  
Rejoicing by faith  
In Jesu's atonement, wrought out by  
his death.

*Count 213. \*Heizendorf*  
(T. 58.)

1. GOD, Holy Spirit, be for ever  
blest,  
That thou to us Christ's death dost  
manifest,  
And of him the Fountain, whence  
flows salvation,  
Dost so distinctly give us information,  
And light impart.

2. Thanks for revealing to us the  
Lamb slain,  
And that his precious blood were shed  
in vain,  
Had to sanctify us ought else availed,  
And could our souls have otherwise  
been healed,  
Than by his stripes.

*Beckhoff Müller*  
3. Christ's meritorious suff'rings are  
the sum,  
And sole foundation of true Christen-  
dom,  
We enjoy, through mercy, those  
comforts blessed,  
Of which, through thee, believers  
are possessed,

While here on earth.  
*Count 6. Heizendorf*  
4. The blood of Christ alone can joy  
impart,  
Can heal, revive and cheer the con-  
trite heart;  
Therefore show still clearer to us his  
merit,  
And lead us daily more, God holy  
Spirit,

Into all truth.  
*Count 213. \*Heizendorf*  
5. Of Christ we'll gladly testify each  
hour,  
Until his kingdom shall appear with  
pow'r,  
Then 'twill be seen clearly, how thou  
hast trained  
His followers for him, when they've  
attained  
To bliss complete.

6. Be thou extoll'd for thy great  
faithfulness,  
Blest Comforter, vouchsafe us all that  
grace,  
To improve thy patience, from sin  
protect us,  
And in the narrow way to life direct  
us,  
Thou heav'nly Guide!

## XIII. Of God's Call of Grace to the unconverted Sinner.

214.\* *Gregory*  
(T. 582.)

1. "COME to me," says the Lord,  
"All ye, who are oppress'd,  
"Weary and heavy-laden souls,  
"And I will give you rest.
2. "Whoe'er to me will come,  
"And th' offer'd grace receive,  
"Him I in no wise will cast out,  
"He shall be mine and live."

*J. Newton*  
215. (T. 591.)

1. Sinner, hear thy Saviour's call,  
He now is passing by;  
He hath seen thy grievous thrall,  
And heard thy mournful cry.  
He hath pardon to impart,  
Grace to save thee from thy fears;  
See the love that fills his heart,  
And wipe away thy tears.
2. Why art thou afraid to come,  
And tell him all thy case?  
He will not pronounce thy doom,  
Nor frown thee from his face.  
Wilt thou fear Immanuel?  
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,  
Who, to save thy soul from hell,  
Hath shed his precious blood?
3. Think how on the cross he hung,  
Pierc'd with a thousand wounds!  
Hark, from each, as with a tongue,  
The voice of pardon sounds!  
See, from all his bursting veins,  
Blood of wond'rous virtue flow!  
Shed to wash away thy stains,  
And ransom thee from woe.
4. Though his majesty be great,  
His mercy is no less;  
Though he thy transgressions hate,  
He feels for thy distress:  
By himself the Lord hath sworn,  
He delights not in thy death;  
But invites thee to return,  
That thou may'st live by faith.

5. Raise thy downcast eyes, and see  
What throngs his throne surround.  
These, though sinners once like thee,  
Have full salvation found.  
Yield not then to unbelief;  
While he says: "There yet is room."  
Though of sinners thou art chief,  
Since Jesus calls thee, come.

*Count 216.\* Trenchard*  
(T. 205.)

1. Sinners! come, the Saviour see,  
Hands, feet, side and temples view;  
See him bleeding on the tree,  
See his heart is broke for you!  
View awhile, then haste away,  
Find a thousand more, and say:  
Come, ye sinners, come with me,  
View him bleeding on the tree.
2. Who would still such mercy grieve?  
Sinners! hear instruction mild,  
Doubt no more, but now believe,  
Each become a simple child;  
Artful doubts and reas'nings be  
Nail'd with Jesus to the tree;  
Mourning souls, who simple are,  
Surely shall the blessing share.
3. Through his poverty the poor  
May eternal riches gain;  
Open'd is heav'n's mercy-door,  
None that comes, need come in vain.  
Here now freely take who will,  
Each poor sinner take his fill;  
Rich in grace hereby commence,  
Blush no more for indigence.
4. They who search their hearts with  
care,  
And the blame their own confess,  
In the Lamb's redemption share,  
To his wounds have free access.  
Those, who deem'd themselves the  
chief  
Of all sinners, and receive  
Full forgiveness, peace and rest,  
Pard'ning grace can relish best.

5. Cover'd with a holy shame,  
Pardon'd sinners they remain :  
Yet their freedom they proclaim,  
Their adoption they maintain.  
Soon as we begin to cease  
Trusting in our righteousness,  
Ceases the tormenting strife,  
All within is peace and life.

217.\* *St. Lehr*

(T. 217.)

1. MY Saviour sinners doth receive,  
Whom, with sin's galling load oppressed,

No man nor angel can relieve,  
Who're without hope to be redressed;  
Who lothe the world and all its ways,  
Dread wrath divine, and mourn for grace ;

On whom the law pronounces sentence,  
Who're doom'd to hell in their own conscience,

Such wretched sinners find reprieve,  
Since Jesus sinners doth receive.

2. The fondest mother cannot have  
Towards her darling such affection,  
As Jesus shew'd, vile man to save,  
His love exceedeth our conception.  
He left his throne and blest abode,  
To bear the sinner's heavy load.  
Since he now, through his death and suff'ring,

Hath made an all-sufficient off'ring,  
Our debt is paid, and we may live,  
Since Jesus sinners doth receive.

3. Now is his sympathizing heart  
A refuge for the most distressed ;  
He freely pardon will impart ;  
By him their debt is quite erased.  
His blood, like th' ocean without ground,

Their sins hath swallow'd up and drown'd.

The Holy Ghost to them is given,  
Who leads them in the path to heaven ;  
And prompts them always to believe,  
That Jesus sinners doth receive.

4. By God the Father they're esteem'd,  
When thus presented by our Saviour,  
Heal'd by his wounds, from sin redeem'd,

They prove the Father's love and favor,

Who owns them as his sons and heirs,  
And all he hath their own declares.  
Eternal life they now inherit,  
Procur'd for them by Jesu's merit ;  
He dwells in them, in him they live,  
Since Jesus sinners doth receive.

5. Could all his loving heart but see,  
And know his bowels of compassion  
To sinners, straying carelessly,  
Or such, as mourning, seek salvation.

Him, when on earth 'midst sinners trace ;

Zaccheus tastes his saving grace.  
He comforts Magd'len in affliction,  
Regards her tears and deep conviction ;

Her sins, though many, he forgives ;  
My Saviour sinners poor receives.

6. Behold how he with Peter dealt,  
Though deep his fall, he shew'd him favor.

Not only when on earth he dwelt  
Was he a sin-forgiving Saviour ;  
No, he is still the very same,  
Just, good and merciful his name ;  
As he was in humiliation,  
So is he still in exaltation.

Repenting souls, you may believe,  
Our Saviour sinners doth receive.

7. Come, sinners, come, though vile and base ;

Returning prodigals he meeteth ;  
He freely offers them his grace,  
Them with a pard'ning kiss he greeteth.

Why wilt thou stand in thy own way ?

Why, wilfully, be satan's prey ?  
Wilt thou sin's drudge remain for ever,

Though he appear'd thee to deliver ?  
Do not delay, sin's service leave, -  
Since Jesus sinners will receive.



8. Come, ye that heavy laden are,  
Come weary, void of self-assistance;  
Though doubting, ready to despair;  
Come but to him without resistance.  
Behold his heart, with love replete,  
Full of desire the worst to meet;  
Long hath he sought for you, though  
wretched,

You to embrace, his arms outstretch-  
ed:

O then but come, believe and live;  
My Saviour sinners doth receive.

9. Don't say: "I've been a wretch  
too base,

"Too oft his goodness I have slighted,

"Too often spurned at his grace,

"I, who was gen'rously invited."

Is your repentance now sincere?

Your sorrow genuine? Do not fear,

His pow'r and mercy are unbounded;

None, trusting him, was e'er con-  
founded.

He saves, whom nothing can relieve,  
My Saviour sinners doth receive.

10. Perhaps, "'Tis time enough,"  
you'll say,

"God, who is gracious beyond mea-  
sure,

"The door of grace won't shut to-day;

"I'll first enjoy some carnal pleasure."

No, God forbid! do not despise

Grace, that's now offer'd, if you're  
wise.

Who slight's to-day the invitation,  
May ever miss of his salvation.

Come now to Jesus, come and live;  
To-day he sinners doth receive.

11. Draw me, a sinner, unto thee,  
Thou sinner's Friend, thou gracious  
Saviour;

Grant I, and all, may ardently  
Desire thy pardon, grace and favor.

When sin assails, and gives us smart,  
Show us thy wounded loving heart;

May none, who feels sin's condemna-  
tion,

Neglect thy gen'rous invitation,  
But all experience and believe

That Jesus sinners doth receive!

218.

(T. 22.)

1. **COME**, sinners, to the gospel-  
feast,

Let ev'ry soul be Jesu's guest.

Not one of you need stay behind,

His gospel calleth to mankind.

2. Come all ye souls by sin oppress'd,  
Ye wand'rers, who are seeking rest.

The poor, the maim'd, the halt and  
blind,

With Christ a hearty welcome find.

3. The message as from God receive,  
Ye all may come to Christ and live;

O let his love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

4. His love is mighty to compel;  
His conqu'ring love consent to feel;

Yield to his love's almighty pow'r,  
And strive against your God no more.

5. See him set forth before your eyes,  
That precious bleeding sacrifice!

His offer'd benefits embrace,  
And freely now be sav'd by grace.

6. This is the time, no more delay,  
This is the acceptable day:

Come in this moment at his call,  
And live for him, who dy'd for all.

219.

(T. 106.)

1. **YE** sinners, in the gospel trace  
The Friend and Saviour of mankind;  
Not one of all th' apostate race,  
But may in him salvation find.

His thoughts, and words, and actions  
prove,

His life and death—that God is love!

2. Behold the Lamb of God, who bears  
The sins of all the world away.

A servant's form he meekly wears,  
He dwells within a house of clay;

His glory is no longer seen,  
But God with God, is man with men.

3. Behold our God incarnate stands,  
And calls his wand'ring creatures  
home:

# Of God's Call of Grace to the unconverted Sinner. 79

He all day long spreads out his hands,  
Come, weary souls, to Jesus come.  
Though ye be e'er so much oppress'd,  
Believe, and he will give you rest.

4. Ah, do not of his goodness doubt,  
His saving grace for all is free;  
He saith, "I ne'er will cast him out,  
"Who as a sinner comes to me;  
"I can to none myself deny:"  
Come, sinners, come; why will ye  
die?

*Count 220. \* Bengendorff*

(T. 1.)

1. **TEACH** us, O Lord, thy cross's  
mystery,  
And grant us docile hearts to learn  
of thee.

2. Thou'rt still as full of love to fallen  
man,  
As when for our redemption thou wast  
slain.

3. "I thirst," thou didst upon the cross  
exclaim,  
And on thy throne, thy thirst is still  
the same:

4. Not for the blood of foes, who  
scorn thy love,  
But that they may thy pard'ning  
mercy prove.

5. Thou tak'st no pleasure in the sin-  
ner's death,  
But callest him to come and live by  
faith.

6. Thy messengers of peace thou  
sendst abroad,  
Beseeching men: "Be reconcil'd to  
God.

7. "Believe, thou mourning sinner,  
that for thee  
"The Lord did penance on the cross's  
tree,

8. "And thereby triumph'd over sin  
and hell,  
"And gain'd for thee a right in heav'n  
to dwell.

9. "And though unborn, though not  
in person there,

"Yet in that act of grace thou hadst a  
share.

10. "Therefore must sin lie van-  
quish'd at thy feet,

"Through Jesus thou shalt constant  
vict'ry meet."

11. Might all the pow'r of his atone-  
ment prove,

And truly know our Saviour's dying  
love.

12. How pleasing 'tis a new-born soul  
to view!

How dorth its happiness our own re-  
new!

*I. 221. Bennicks*

(T. 585.)

1. **COME**, ye sinners, poor and  
wretched,

Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and pow'r;

He is able,  
He is willing; doubt no more.

2. Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify:

True belief, and true repentance,  
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh,  
Without money

Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3. Let not conscience make you lin-  
ger,

Nor of fitness fondly dream:  
All the fitness he requireth,

Is to feel your need of him:  
This he gives you,

'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4. Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo, your Maker prostrate lies!

On the bloody tree behold him,  
Hear him cry before he dies:

"It is finish'd!"  
Sinner, will not this suffice?

5. Lo! th' incarnate God ascended  
Pleads the merit of his blood;

80 Of God's Call of Grace to the unconverted Sinner.

Venture on him, venture freely,  
Let no other trust intrude.  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.

6. Saints and angels, join'd in concert,

Sing the praises of the Lamb,  
While the blissful seats of heaven  
Sweetly echo with his name.

Hallelujah!

Sinners here may do the same.

*Tho. 222. Sutton*

(T. 205.)

1. SINNERS, hear the joyful news,  
God, your Maker, is your friend:  
Think not, that his wrath pursues,  
That his curses you attend.  
"At I live," Jehovah saith,  
"I do not desire your death,  
"Rather, rather would I see  
"Each poor sinner turn to me."

2. O then turn to him and live,  
Turn to him with all your woe.  
He is ready to forgive,  
Ready, blessings to bestow.

Outstretch'd see his arms of love,  
Haste his tender heart to prove,  
Haste, ye sinners, you will find  
Jesus casteth none behind.

*J. 223. Wesley*

(T. 106.)

1. WHERE shall my wand'ring  
soul begin?

O how shall I to heav'n aspire?  
A slave redeem'd from death and sin,  
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire:  
How shall I equal triumphs raise,  
And sing my great Deliv'rer's praise?

2. O how shall I the goodness tell,  
Father, which thou to me hast show'd,  
That I, a child of wrath and hell,  
Should be a happy child of God!  
Should know, should feel my sins  
forgiv'n,

And that I am an heir of heav'n!

3. Outcasts of men, to you I call,  
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves;  
He spreads his arms t' embrace you  
all,

Repenting sinners he receives.  
No need of him the righteous have,  
He came the lost to seek and save.

4. Come, O my guilty brethren, come,  
Groaning beneath sin's pond'rous  
weight;

He calls you now, invites you home!  
Come, quickly, ere it be too late.  
Tho' foes protest, and friends repine,  
He dy'd for crimes like yours and  
mine.

5. For you the healing current flow'd  
From the Redeemer's wounded  
side;

Languish'd for you th' eternal God,  
For you the Prince of glory dy'd.  
Believe, your sins are all forgiv'n;  
Only believe, and yours is heav'n.

224.

(T. 11.)

1. NOW begin the heav'nly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesu's name;  
Ye, who Jesu's kindness prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.

2. Ye, who see the Father's grace  
Beaming in the Saviour's face;  
As to heav'n ye onwards move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3. Mourning souls, dry up your tears,  
Banish all your guilty fears;  
Jesus will your guilt remove,  
Prompted by redeeming love.

4. Ye, alas! who long have been  
Willing slaves of death and sin;  
Now from bliss no longer rove,  
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5. Welcome all by sin oppress'd,  
Welcome all to Jesus Christ,  
Nothing brought him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming love.

## Of Repentance unto Life.

31

6. He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs;  
His tremendous foes and ours,  
From their curst empire drove,  
Mighty in redeeming love.

7. Sing, ye ransom'd, to his praise,  
Tune your songs to grateful lays;  
Mortals join the hosts above,  
Join to praise redeeming love.

*countenance of or*  
*J. 225. \* Heruman*  
(T. 97.)  
Sinners, your Maker is your Friend,  
O therefore to his call attend.  
"Sure as I live," to you he saith:  
"I ne'er desire the sinner's death,  
"But that repenting he may turn to me,  
"And live for ever." Lord, we  
come to thee.

## XIV. Of Repentance unto Life.

*B. 226. \* Kingwald*

(T. 132.)

1. **LORD** Jesus Christ, my sov' reign  
Good,

Thou Fountain of salvation!  
Behold how sin's most dreadful load  
Fills me with condemnation.  
My sins, indeed, are numberless;  
O Lord, regard my deep distress,  
Relieve my guilty conscience.

2. In pity look upon my need,  
Remove thou my oppression;  
Since thou hast suffer'd in my stead,  
And paid for my transgression;  
That I mayn't yield to dark despair,  
Nor live in constant dread and fear  
Of death and condemnation.

3. When I review my mis-spent days  
I feel a heavy burthen,  
Reflecting on my trespasses  
I scarce could hope for pardon;  
But should be hopeless and forlorn,  
Uncertain where for help to turn,  
If I had not thy promise.

4. But thy reviving gospel-word,  
Which leads me to salvation,  
Doth joy unspeakable afford;  
And lasting consolation.  
For there I read, thou'lt not disdain  
A broken heart, replete with pain,  
That turns to thee, O Jesus.

5. Me, heavy-laden sinner, hear,  
Who make for thee confession;

To my complaints now lend an ear,  
Regard my supplication.  
My longing is: O wash me clean  
From ev'ry spot and stain of sin,  
Like David or Manassah.

6. Lord, I approach thy mercy-seat,  
And pray thee to forgive me;  
With contrite heart I thee intreat,  
Show pity and receive me.  
Cast all my sins and trespasses  
Into the ocean of thy grace,  
And them no more remember.

7. O; for thy name's sake, let me prove  
Thy mercy, gracious Saviour:  
Theyoke, which galls me, soon remove,  
Restore me to thy favor.  
Thy love shed in my heart abroad,  
That I may live to thee, my God,  
And yield thee true obedience.

8. Thy joyful Spirit give me pow'r,  
Thy stripes heal my diseases,  
Apply thy blood this very hour  
To save me, dearest Jesus;  
Then to thy promis'd rest me bring;  
That with the ransom'd I may sing  
Thy praise above for ever.

*J. 227. Newton*

(T. 582.)

1. O Lord, how vile am I,  
Unholy and unclean!  
How can I venture to draw nigh  
With such a load of sin?



2. Is this polluted heart  
A dwelling fit for thee?  
Swarming, alas! in ev'ry part,  
What evils do I see!
3. If I attempt to pray,  
And lisp thy holy name,  
My thoughts are hurry'd soon away,  
I know not where I am.
4. If in thy word I look,  
Such darkness fills my mind,  
It is to me a sealed book,  
I no relief can find.
5. Thy gospel oft I hear,  
But hear it still in vain,  
Without desire, or love, or fear,  
I like a stone remain.
6. Myself can hardly bear  
This wretched heart of mine:  
How hateful must it then appear  
To those pure eyes of thine!
7. And must I then indeed  
Sink in despair and die?  
Fain would I hope, that thou didst  
bleed  
For such a wretch as I.
8. That blood, which thou hast spilt,  
That grace, which is thy own,  
Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt,  
And soften hearts of stone.
9. Low at thy feet I bow,  
O pity and forgive:  
Here will I lie and wait, till thou  
Shalt bid me rise and live.

*Caspar 228.\* Schade*

(T. 123.)

1. O LORD, afford me light,  
I'm straying still in darkness,  
And know myself not right.  
This I perceive, alas!  
Though I'm not what I was,  
Yet what I ought to be  
I find not yet in me.
2. I know 'tis not the same  
To be a real Christian,  
Or only one in name:  
To him alone is due  
That name, who doth subdue

- His lust, through Jesu's pow'r,  
And lives to self no more.
3. Ah, my defect lies here—  
My love to thee, my Saviour,  
Is not as yet sincere;  
Hence grief doth me corrode,  
I'm to myself a load,  
I'm not inclin'd to part  
With things, that cause me smart.
  4. Resolve, my stubborn breast!  
I must sincerely venture,  
Else I shall find no rest.  
If I but bid adieu  
To ev'ry fleshly view,  
And cleave to Christ alone,  
The work at once is done.
  5. Vile worm! shouldst thou refuse  
To Christ to be devoted,  
Who dy'd upon the cross  
To save thee by his death,  
Who gave thee life and breath;  
Who Christ hath for his friend,  
His bliss will never end.
  6. The language of true faith  
Is this: "Lord, my Redeemer,  
"O, by thy blood and death,  
"Be thou my help and shield,  
"To thee myself I yield.  
"I'm thine, and thine I'll be  
"To all eternity.
  7. "Do what thou wilt with me,  
"If I am but prepared  
"A vessel fit for thee;  
"To live unto thy praise,  
"Cloath'd in thy righteousness,  
"And sanctify'd by grace,  
"Then happy is my case."

229.

(T. 11.)

1. HEAR, O Jesus, my complaints,  
Known to thee are all my wants;  
Self-convicted, self-abhorr'd,  
I approach thee, dearest Lord.
2. Known to thee, whose eyes are  
flame,  
I thy love and pity claim:  
With an eye of love look down,  
Help, Lord, help me very soon.

3. Break, O break this heart of stone;  
Form it for thy use alone;  
Bid each vanity depart,  
Build thy temple in my heart.

4. This be my support in need,  
That thou didst so freely bleed:  
Hence my joys and hopes arise  
From thy bloody sacrifice.

5. This confirms me, when I'm weak,  
Comforts me, when I am sick,  
Gives me courage, when I faint,  
Well supplies my ev'ry want.

6. Saviour, to my heart be near,  
Exercise thy Shepherd's care;  
Guard my weakness by thy grace,  
Let me feel a constant peace.

230.

(T. 96.)

1. **THE** Lord descended from above,  
Our loss of Eden to retrieve:  
Great God of universal love,  
If all the world in thee may live,  
In me a quick'ning spirit be,  
And witness thou hast dy'd for me.

2. Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,  
By all thy pain and agony,  
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,  
Thy cross and passion on the tree,  
Thy meritorious death, I pray,  
Take all, take all my sins away.

3. I'll be like Magd'len at thy feet,  
And humbly bathe them with my  
tears;

The hist'ry of thy love repeat  
In ev'ry drooping sinner's ears;  
That all may hear the joyful  
sound,  
That I, ev'n I, have mercy found.

4. O let thy love my heart constrain,  
Thy love for ev'ry sinner free,  
That ev'ry fallen soul of man  
May taste the grace bestow'd on me,  
That all mankind with me may prove  
Thy sov'reign, everlasting love.

F 2

*Plutarch's 231. \* first Hymn*  
(T. 132.)

1. **OUT** of the deep I cry to thee,  
My God, with hearts contrition,  
Bow down thine ear in grace to me,  
And hear thou my petition;  
For if in judgment thou wilt try  
Man's sin, and deep iniquity,  
Ah, who can stand before thee?

2. 'T' obtain remission of our sin,  
No work of ours availeth;  
We're helpless, guilty and unclean,  
Unless God's grace prevaileth,  
We're midst our fairest actions lost,  
And none 'tore him of ought can boast,  
We live alone, through mercy.

3. Therefore my hope is in God's  
grace,

And not in my own merit;  
On him my confidence I'll place,  
Instructed by his Spirit.  
His precious word hath promis'd me,  
That he'll my joy and comfort be;  
Thereon is my reliance.

4. Tho' sin with us doth much abound,  
Yet grace still more aboundeth:  
Sufficient help in him is found,  
Where sin most deeply woundeth.  
He the good Shepherd is indeed,  
Who his lost sheep doth seek and lead  
With tender love and pity.

232.

(T. 14.)

1. **THE** mist before my eyes remov'd  
With wonder struck I see,  
Dear Lord, the black, the num'rous  
crimes,  
By which I've grieved thee.

2. These were the unrelenting foes,  
Which made thee groan and cry;  
Which made thee shed thy precious  
blood,

And bow thine head, and die.

3. Thy love hath thaw'd my frozen  
heart,

And caus'd my tears to flow;

I now abhor that monster sin,  
And find he is my foe.

4. I trust my guilt was done away  
By my incarnate God,  
Who felt, t' atone for man's offence,  
The sin-avenging rod.

233. *Viney*

(T. 205.)

1. **LONG** I strove my God to love,  
Long I strove his laws to keep,  
Fain would fix my thoughts above,  
Faintly hop'd I was his sheep :  
But my striving all prov'd vain,  
Still I found my heart in pain,  
Yet ne'er all my vileness saw,  
Till declar'd accurs'd by law.

2. Then with sense of guilt oppress'd,  
All my soul was sunk in fear,  
Pain and anguish fill'd my breast ;  
Then did Jesus Christ appear.  
Not with vengeance in his eyes,  
No, but as a sacrifice  
Acceptable unto God,  
Glorious off'ring, precious blood !

3. He was offer'd on the tree,  
Jesus the unspotted Lamb :  
Worthy truth, great mystery !  
By his blood salvation came.  
By his stripes my wounds are heal'd,  
By his death, God's love reveal'd ;  
We, once strangers far from God,  
Are brought nigh by Jesu's blood.

234. *Erskine*

(T. 14.)

1. **THE** Lord first empties whom he  
fills,

Casts down whom he would raise ;  
He quickens, when the letter kills,  
Exalting thus his praise.

2. All fears and terrors, when he  
smiles,  
At once must disappear ;  
The bruise'd and wounded heart he  
heals,  
And feeds with heav'nly cheer.

3. When he applies his healing blood  
Unto a sin-sick soul ;  
This balsam pow'rful, precious, good,  
Ne'er fails to make her whole.

4. Salvation from his pierced heart,  
Broke forth like pent-up fire ;  
Now freely he'll to each impart,  
Nor pay nor price require.

5. He freely laid his majesty,  
And all his glory by,  
That our wants, thro' his poverty,  
He richly might supply.

6. He's full of grace and truth indeed,  
Of peace, of life and light.  
To all, that helpless sinners need,  
He gives thy soul a right.

7. Tho' heav'n's his throne, he came  
from thence

To seek and save the lost ;  
Whate'er might be the vast expence,  
His love would bear the cost.

8. On us he spent his life and blood,  
Our losses to retrieve :  
Mankind's redemption now holds  
good  
For sinners, who believe.

235. *Heraman*

(T. 75.)

1. **O** Whither shall I fly ?  
Depress'd with misery.  
Who is it that can ease me,  
Or from my sins release me ?  
Man's help I vain have proved,  
Sin's load remains unmoved.

2. O Jesus, Source of grace !  
I seek thy loving face,  
Upon thy invitation,  
With deep humiliation.  
O let thy blood me cover,  
And wash my soul all over.

3. I thy unworthy child,  
Corrupt throughout and spoil'd,  
Beseech thee to relieve me,  
And graciously forgive me  
My sins, which much abounded,  
And have my soul confounded.

4. Through thy so spotless blood,  
That precious healing blood,  
Purge off all sin and filthiness,  
And fill my heart with gladness ;  
Lord, hear thou my confession,  
And blot out my transgression.

5. Thou shalt my comfort be,  
Since thou hast dy'd for me :  
I am by thee acquitted  
From all I e'er committed ;  
My sins by thee were carry'd,  
And in thy tomb interred.

6. I know my poverty ;  
But ne'ertheless for me  
Are all good gifts procured,  
Since Jesus death endured :  
Thus strengthen'd I may banish  
All fears, my foes must vanish.

7. Christ, thy atoning blood,  
The sinner's highest good,  
Is pow'rful to deliver,  
And free the soul for ever,  
From all claim of the devil,  
And cleanse us from all evil.

8. Lord Jesus Christ! in thee  
I trust eternally :  
I know I shall not perish,  
But in thy kingdom flourish ;  
For since thou'lt death sustained,  
Life is for me obtained.

9. Lord, strengthen thou my heart,  
To me such grace impart,  
That nought, which may await me,  
From thee may separate me ;  
Let me, with thee, my Saviour,  
United be for ever.

*P. 236.\* Gerhard*  
(T. 66.)

1. BE not dismay'd—in time of need,  
Thy Saviour knows thy irksome  
situation,

His heart is mild,—with pity fill'd,  
Can't see thy grief without commis-  
eration.

2. To Christ draw nigh,—for help  
apply,  
He will pour out on thee the oil of  
gladness ;  
He feels and knows—thy griefs and  
woes,  
Will turn to joy and comfort all thy  
sadness.

F 3

237.\*

(T. 36.)

1. LORD Jesus Christ, if thou wert  
not my Saviour,  
Were not thy blood still pleading in  
my favor,  
Where should I, poorest among all  
the needy,  
Find succour ready ?

2. What should I do, who am so vile  
by nature,  
Did I not know thy love to ev'ry  
creature ?  
But thou my Refuge art, my Consola-  
tion,  
And whole Salvation.

238.\*

(T. 14.)

1. IN thee, O Christ, is all my hope,  
My comfort's all in thee,  
Whilst I'm assur'd thy mercy's nigh,  
And that thou stand'st by me.

2. Me, nor the saints on earth can  
help,  
Nor angels near thy throne ;  
To thee I run, thy help to find,  
In thee I trust alone.

3. I feel the load of sin so vast,  
It sinks me to the grave :  
But let thy blood wash out my sins,  
Since me thou cam'st to save.

4. Cloath'd in thy righteousness di-  
vine

O may I see thy face,  
Receive the promise from above,  
That I'm restor'd by grace.

5. On me, thy helpless worm, O Lord,  
A living faith bestow ;  
That I thy mercy, truth and love,  
May by experience know.

*Thos. 239. Dutton*  
(T. 11.)

1. OPEN'D fount on Calvary !  
Wounded, lo I fly to thee ;  
In thy blood, my bath I've found,  
This alone can heal my wound.



2. Streams to quench my tort'ring  
thirst

From the rock of ages burst :  
Blood so precious, shed for me,  
Thirsty, lo, I fly to thee.

3. Bless my soul, this sacred flood,  
Jesus shed for thee his blood ;  
Execrable wretch, for thee  
Bleeding hung he on the tree.

4. Hearts of stone ! relent and see  
Jesus hanging on the tree :  
See a spear transfix his side,  
Thankful view the crimson tide,

5. Will ye then so hard remain ?  
Shall he shed his blood in vain ?  
Quickly to your God apply,  
He'll no needful good deny.

6. Sweetly thus he calls, " Who will  
" Come to me, and drink his fill.  
" Come, ye sinners, drink, and live ;  
" Freely take, I freely give."

7. Lord, who would not fly to thee ?  
Who not visit Calvary ?  
Chief of blessings, good divine,  
Be for ever, ever mine.

## XV. OF FAITH.

240.

(T. 22.)

1. **FAITH** comes by hearing God's  
record

Concerning Jesus Christ the Lord ;  
The happy means, which heav'n hath  
blest  
To bring us to the gospel-rest.

2. The joyful sound is news of grace,  
Redemption of a fallen race,  
Thro' Jesu's righteousness divine,  
Which bright from faith to faith doth  
shine.

3. The promise of immortal bliss  
We have in Christ our Righteousness ;  
By this our righteousness is bought,  
Faith pleads that right, but buys it not.

4. True faith receives the offer'd good,  
And promise seal'd with Jesu's blood.  
Faith gives no title to the bliss,  
But takes the Saviour's righteousness.

5. In the Redeemer, as my Head,  
The covenant is established :  
In him the promises are Yea,  
In him Amen, and not in me.

*W. (241.) Cowher*

(T. 14.)

1. **HEAL** us, Immanuel, here we are,  
Waiting to feel thy touch ;

Deep wounded souls to thee repair,  
And, Saviour, we are such.

2. Our faith is feeble, we confess,  
We faintly trust thy word ;  
But wilt thou pity us the less ?  
Be that far from thee, Lord.

3. Remember him, who once apply'd  
With trembling for relief :  
" Lord, I believe, with tears, he cry'd,  
" O help my unbelief."

4. She too, who touch'd thee in the  
press,  
And healing virtue stole,  
Was answer'd : " Daughter, go in  
peace,  
" Thy faith hath made thee whole."

5. Conceal'd amidst the gath'ring  
throng,  
She would have shunn'd thine eyes ;  
And if her faith was firm and strong,  
Strong were her doubts likewise.

6. Like her, with hopes and fears we  
come  
To touch thee, if we may ;  
Oh send us not despairing home,  
Send none unheal'd away.

242.

(T. 14.)

1. **MISTAKEN** souls ! that dream of  
heav'n,  
And make their empty boast

Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,  
While they are slaves to lust.

2. Vain are our fancy's airy flights,  
If faith be cold and dead;  
None but a living pow'r unites  
To Christ the living Head.

3. 'Tis faith, that changes all the  
heart,

'Tis faith that works by love,  
That bids all sinful joys depart,  
And lifts the thoughts above.

4. 'Tis faith, that conquers earth and  
hell,

By a celestial pow'r;  
This is the grace that shall prevail  
In the decisive hour.

5. True faith obeys its Author's will,  
As well as trusts his grace;  
A pard'ning God is jealous still  
For his own holiness.

6. When from the curse he sets us  
free,

He makes our natures clean;  
Nor would he send his Son to be  
The minister of sin.

7. His Spirit purifies our frame,  
And seals our peace with God;  
Jesus, and his salvation came  
By water and by blood.

243.\* *Isa. 40:1-5*

(T. 96.)

1. NOW I have found the ground,  
wherein,

Sure my soul's anchor may remain;  
Ev'n Christ, who to atone for sin,  
Was as a spotless victim slain,  
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,  
When heav'n and earth are fled away.

2. O Lord, thy everlasting grace  
Our scanty thoughts surpasses far;  
Thou show'st maternal tenderness,  
Thy arms of love still open are,  
Thy heart o'er sinners can't but break,  
Whether thy grace they slight or take.

3. God in man's death takes no de-  
light,

Each soul may grace and life obtain,

F. 4

In him, who left his glory bright,  
Took flesh, liv'd, dy'd, and rose again:  
And now he knocks times numberless  
At our heart's door, and offers grace.

4. O love, thou bottomless abyss!

My sins are swallow'd up in thee:  
Cover'd is my unrighteousness;

From condemnation now I'm free:  
Since Jesu's blood, thro' earth and skies,  
Mercy, free boundless mercy cries.

5. With faith I plunge me in this sea;  
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest.  
Hither, when sin assails, I flee,

And lean by faith on Jesu's breast,  
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear,  
For mercy I can freely share.

6. Tho' waves and storms go o'er my  
head,

Tho' strength, and health, and friends  
be gone;

Tho' joys be wither'd all, and dead;  
Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn;

Steadfast on this my soul relies,  
Jesus, thy mercy never dies.

7. Fix'd on this ground may I remain,  
Tho' my heart fail, and flesh decay;

This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
When earth's foundations melt away;

Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,  
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

M.C. 244.\* *Isa. 41:10-14*  
(T. 183.)

1. O Jesus, 'fore whose radiation,  
The seraphim must cover'd stand;

When, in their awful ministration,  
They wait for thy supreme command:

How can the body's eyes, dim-sighted,  
Endure thy glorious light to see,

When by sin's gloomy misery,  
And shadows dull, they are benighted.

2. Yet let by faith my penetration  
Reach ev'n within the sanctuary;

Thy mercy be my consolation,  
May this uphold and strengthen me.

Reach unto me thy scepter gracious,  
Whom low, like Esther, 'fore thee bow,

And fain my thankfulness would  
show,

Say, "I will be to thee propitious."

3. O Jesus, show thy great compassion  
Unto the soul that pants for thee;  
Hear thou my humble supplication,  
My God, be merciful to me:  
I know thou art with pity filled  
To sinners who thy mercy crave,  
Thy blood was shed our souls to save,

Thereby thou hast our pardon sealed.

4. I recommend myself for ever  
To thee, with filial confidence;  
I pray; O Lord, regard in favor  
My tears, and humble penitence;  
I through thy death am justified,  
No condemnation is in me;  
And if I'm reconcil'd to thee,  
I shall remain to thee allied.

5. O let thy Spirit still attend me,  
Nor from my soul withdraw his light,  
Protect, and graciously defend me,  
And order all my steps aright;  
That I may, without variation,  
In true obedience walk thy ways,  
And, while I run this mortal race,  
Suit to thy will my conversation.

6. Give me the armor of the Spirit,  
Support me with thy pow'rful aid,  
Then bold in faith, I need not fear it,  
When hostile pow'rs would me invade.

Thus will thy kingdom, mighty Saviour,  
In which true righteousness is seen,  
And grace and truth forever reign,  
Be further'd by my poor endeavor.

7. O yes, above all else I'll love thee;  
My heart, tho' worthless, bethine own;  
Could infinite compassion move thee  
To leave for me thy heav'nly throne?  
Then let my heart be dedicated  
To thee, and fix thy residence  
Therein, until I'm called hence,  
And to eternal bliss translated.

8. Lord, whilst my faith to thee  
ascendeth,

O may thy grace descend to me;  
Thou art my joy which never endeth,  
I pray replenish me with thee.

I'll fear, respect, and love thee longer  
Than while my heart its pulse repeats,  
For when no more it throbs and beats,  
My love's flame shall break forth still  
stronger.

*J. 245. Bennick*

(T. 14.)

1. HAIL, Alpha and Omega, hail!  
Thou Author of our faith,  
The Finisher of all our hopes,  
The Truth, the Life, the Path.

2. Hail, First and Last, thou great  
I AM!  
In whom we live and move;  
Increase our little spark of faith,  
And fill our hearts with love.

3. O let that faith, which thou hast  
taught,  
Be treasur'd in our breast;  
The evidence of unseen joys,  
The substance of our rest.

4. Then shall we go from strength to  
strength,  
From grace to greater grace;  
From one degree of faith to more,  
Till we behold thy face.

*246\*. Greger*

(T. 37.)

1. Though ev'ry child of God  
Is a new creature,  
Yet do they feel the load  
Of sinful nature;  
Which, if by faith we cleave  
To Christ our Saviour,  
Can, though it cause us grief,  
Condemn us never.

2. He's merciful and kind  
Past all expression,  
If we are but inclin'd  
To make confession  
Of all our sinfulness,  
His great compassion  
Prompts him to grant us peace,  
And consolation.

3. He grants us, for our tears,  
His oil of gladness,  
Delivers, heals and cheers,  
Dispels our sadness.

Nay, though our bodies die,  
His resurrection  
Proves they shall certainly  
Rise to perfection.

4. My portion is the Lord,  
I seek his favor;  
And in his name and word  
Confide for ever.

Nought in the world to me  
Can yield such pleasure,  
As to be found in thee,  
O Christ, my Treasure.

5. Therefore I'll humbly cleave  
To my Creator,  
Who, that my soul might live,  
Assum'd my nature;  
Redeem'd me by his blood,  
And bitter passion;  
Thanks to the Lamb of God  
For my salvation.

*Count 247.\* Linsendorf*  
(T. 583.)

1. O What a depth of love and bound-  
less grace  
The gospel light to sinful men displays,  
When Christ himself to us doth  
manifest,  
And we in him find comfort, peace and  
rest.

2. When in the soul this blessed truth  
resounds,  
That in Christ's suff'rings life and  
grace abounds;  
O, how doth this refresh the fainting  
heart,  
And bid all anxious doubts and fears  
depart.

3. For such poor creatures, who of  
nought can boast,  
Who think they're irrecoverably lost,  
Who groan beneath sin's heavy galling  
load,  
The Lamb of God hath shed his pre-  
cious blood.

4. Virtue goes forth from him, he  
gives us grace  
With confidence his Father to address,

And then we boldly may to all de-  
clare,  
That we, thro' faith in Christ, God's  
children are.

*A. 248.\* Schindler*  
(T. 11.)

1. LAMB of God, who thee receive,  
Who in thy communion live,  
Cry by day and night to thee,  
As thou art, so let us be.

2. Fix, O fix our wav'ring mind,  
To thy cross our spirits bind:  
Gladly now we would be clean;  
Cleanse our hearts from ev'ry sin.

3. Dust and ashes though we be,  
Full of guilt and misery;  
Thine we are, thou Son of God,  
Take the purchase of thy blood.

4. Sinners who in thee believe,  
Everlasting life receive;  
They with joy behold thy face,  
Triumph in thy pard'ning grace.

5. When thy glorious light we see,  
Jesus, we're athirst for thee;  
When thy quick'ning pow'r we prove,  
We're enkindled by thy love.

6. Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,  
Love unspeakable are thine;  
Never-ceasing praise be giv'n  
Unto thee in earth and heav'n.

*J. 249. Gambold Sen.<sup>r</sup>*  
(T. 96.)

1. FROM life and grace, this we are  
bold

Before an erring world t' assert,  
Nothing one moment doth withhold  
A man, but his unwilling heart:  
In our dear Lord there's no delay,  
Fix'd is his will, and plain his way.

2. Should any soul of serious frame,  
That long hath seem'd to seek his face,  
His tedious tasks and trials name,  
Preparatory steps of grace;  
We say, "No, Christ requires them  
not,

"And this fine web a false heart  
wrought."



3. Should any think, he's so hemm'd in  
With sin, as to be past relief,  
Alas! he knows not, that no sin  
Binds down his soul, but unbelief:  
If to the cross we lift our eye,  
Then sin and Satan soon must fly.

4. Ready our Saviour is indeed,  
His glorious work in all to do;  
To ev'ry one it must be said:  
"Thou hadst been happy long ago,  
"Hadst thou in faith cast all thy care  
"On Jesus Christ, who heareth pray'r."

*Ps. 250. \* Major.*  
*Trasl. (T. 184.) J. Dutton*

WHEN rising winds, and rain  
descending,  
A near approaching storm declare,  
With speed their little wings extend-

ing,  
The birds to hollow trees repair;  
Thus I, in faith, with sin oppress'd,  
My refuge take, O Christ, to thee,  
Thy wounds, my hiding-place most  
bless'd,  
From ev'ry evil shelter me.

*J. 251. Newton*  
(T. 22.)

1. BY various maxims, forms and  
rules,  
That pass for wisdom in the schools,

I strove my passion to restrain;  
But all my efforts prov'd in vain.

2. But since my Saviour I have known,  
My rules are all reduc'd to one;  
To keep my Lord, by faith, in view,  
This strength supplies, and motives too.

3. I see him lead a suff'ring life,  
Patient, amidst reproach and strife;  
And from his pattern courage take  
To bear and suffer for his sake.

4. Upon the cross I see him bleed,  
And by the sight from guilt am freed;  
This sight destroys the life of sin,  
And quickens heav'nly life within.

5. To look to Jesus as he rose  
Confirms my faith, disarms my foes;  
Satan I shame and overcome,  
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.

6. Exalted on his glorious throne,  
I see him make my cause his own;  
Then all my anxious cares subside,  
For Jesus lives, and will provide.

7. I see him look with pity down,  
And hold in view the conqueror's crown;  
If press'd with griefs and cares before,  
My soul revives, nor asks for more.

8. By faith I see the hour at hand  
When in his presence I shall stand;  
Then it will be my endless bliss,  
To see him where, and as he is.

## XVI. OF the FORGIVENESS of SINS.

*Ester 252. \* Grünbeck*  
(T. 590.)

1. GRACE! grace! O that's a wel-  
come sound!  
A joyful sound to all,  
Who've clearly seen, and deeply felt  
The misery of the fall:  
Who've rightly known the wretched  
state  
Of sinners void of grace,  
Ere Christ selects them to enjoy  
In heav'nly realms a place.

2. Grace! how exceeding great to those  
Who're weeping in despair;  
Sunk and distress'd, they truly know  
How vile and weak they are!  
Yet grace, free grace, most sweetly  
calls,

"Directly come, who will,  
"Just as you are, for Christ receives  
"Poor helpless sinners still."

3. All we, who now are his, were first  
Deeply convinc'd of sin;  
Each felt the plague of his own heart  
The leprosy within.

Then life and righteousness divine,  
Through faith, to us were giv'n;  
Thus we a happy people are,  
Joint-heirs with Christ of heav'n.

4. Now, dearest Lord, we inly pray,  
That in thy service we  
May active, true and faithful prove,  
Deriving strength from thee:  
O may we still in thee abide;  
For babes we are most weak,  
Poor sinners still, who without thee,  
Can nought think, act, or speak.

5. We thirst, O Lord; give us this day,  
To taste more of this grace,  
More of that stream, which from the  
rock,

Flow'd through the wilderness.  
'Tis grace alone that feeds our souls,  
Grace keeps us inly poor;  
And O! that nothing but thy grace  
May rule us evermore!

*Count 253. \*Linzendorf*  
(r. 58.)

1. THE more forgiveness thou dost  
afford,

The more thou'rt loved, most gra-  
cious Lord:

All of us are sinners, in a large mea-  
sure,

Therefore, O grant us the grace and  
pleasure

To love thee much.

2. How merciful art thou, O God of  
love!

How doth each needy soul thy com-  
forts prove!

Who to thee can render due compensa-  
tion?

In heav'n and earth thy mercy and  
compassion

Unequal'd are.

*B. 254. \*Linzendorf*  
(r. 97.)

1. JESUS, our glorious Head and  
Lord,

In whom we trust with one accord,  
The worth of thy electing grace,  
May we in thy atonement trace;

As our kind Shepherd feed us con-  
stantly,  
And may we as thy sheep be own'd by  
thee.

2. The doctrine of Christ's blood and  
death,

Imparting life to us through faith,  
A myst'ry is, which is reveal'd  
To babes, but from the wise conceal'd;  
And thereby Jesu's flock on earth is  
known;

Of this the ransom'd sing before God's  
throne.

3. While human nature doth exist,  
While Jesus reigns as Lord and Christ,  
So long of the whole gospel this  
From first to last the substance is;

This all who're taught of God can  
testify:

(Tho' some God's pow'r and wisdom  
would deny).

4. Should any from his infancy  
Unblameable and virtuous be,  
And scarcely ever have been try'd  
By any av'rice, lust, or pride,  
And therefore think, "I am a child of  
God,"

He's deaf and blind, and quite mistakes  
the road.

5. All those who thro' a beam of light  
Can see and own they are not right,  
But enter on a legal strife,  
Amend their former course of life,  
And toil and labor hard from day to  
day,

Such also miss to happiness the way.

6. But sinners who, with pungent  
smart,

Bewail the vileness of their heart,  
Mourning, because of unbelief,  
Of sinners deem themselves the chief,  
Despairing of their self-made righ-  
teousness,

They may depend on Jesu's saving  
grace.

7. To them he says, "Arise and live,  
"I freely all thy sins forgive,  
"I have redeem'd thee, thou art mine,  
"Thyself in faith to me resign;

"Obey my voice, and walk in all my ways,

"I'll grant to thee in heav'nly realms a place."

8. His Holy Spirit we receive,  
And on our Saviour's word believe;  
We trust in his atoning death,  
As the foundation of our faith,  
And in his robe of righteousness  
array'd,  
We're midst his chosen richly comforted.

9. The humble sinner's shame we feel,  
And pow'r divine to do God's will,  
These are combin'd in ev'ry heart  
That in Christ's merits hath a part;  
No more, for want of strength, good  
motions die,  
Since Jesus gives us constant victory.

10. We rest in Christ, and yet desire,  
Because his love our hearts doth fire,  
To serve his cause with all our might,  
And deem our Saviour's burthen  
light;

Don't we succeed, we think ourselves  
to blame,

And if we do, we praise his holy name.

11. Should self-complacency take  
place,  
When we review our faithfulness,  
We're soon with inward shame bow'd  
down,

Forget ourselves, and freely own  
That Jesus works in us whate'er is  
good,

And thank him for the pow'r he hath  
bestow'd.

12. Grace is the only wish and pray'r,  
Of all those who God's children are,  
They meditate by night and day,  
How they their tribute just may pay,  
To Jesus, who redeem'd us by his  
death;

And grace unmerited supports their  
faith.

*255.\* Another*  
(T. 234.)

1. BEFORE conversion of the heart,  
Man is a spoil'd and wretched crea-  
ture,

We are corrupt in ev'ry part,  
Children of wrath, and dead by na-  
ture;

But since God sent his only Son,  
That we thro' him might live forever,  
And when our fall we freely own,  
We may find pardon, peace and favor,  
It follows that Christ is  
Our only righteousness;  
We all are under condemnation  
Until we humbly claim  
Forgiveness in his name,  
On him relying for salvation.

2. Th' almighty Word, the Son of God  
Our feeble flesh and blood assumed,  
Bore wrath divine, and felt the rod,  
For sinners to destruction doomed;  
By shedding thus his precious blood,  
He for the sins of all atoned:  
Those who receive him are to God  
Brought nigh, and as his children  
owned.

Since on th' accursed cross  
He bled and dy'd for us;  
Whoever freely makes confession  
Of all his sins and crimes,  
Turning to him betimes,  
Obtains eternal consolation.

3. Thanks be to thee, thou slaughter'd  
Lamb,  
For thy eternal love and favor,  
We, sinful worms, with humble shame  
Acknowledge thee our only Saviour;  
For us thy soul was sore dismay'd,  
For us thy body was tormented,  
For us thou bow'dst thy sacred head  
Thus by thy death death's power  
ended:

Now fix our hearts and eyes  
On this thy sacrifice;  
O, that we may forget it never!  
But be it always clear,  
God did in Christ appear,  
From judgment us to free for ever.

*256.*  
(T. 96.)

1. LORD, might my heart this ven-  
hour  
Be filled with thy grace and love,

Such heav'nly comfort, joy, and pow'r,

I humbly beg this day to prove:

Grant that I ever may remain  
Faithful, till lasting bliss I gain.

2. O thou who pardon canst impart,  
Thy pard'ning grace I wish to feel;  
Give life unto my lifeless heart,  
And my diseases kindly heal:  
Hear, Jesus, hear my feeble moan,  
And me as thine in mercy own.

3. Vain are all other helps beside,  
Such favors only from thee flow;  
Other physicians have I try'd,  
Yet only worse and worse I grow:  
Give me by faith on thee to lean,  
And say unto me, "Be thou clean."

*S. 257. Newton*

(T. 14.)

1. IN evil long I took delight  
Unaw'd by shame or fear,  
Till a new object struck my sight,  
And stopp'd my wild career.

2. I saw One hanging on a tree  
In agonies and blood,  
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,  
As near his cross I stood.

3. Sure, never, till my latest breath,  
Can I forget that look;  
It seem'd to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.

4. My conscience felt, and own'd the  
guilt,  
And plung'd me in despair;  
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
And help'd to nail him there.

5. Alas! I knew not what I did,  
But now my tears are vain;  
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?  
For I the Lord have slain.

6. A second look he gave, which said,  
"I freely all forgive;  
"This blood is for thy ransom paid,  
"I die, that thou may'st live."

7. Thus, while his death my sin displays,  
In all its blackest hue;  
(Such is the mystery of grace)  
It seals my pardon too.

8. With pleasing grief and mournful  
joy,

My spirit now is fill'd,  
That I should such a life destroy,  
Yet live by him I kill'd.

258.

(T. 22.)

1. THE one thing needful, that good  
part,  
Which Mary chose with all her heart,  
I would pursue with heart and mind,  
And seek unweary'd till I find.

2. But O, I'm blind and ignorant,  
The Spirit of the Lord I want,  
To guide me in the narrow road  
That leads to happiness and God.

3. My mind enlighten with thy light,  
That I may understand aright  
The glorious gospel-mystery,  
Which shows the way to heav'n and  
thee,

4. Hidden in Christ the treasure lies,  
That goodly pearl of so great price;  
No other way but Christ there is  
To endless happiness and bliss.

5. O Jesus Christ, my Lord and God,  
Who hast redeem'd me by thy blood;  
By faith unite my heart to thee,  
That we may never parted be.

*S. 259. Wesley*

(T. 96.)

1. O Can it be, that I should gain  
An int'rest in the Saviour's blood?  
Dy'd he for me, who caus'd his pain?  
For me, to make my peace with God?  
Amazing love! how can it be,  
That Jesus deign'd to die for me?

2. 'Tis mystry all; th' Immortal dies!  
Who can explore his vast design?  
In vain the highest seraph tries  
To sound the depths of love divine:  
When this became my only plea  
He freely pardon'd sinful me.



3. He left his Father's throne above,  
(So free, so infinite his grace;)  
Compell'd by everlasting love,  
He bled for Adam's helpless race;  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,  
I know that Jesus saved me.
4. Long my imprison'd spirit lay  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night,  
His eyes diffus'd a quick'ning ray.  
I 'woke, the dungeon flam'd with  
light,  
My chains fell off immediately,  
I rose, went forth, my heart was free.
5. No condemnation now I dread,  
Jesus and all in him is mine:  
Alive in him, my living Head,  
And cloath'd in righteousness divine,  
Now humbly I approach the throne,  
And claim the crown thro' Christ my  
own.

*Count 260\* Linzendorf*

(T. 14.)

1. **WHAT** joy or honor could we  
have,  
We all unclean and base,  
If not the holy Lamb of God  
Our joy and honor was.
2. Of nothing we have ever done,  
To boast can we desire,  
When he to judge us shall appear,  
Whose eyes are flames of fire.
3. None is so holy, pure and just,  
So perfected in love,  
That his best plea, or self-defence,  
Of any weight could prove.
4. Nor is there any other way  
Into the holy place,  
But Christ who took away our sins,  
His blood and righteousness.
5. To him poor sinners may appeal  
With all their misery,  
The angels joy to see them come,  
Christ calleth, "Come to me."
6. Happy the souls who contrite are,  
Them Jesus doth invite,  
And gives to everlasting bliss  
A never failing right.

7. Tho' comforted they still distrust  
Their own untoward heart,  
And wonder that the Lord to them  
Such mercy could impart.
8. To world and sin they bid adieu,  
His pardon daily prove,  
Desiring larger draughts to drink  
Of Jetu's dying love.
9. When thus the blessings of his  
blood  
And merits we enjoy,  
Yea, from the fulness of his grace,  
Take daily fresh supply;
10. Then we with pity look on those  
Who still in darkness are,  
Inviting them to turn to Christ,  
And in his mercy share.
11. For we, thro' grace, are taught to  
think  
Each sinner that we see,  
May pardon, thro' Christ's precious  
blood,  
Obtain, as well as we.
12. For Jesus's pardon, love and grace,  
Produce a humble shame,  
And prompts our hearts with thank-  
fulness,  
His goodness to proclaim.

261\*.

(T. 22.)

1. **THE** Saviour's blood and right-  
eousness,  
My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
Thus well array'd, I need not fear,  
When in his presence I appear.
2. The holy, spotless Lamb of God,  
Who freely gave his life and blood,  
For all my num'rous sins t'atone,  
I for my Lord and Saviour own.
3. In him I trust for evermore,  
He has expung'd the dreadful score  
Of all my guilt: which done away,  
I need not fear the judgment day.
4. Therefore my Saviour's blood and  
death  
Is here the substance of my faith;  
And shall remain, when called hence,  
My only hope and confidence.

5. For should I e'er so faithful prove,  
And serve the Lord with zeal and  
love,

And spend my life for him I serve,  
Nor e'er from his commandments  
swerve;

6. Yet when my Saviour I shall see,  
This, this shall prove my only plea:  
"Accept a sinner, void of good,  
"Whom thou'lt redeem'd by thy  
blood."

7. Thus Abraham was sav'd by  
grace,  
Believing in Christ's righteousness;  
And all the num'rous ransom'd host  
Make Jesu's blood their only boast.

8. They sing: "All glory doth per-  
tain  
"Unto the Lamb, for he was slain;

"And hath redeem'd us by his blood,  
"And made us kings and priests to  
God."

9. Whilst in the body I remain,  
This doctrine only, I'll maintain;  
And both in word and deed proclaim  
The pow'r of Jesu's saving name.

10. I'll praise him to eternity,  
Since he vouchsaf'd a man to be,  
And made himself a sacrifice,  
Paying for all a ransom price.

11. O King of glory, Christ the Lord!  
God's only Son; eternal Word!  
Might all the world thy mercy prove,  
Believe thy pow'r, and taste thy love.

12. Thy incarnation, wounds and  
death,  
My hope remain while here I breathe,  
Till I shall see thee face to face,  
Adorn'd with thy righteousness.

XVII. Of the Surrender of the Heart to Jesus.

262.\* *Gregor*

(r. 376.)

1. "MY son, give me thy heart:"  
thus saith the Lord,

"Give me thy heart, and listen to  
my word,

"Observe my ways,

"Walk in the path of grace,

"In following my direction

"I'll grant thee my protection."

2. 'Tis only this which Christ of us  
desires,

He to promote our welfare this re-  
quires,

How blest are they

Who Jesu's voice obey,

And give their hearts for ever

To him our God and Saviour.

*Esther 263.\* Gainbeck*

(r. 582.)

1. UNTO the Lamb of God,  
Who to retrieve my loss,  
Became a man and dy'd for me,  
Upon th' accursed cross.

Unto the Prince of life,  
Who felt such racking pain,  
While he the vengeance due to me  
Did willingly sustain.

2. To him I wholly give  
Myself this day anew,  
As his reward so dearly gain'd,  
His spoil and purchase due;  
That with me he may do  
What's pleasing in his sight,  
And from me take what'er him  
grieves,  
What'er he thinks not right.

3. How very weak I am,  
My Saviour well can see,  
And how exceeding short I fall,  
Of what I ought to be:  
Compassionate High-priest,  
To thee I must appeal;  
My numberless infirmities  
O kindly haste to heal!

4. In thy most precious blood,  
Which from thy open'd veins,  
To heal my soul in plenty flow'd,  
Thou walkest out my stains.

It is thy daily care,  
Thy helpless sheep to feed;  
To purify their spotted souls,  
And gently them to lead.

5. Redeemer of my soul!  
Whene'er thereon I think,  
How thy compassion, love and grace,  
From sin and hell's dark brink  
Have sav'd and rescu'd me,  
And how thy cleansing blood,  
Apply'd unto my heart by faith,  
Hath brought me nigh to God.

6. I in the dust adore,  
Amaz'd at grace so free,  
Bestow'd on such a wretched worm,  
And ask, "How can it be,  
"That finners base and vile  
"Should be so greatly lov'd,  
"Who cost thee so much pain and  
"grief,  
"And so ungrateful prov'd?"

7. Me thy all-seeing eye  
Hath kept with watchful care,  
Thy great compassion never fail'd,  
Thou heardst my needy pray'r,  
This makes me firmly truit  
Thou'lt lead me further still;  
And guard me safe throughout the way  
That leads to Sion's Hill.

8. Dear Saviour I resign  
My worthless heart to thee,  
Whether I'm cheerful, or distress'd,  
I only thine will be:  
My only aim is this  
(O may I it fulfil!)  
Thee to exalt with all my strength,  
To view thee only still.

*Anna 264. Blagget*  
(T. 582.)

1. MY Jesus, thou didst shed  
Thy precious blood for me;  
O dwell within my worthless heart,  
And let me live to thee.  
Thou callest all, O Lord,  
To come to thee, and live;  
I therefore come with all my sins,  
I know thou canst forgive.

2. My Saviour, Lord and God!  
I long to see thy face,  
To know thee more and more by faith,  
I pray thee, give me grace:  
And when this life shall cease,  
O may I evermore,  
With all the ransom'd saints in heav'n,  
Thee thankfully adore.

265.

(T. 590.)

Present your bodies to the Lord,  
A living sacrifice,  
A holy off'ring unto him,  
And pleasing in his eyes.  
This is a service which ye owe,  
And reasonably due:  
For ye are not your own, ye know,  
But Christ hath purchas'd you.

266.\*

(T. 22.)

1. O God of mercy, grace and love,  
Thy yearning bowels did thee move  
To call me from death's gloomy night  
Into thy own amazing light.

2. Yes, I was wholly dead in sin,  
Wholly corrupt and spoil'd within,  
The carnal mind still bore the sway,  
And hurried me a slave away.

3. It caus'd thee pain, O Son of God,  
To see the purchase of thy blood,  
So deeply sunk in misery,  
And 'twas thy aim to set me free.

4. Thou hast me drawn with cords  
of love,  
Till thou at last didst conqu'ror prove,  
Till sin's strong pow'r thou hadst  
supprest,  
And till my weary soul had rest.

5. Now thro' thy wounds my soul hath  
found  
Peace, righteousness and solid ground,  
I've now obtained, thro' thy grace,  
Amongst thy ransom'd flock a place.

6. I thee adore, my gracious King,  
And joyful hallelujahs sing,

My eyes with grateful tears o'erflow,  
For all the mercies thou dost show.

7. Guide me throughout my future  
race,

And let me live unto thy praise,  
In life and death, O may I be  
Devoted wholly unto thee.

*S. 267.\* Angelus*

(T. 376.)

1. O Take my heart, and whatsoe'er  
is mine,

Beloved Jesus, I'll be only thine,  
To thee I'll live,  
And soul and body give,  
My words and whole behavior  
Be rul'd by thee for ever.

2. But, O my Jesus, give thyself to me,  
And dwell within my heart conti-  
nually:

O Lord remain  
My joy 'midst grief and pain:  
From thee my soul's beloved  
May I ne'er be removed.

*P.H. 268.\* Mother*

(T. 168.)

1. O! at last I've found my Saviour  
Who laid down his life for me:

He (O undeserved favor)  
Own'd me as his property:  
Conscious of my imperfection,  
I'll rely on his direction:  
I will nothing know beside  
Jesus and him crucify'd.

2. Others may seek satisfaction  
In this poor world's vanity;  
Mean while shall my heart's affection  
On my Saviour fixed be,  
On his meritorious suff'ring  
And sin-expiating off'ring:  
To the world I bid adieu,  
Christ alone I have in view.

3. Jesus cur'd my soul's infection  
By his suff'ring, stripes and wounds:  
O most powerful reflection!  
Hence my ev'ry good redounds;  
Thro' his death and holy merit  
I shall heav'nly joys inherit.

G

I believe this heartily:  
He saves freely thee and me.

4. Jesus yields me delectation,  
When I'm weak he strengthens me,  
Sweetens all my tribulation,  
And supports me constantly:  
His atoning death and passion  
Are the cause of my salvation,  
Therefore Christ shall ne'er depart  
From my sight and from my heart.

5 O! I'm lost in deepest wonder,  
To think, he shall soon appear  
To receive me gladly yonder,  
And wipe off my ev'ry tear:  
Then my grateful songs and praises  
Will resound in heav'nly places,  
Here by faith to him I'll cleave;  
Jesus will I never leave.

*S. 269.\* Wesley*

(T. 96.)

1. O God! whose love (immense in  
height;  
In depth unfathom'd) no man  
knows;

Grant unto me thy saving light,  
Inly I sigh for thy repose:  
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be  
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

2. Is there a thing beneath the sun,  
That strives with thee my heart to  
share?

Ah! tear it thence, and be alone,  
The spring of ev'ry motion there:  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it hath found repose in thee.

3. O take all self from me, that I  
No more, but CHRIST in me may  
live!

My vile affections crucify,  
Let not one darling lust survive:  
O may my heart to thee aspire,  
And nought on earth but thee desire.

4. Each moment draw from earth away  
My heart that humbly waits thy call;  
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
"I am thy life, thy God, thy all!"  
To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,  
To taste thy love, be all my choice.



*S. 270.\* Wesley*

(T. 96.)

1. JESUS, thy light again I view,  
Again thy loving kindness prove,  
And all within me pants, and  
T' enjoy thy all reviving love :  
Again my thoughts to thee aspire  
In fervent flames of strong desire.
2. But O! what off'ring shall I give  
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?  
My soul and body now receive  
A holy, living, sacrifice.  
'Tis all I have to offer thee,  
O take me as thy property.
3. O may I never from thee stray,  
Or be again subdu'd by sin,  
Guide me, my life, my truth, my way,  
Thy blood preserve my garment clean,  
O let thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty be and glorious dress.
4. Send down thy likeness from above,  
Thine image, Lord, on me impress:  
Fill me with wisdom, patience, love,  
With purity and lowliness.  
These precious gifts on me bestow,  
That I may in thy knowledge grow.
5. O Lord, be thou my shield and  
light,  
Since I am call'd by thy great name:  
In thee my wand'ring thoughts unite,  
Of all my works be thou the aim.  
Thy grace attend me all my days,  
And my sole business be thy praise.

*Anna 271. Elagget*

(T. 22.)

1. WE pray thee, wounded Lamb of  
God!  
Cleanse us in thy atoning blood;  
Give us to know thy love, then pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.  
2. Take our poor hearts, and let them be  
For ever clos'd to all but thee;  
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear  
That pledge of love for ever there.

3. How can it be, thou heav'nly King,  
That thou should'st man to glory bring!  
Make slaves the part'ners of thy throne,  
And give them an immortal crown!
4. Ah, LORD! enlarge our scanty  
thought,  
To know the wonders thou hast  
wrought;  
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell  
Thy love immense, unsearchable.
5. First-born of many brethren, thou;  
To thee both earth and heav'n must  
bow;  
Help us to thee our all to give,  
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

*Sus. 272. Elagget*

(T. 74.)

1. O Lord in me fulfil  
Whatever is thy will,  
To thee I now resign  
Myself, and all that's mine,  
Since I rely in faith  
On thy atoning death.
2. Each day unto my heart  
New life and grace impart,  
For without fresh supply  
I languish, droop, and die;  
Continually I've need  
By faith on thee to feed.

*S. 273\*. Angelus*

(T. 11.)

1. GRANT, most gracious Lamb of  
God,  
Who hast bought me with thy blood,  
That my soul and body be  
Quite devoted unto thee.
2. Jesus hear my fervent cry!  
My whole nature sanctify;  
Root out all that is unclean,  
Tho' it cause me pungent pain.
3. Gracious Lord! I wish alone  
Thine to be, yea, quite thine own,  
And to all eternity,  
To remain thy property.

## XVIII. OF COMMUNION with CHRIST.

*D. J. 274. \*Chr Lange*  
(r. 132.)

1. JEsus thou art my heart's delight,  
My joy and my salvation,  
Thy presence yields me day and night  
Abundant consolation;  
Thee I desire to love and praise,  
Since thy great love, and boundless  
grace  
Are ev'ry thing unto me.
2. Thou art the truth, in thee I've  
found  
All that which is essential,  
Without thee, all is empty found,  
In thee is strength substantial:  
O truth, set me at liberty,\*  
That I depend on none but thee,  
By whom I can be healed.
3. Thou art my life, thy pow'r divine  
Shall influence ev'ry motion,  
O may thy Spirit me incline  
To true, unfeign'd devotion:  
Thus I eternal life shall gain,  
And, till my latest breath remain  
A member of thy body.
4. Lord Jesus, thou my Shepherd art,  
Who dy'dst for my transgression;  
When lost, I caus'd thee grief and  
smart,  
When found, joy past expression:  
Ah! best of Shepherds, ever keep  
Thy poor, thy little helpless sheep,  
Protect it from all danger.
5. Thou art my faithful Friend in  
need,  
And callest me thy brother,  
Thy faithfulness and love exceed  
That of the fondest mother:  
Thou'rt my Physician when I'm sick,  
My strength'ning Cordial when I'm  
weak,  
My Refuge in all trouble.
6. O Lord, how very short I fall,  
When on thy praise I enter,

\* John viii. 32.

G 2

Thou art, indeed, my All in All,  
In thee my wishes centre:  
What'er I want, thou art to me,  
O let my heart incessantly  
Be by thy love inspired.

*Chr Ren 275. \*Lingendorf*  
(r. 159.)

1. 'TIS the most blest and needful  
part  
To have in Christ a share,  
And to commit our way and heart  
Unto his faithful care;  
This done, our steps are safe and sure,  
Our hearts desires are render'd pure,  
And nought can pluck us from his  
hand,  
Which leads us to the end.
2. Nought in this world affords true  
rest,  
But Christ's atoning blood,  
That purges sin and guilt away,  
And reconciles to God:  
Hence flows that tender love to him  
Who came lost sinners to redeem,  
And Christ our Saviour doth appear  
Daily to us more dear.

*Chr. 276. \*Gregor*  
(r. 230.)

BE our comfort which ne'er faileth,  
When any trial us assaileth,  
Or when we're needlessly distress'd.  
Jesus show on each occasion  
That thou'rt our strength and our  
salvation,  
Our shield, our hiding-place and  
rest.  
O may we constantly  
Look up by faith to thee,  
Who redeem'd us,  
And daily prove  
That thou art love,  
Till we shall be with thee above.

277.

(T. 14.)

1. Jesus, my Saviour, full of grace,  
Be thou my heart's delight,  
Remain my fav'rite theme always,  
My joy by day and night.

2. Hungry and thirsty after thee,  
May I be found each hour.  
Humble in heart, and constantly  
Supported by thy pow'r.

3. May thy blest Spirit to my heart,  
Throughout my future race,  
True faith and constancy impart  
To live unto thy praise.

4. The myst'ry of redeeming love  
Be ever dear to me :  
Till I shall once in heav'n above,  
For ever dwell with thee.

278.\* *Gregor*

(T. 58.)

1. WHAT peace divine, what perfect happiness  
Our Saviour's presence to our hearts  
conveys ;

Unto us poor sinners, thereby is given  
A blessed antepast of bliss in heaven,  
And lasting joy.

2. Altho', dear Jesus, we can't see  
thy face,  
We richly may enjoy thy love and  
grace,

Since thou hast pronounced those  
souls thrice blessed,

Who, tho' they do not see thee, are  
possessed

Of faith in thee.

3. Were we but all desirous day and  
night,

Thee to enjoy, O what supreme de-  
light

Would both soul and body taste in  
thy favor,

We then with all our heart could say,  
dear Saviour,

Who is like thee ?

4. Long suff'ring, merciful, and kind  
to be,

Forgiving daily and abundantly,  
To heal, cheer, and comfort, and  
show'r thy blessing

On us with looks thy tender love ex-  
pressing

Is thy delight.

5. Gracious Redeemer, grant to us  
whilst here,

Of thy salvation constantly to share,  
May our souls and senses, without  
cessation,

Prompted by love and need, for con-  
solation

Unto thee look.

6. Thus in communion may we live  
with thee,

Happy, like children, till thy face we  
see ;

Though whilst here we tarry, we're  
often grieved,

May we apply to thee and be relieved  
In all distress.

279. *Gambold's Son*

(T. 146.)

O What is Christ to me,  
Who hath for my diseases,  
Found out a remedy,

And every grief appeases ;  
My ever faithful Friend,

My Confident most true,  
On whom I can depend,

In joy and sorrow too.

280.

(T. 580.)

1. O Jesus, everlasting God,  
Who hast for sinners shed thy blood  
Upon mount Calvary ;

There finish'd was redemption's toil,  
Mankind became thy happy spoil :  
All pow'r and glory be to thee.

2. Fain would I think upon thy pain,  
Would find therein my life and gain,  
And firmly fix my heart,

Upon thy wounds and dying love ;  
Nor evermore from thee remove,  
Till from this world I shall depart.

3. The more through grace myself I  
know,  
The more inclin'd I am to bow,  
In faith beneath thy cross,  
And trust in thy atoning blood,  
Looking to thee for ev'ry good,  
Yea, count all earthly gain but loss.

281.

(T. 14.)

1. 'TIS heav'n itself on earth to see  
Thy face, my gracious Lord ;  
The noblest, most substantial joys  
Thy cheering smiles afford.

2. Thou say'st, dear Jesus, all thy  
saints,  
Who love thy face to see,  
Shall have, whilst in this vale of tears,  
Kind visits oft from thee.

3. O let my soul with thee converse,  
Who art my chief delight ;  
For the whole world can't ease my  
heart,  
If banish'd from thy sight.

*D. Phil. 282\*. Nicholas*

(T. 228.)

1. HOW bright appears the morn-  
ing Star,  
With grace and truth beyond compare,  
The royal root of Jesse ;  
O David's Son, of Jacob's line !  
My soul's belov'd, and King benign,  
Thou'rt come from heav'n to bless me.  
Precious, gracious,  
Fair and glorious, e'er victorious,  
Is my Saviour,  
Nought but he can please me ever.

2. From God descends a beam of joy  
When thou, with thy most friendly  
eye,  
Behold'st thy needy creature :  
Immanuel! my sov'reign good,  
Thy word, thy Spirit, flesh and blood  
Renew my very nature.

G 3

Grant me, richly,  
Through thy merit to inherit  
Thy salvation;  
Jesus hear my supplication.

3. Thou, Father, from eternity  
In mercy wast inclin'd to me,  
Through Christ thy well-beloved :  
I as a member of his bride,  
In him, my Jesus, can confide,  
Whose love remains unmoved.  
O I have joy,  
That in heaven, with thanksgiving,  
I my Saviour  
Shall adore and praise for ever.

4. How doth my needy soul rejoice,  
That Christ whom I so highly prize,  
Is Lord of light and glory.  
At last he'll bring me to that place,  
Where all the wonders of his grace  
Shall lie disclos'd before me,  
Amen! Amen!  
Come, Lord Jesus, come release us,  
O come speedy,  
Lord, to meet thee, make us ready.

*G. 283\*. Arnold*

(T. 68.)

1. BLISS beyond compare,  
Which in Christ I share,  
He's my only joy and treasure,  
Tasteless is all worldly pleasure,  
When in Christ I share  
Bliss beyond compare.

2. Jesus, thou'rt my joy,  
Therefore blest am I :  
O thy mercy is unbounded,  
All my hope on thee is grounded;  
Jesus, thou'rt my joy,  
Therefore blest am I.

3. When the Lord appears,  
This my spirit cheers:  
When his love to me revealing,  
He, the Sun of grace, with healing  
In his beams appears,  
This my spirit cheers.

4. Then all grief is drown'd,  
Pure delight is found,



Joy divine which never fadeth,  
Which no sorrow e'er invadeth,  
Ev'ry grief is drown'd  
Where such bliss is found.

*Chr.* 284.\* *Gregor*  
(T. 4.)

1. LORD Jesus, my pray'r  
Is whilst I am here,  
In union to be  
With thee and thy people, insepa-  
rably. *Cammerhof*

2. Concern'd for more grace,  
And true happiness,  
Intent evermore,  
'Fore thee to be contrite, and lowly,  
and poor. *Gregor*

3. O were my whole mind  
And spirit inclin'd  
To show forth thy praise,  
To serve thee with gladness and  
walk in thy ways. *Cammerhof*

4. 'Tis true that I love,  
But yet not enough,  
I'm not so on fire  
As t' yield satisfaction to my just  
desire.

5. John's portion so blest  
To lean on thy breast,  
Be mine, till with thee,  
Whentime is no more I forever shall be.

285.

(T. 96.)

1. THOU hidden source of calm  
repose!

Thou all-sufficient love divine!  
My help and refuge from my foes,  
Secure I am, for thou art mine:  
Thou art my fortress, strength, and  
tow'r,

My trust and portion evermore.

2. Jesus, my all in all thou art,  
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,  
The balm to heal my broken heart,  
In storms my peace, in loss my gain;  
My joy beneath the tyrant's frown,  
In shame my glory, and my crown.

3. In want, my plentiful supply,  
In weakness, my almighty pow'r:  
In bonds, my perfect liberty,  
My refuge in temptation's hour;  
My comfort 'midst all grief and thrall,  
My Life in death, my All in All.

286.

(T. 580.)

1. O That we could for ever sit  
With Mary, at our Saviour's feet,  
Be this our happy choice!  
Our only care, delight, and bliss,  
Our joy, our heav'n on earth be this,  
To hear the Bridegroom's cheering  
voice.

2. His love alone may we require,  
Nought else on earth beneath desire,  
Nought else in heav'n above:  
Let earth and all its trifles go,  
Give us, O LORD! thy grace to know,  
Give us to feel thy precious love.

*Count* 287.\* *Sinzendorf*  
(T. 244.)

THOUGH we can't see our Saviour  
With these our mortal eyes,  
Our faith, which tastes his favor,  
The want of sight supplies:  
Our hearts can feel him near,  
So that we're very clear  
His presence is as certain  
As if we saw him here,

288. *Nirchin*

(T. 22.)

1. 'TIS through the grace thou dost  
bestow,

O Lord, that I thy goodness know;  
Grant that I in humility  
For evermore may cleave to thee.

2. The privilege to be with Christ  
In union, can't enough be priz'd;  
Since I'm the purchase of his blood,  
Grant me this privilege, O God!

289.\* *Geyer*

(T. 36.)

1. O Let thy countenance, most loving Saviour,  
Shine on me day and night, and let me ever  
Have of thy presence, and thy gracious dealing

A tender feeling.

2. That soul and body on thy merit feeding  
May daily be from grace to grace proceeding,  
With thee at peace, in tend'rest love's communion,

And perfect union.

290.\* *Linzendorf*

(T. 79.)

CAN any contemplation  
E'er vie with that sensation,  
O Christ, that we're thine own?

That our names on the pages  
Are written, where the wages  
For thy soul's travail are put down?

*Countess* 291.\* *Linzendorf*  
(T. 206.)

MY King benign!  
I'd fain be thine;  
Not any thing,  
No smallest hankering,  
Cause me, whilst here I stay,  
My dearest Lord, from thee  
To stray;  
No, may each breath  
Exalt thy death,  
And sing thy praise  
For thy unbounded grace.

## XIX. Of the Happiness of Children of God.

*D. S. B.* 292.\* *Richter*  
(T. 114.)

1. JESUS, my King, thy kind and gracious sceptre  
Assuageth all the grief that burdens me,  
When I, with all my heart, apply to thee,  
Then is thy peaceful Spirit my preceptor;  
Thy gracious look so warms and melts my heart,  
That fear and restlessness must soon depart.
2. The gifts of Christ are so inestimable  
That all the world their equal can't afford;  
What are the treasures which the worldlings hoard?  
To comfort weary souls they are not able:  
But Jesus can, and doth abundantly;  
All earthly joys will fail, but never ho-

3. How highly blest, how happy is the spirit  
Which, weary of self-working, inly mourns,  
And unto him for aid and succour turns;  
The humble ev'ry good from him inherit,  
Unto the troubled soul he giveth ease,  
Restoring to the wounded conscience peace.
4. That which the law could have imparted never  
Is then produc'd alone by Jesu's grace,  
This is the source of genuine holiness,  
This changeth and reforms our whole behavior;  
From strength to strength, from grace to grace led on,  
We safe proceed until our race is run.

5. O may I look to Christ without  
cessation,  
Come visit me, thou Day-spring from  
on high,  
That in thy light, the light I may espy,  
On grace depending as my sole founda-  
tion;  
O may no fault be e'er so great in me,  
As to obstruct the love that beams from  
thee.

6. Lord Jesus, thou art my soul's Con-  
solation,  
My Life, my Joy, my everlasting  
Peace,  
My heav'nly Food, my perfect Righ-  
teousness,  
My Rock, my Fortress, Refuge and  
Salvation,  
And since in thee all happiness I find,  
There's nothing else that satisfies my  
mind.

*D. J. Jac.* 293 \**Rumbach*  
(T. 115.)

1. **HOW** great the bliss to be a sheep  
of Jesus,  
And to be guided by his shepherd's  
staff;  
Earth's greatest honors are, howe'er  
they please us,  
To this compar'd, but vain and empty  
chaff:  
Yea, what this world can never give,  
May, thro' the Shepherd's grace, each  
needy sheep receive.

2. Here is a pasture rich and never  
failing,  
Here living waters in abundance flow,  
None can conceive the grace 'mongst  
these prevailing,  
Who Jesus's shepherd's voice obey and  
know;  
He banisheth all fear and strife,  
And leads them gently on to everlast-  
ing life.

3. Whoe'er would spend his days in  
lasting pleasure,  
Must come to Christ, and join his flock  
with speed;

Here is a feast prepar'd, rich beyond  
measure,  
The world meanwhile on empty husks  
must feed:  
Those sheep may share in ev'ry good,  
Whose Shepherd doth possess the trea-  
suries of God.

*Dohr* 294 \**Lab Wolf*  
(T. 11.)

1. O Those souls are highly blest,  
Who of Jesu's grace possess'd,  
Cleave to him by living faith,  
Till they shall resign their breath.  
2. Such with him in union share  
Happiness beyond compare,  
Since on him their hopes they build,  
He is their Reward and Shield.  
3. If in him they trust indeed,  
Though all earthly joys be fled,  
He'll abide their constant Friend,  
And protect them to the end.  
4. Should their faith and courage fail;  
If to Jesus they appeal,  
He assures them of his love,  
Will their Strength in weakness prove.  
5. They who simply to him cleave,  
From his fulness grace receive;  
And throughout their mortal days,  
Their sole bus'ness is his praise.  
6. Jesus wipes away their tears,  
And alleviates all their cares;  
They in truth, with heart and voice,  
Can for evermore rejoice.

*M. B.* 295 \**Depler*  
(T. 218.)

1. **HOW** blest am I, most gracious  
Saviour,  
When filled with thy sacred love!  
With grief oppress'd, I seek thy favor,  
And thy reviving bounty prove;  
The dismal clouds of night must vanish,  
When joys divine my heart replenish,  
When I recline upon thy breast,  
Ah, then I find on earth my heaven;  
Such comforts to all those are given,  
That seek in thee their peace and rest.

2. If my sin's burden would oppress me,  
Or legal thunders me affright,  
Or fear of death and hell distress me,  
By faith, to thee I take my flight;  
In thee I always find protection  
'Gainst Satan's darts and sin's infection,  
Thou art my Shield and Hiding-  
place;

Tho' foes should join in combination,  
Who shall condemn? thou'rt my sal-  
vation,  
My confidence is in thy grace.

3. If thou thro' thorny paths wilt lead  
me,  
I'll simply trust in thee, O Lord,  
The clouds at thy command must feed  
me,

And rocks must drink to me afford:  
In thy kind leadings acquiescing,  
I'm sure to meet with nought but  
blessing,

If I have thee, it doth suffice;  
I know that souls to bliss created,  
Who shall to glory be translated,  
Must humbled be before they rise.

4. Friend of my soul, O how contented  
Am I, when leaning upon thee,  
By sin I am no more tormented,  
Since thou dost aid and comfort me;  
O may the heart-reviving feeling  
I have of thy most gracious dealing,  
A foretaste yield of joys above;  
I scorn, vain world, thy adulation,  
For Jesus is my delectation,  
And I'm an object of his love.

Count 296. \*Lengendorf

(T. 4.)

1. MY Jesus, I trace  
The offers of grace  
Thou'rt tender'd to me,  
Thy drawing of love from my first  
infancy.

2. I now wish to be  
Devoted to thee,  
Who for me hast dy'd,  
Grant that I may serve thee, and in  
thee abide.

S. 297. \*Newton  
(T. 14.)

1. AMAZING grace! (how sweet the  
sound!)

That sav'd a wretch like me;  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.

2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart  
to fear,  
And grace my fears reliev'd;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believ'd.

3. Through many dangers, toils and  
snares,  
I am already come;  
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

4. The Lord hath promis'd good to me,  
His word my hope secures;  
He will my Shield and Portion be  
As long as life endures.

5. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall  
fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

C. 298. \*Sweetmer  
(T. 68.)

WITH his gentle crook,  
To the clearest brook,  
Jesus me his sheep is leading,  
And to pastures where I'm feeding  
Safe, and without fear,  
Through his Shepherd's care.

Beh. 299. \*B. n.  
(T. 83.)

SING, be glad, ye happy sheep!  
For your Shepherd will for ever  
You his flock in safety keep;  
You're the objects of his favor:  
Only fast unto him cleave,  
You he'll ne'er forsake nor leave.

B. 300. \*Lengendorf  
(T. 185.)

1. THE unbounded love of my  
Creator  
Heart-felt gratitude doth claim;



Why did Christ appear in human nature?

'Twas for me he man became;  
Whilst the whole world's Saviour I  
confess him,  
As my own Redeemer oft I trace him,  
And his merits I apply  
To myself especially.

2. When with him, my Lord, in closest  
union,

I can all besides forget;  
In his fellowship and blest communion,  
I heav'n's bliss anticipate;  
By his presence he dispels all sadness,  
Filling my poor soul with joy and glad-  
ness,

Though I often am to blame,  
Yet his love is still the same.

3. And when I pursue this meditation,  
That the all-creating Word  
Hath, by his humanity and passion,  
To God's image man restor'd;  
I regard my body as Christ's temple,  
'Tis my aim to follow his example,  
And my vessel, through his grace,  
In due honor to possess.

*J* 301. *Cennick*  
(T. 132.)

1. O If the Lamb had not been slain,  
To save us from perdition,  
And everlasting life to gain,  
What had been our condition?  
But since poor sinners favor'd are  
To have a friend so very dear,  
We cannot but be happy.

2. With all our errors and mistakes  
He bears, and loves us dearly;  
A contrite soul he ne'er forsakes,  
That adreth but sincerely.  
When the whole heart to him is giv'n  
We've here an antepast of heav'n,  
In fellowship with Jesus.

3. When we have fail'd, and deeply  
mourn,  
That we've the Spirit grieved,  
And to our Lord for comfort turn,  
We quickly are relieved:

When'er we say, with humble shame,  
"Lord Jesus, I have been to blame,"  
He answers, "Thou'rt forgiven."

4. As pardon'd sinners we rejoice,  
With Jesu's congregation;  
Above all other things we prize  
His bitter death and passion,  
His wounds, his tears, and bloody  
sweat,  
We bear in mind, and can't forget  
His unexampled mercy.

*Schlicht* 302.  
(T. 590.)

1. JESUS, whose hands once pierc'd  
with nails  
Were stretch'd upon the wood,  
Out of whose wounds, in plenteous  
streams,  
Flow'd the atoning blood:  
How safely walks a weary child  
Who hath thee for his guide;  
Let unbelief say what it will,  
This truth can't be deny'd.

2. The more the Lamb of God we view  
The more we walk in light;  
His gracious presence doth dispel  
Sin's dark and dismal night:  
The cheering beams which Christ, the  
Sun  
Of righteousness, displays,  
Enkindle each cold, lifeless heart,  
And love unfeigned raise.

3. Is there a thing that moves and  
breaks  
A heart as hard as stone,  
That warms a heart as cold as ice?  
'Tis Jesu's blood alone:  
This precious balm can truly cheer  
And heal the wounded soul;  
What multitudes of broken hearts!  
This stream of life makes whole!

*And* 303. *Grasman*  
(T. 582.)

1. JESUS, thou hast reveal'd  
Thyself to my poor heart,  
And manifested to my soul  
Thy wounds and bitter smart;

Thy name and cross alone

Can comfort to me yield,  
Since I thereby, as thy reward,  
To God am reconcil'd.

2. My soul, though deeply bow'd,  
Is cheered by thy grace,  
Since I no more need toil and strive  
In search of happiness,  
But am assur'd that thou  
Hast all my sins forgiv'n,  
And by thy painful death for me  
Procured life and heav'n.

3. Thou who didst love me first,  
Teach me to trust in thee  
Unshaken, till I thee above  
Shall praise eternally:  
Ey'n here thou art my song,  
Thy grace doth richly claim  
That thy church-militant on earth  
Give glory to thy name.

4. Unfeigned thanks receive,  
For thy unbounded grace,  
From us, who in thy name believe,  
And wish to walk thy ways,  
And who are bound to thee,  
Because thou us hast gain'd,  
And for us, by thy precious blood,  
Eternal bliss obtain'd.

5. The merits of thy death  
Each day to us apply,  
And grant that to the throne of grace  
We boldly may draw nigh,  
That we may mercy find,  
And help in time of need,  
Thus shall we, by thy Spirit led,  
From grace to grace proceed.

6. Thy cross and saving name  
We freely will confess,  
Thy gospel we will spread on earth,  
And sound thy matchless praise;  
To all mankind point out  
Thee, our incarnate God,  
Who hast redeem'd us from the fall  
By thy atoning blood.

*Count 304. Unjend of*  
(T. 228.)

O How enraptur'd is my heart,  
That in my Jesus I have part,  
He is my only Treasure!

May I for evermore abide  
A member of his chosen bride,  
And live unto his pleasure;  
O I have joy,  
At the favor  
That my Saviour  
Here already  
Join'd me to the church, his body.

305.

(T. 58.)

1. O Lamb of God, who wast for sin-  
ners slain  
That they might pardon, life, and  
bliss obtain,  
Give me a deep feeling of thy sal-  
vation,  
And in my heart O fix thy habitation  
For evermore.

2. Thou know'st my inmost soul, I've  
nought to boast,  
And without thee should be for ever  
lost;  
When I am neglectful thou dost re-  
prove me,  
But I'm well assured that thou dost  
love me,

For thou forgiv'st.

3. How glad am I that thou so gra-  
cious art,  
That thou dost bless my base and  
worthless heart,  
And canst with such patience bear my  
behavior,  
O wast thou not exactly such a Saviour  
What should I do?

306.

*Unjend of*  
(T. 97.)

MY all things more than earth or sky,  
My Friend, on whom I can rely,  
My white and ruddy Bridegroom  
dear,  
My Paschal Lamb from year to year,  
My Love, my Rock, my Polar-star,  
my Guide,  
Thou art my All, and ever shalt  
abide.

## XX. Of the following Jesus, and bearing his Reproach.

*J. Chr.* 307. \* *Lange*  
(T. 16.)

1. **C**Ross, reproach and tribulation,  
Ye to me are welcome guests,  
When I have this consolation,  
That my soul in Jesus rests.
2. The reproach of Christ is glorious,  
Those who here his burden bear  
In the end shall prove victorious,  
And eternal glory share.
3. Christ our ever-blessed Saviour,  
Bore for us reproach and shame,  
Now as conq'rour lives for ever,  
And we conquer in his name.
4. Bear then the reproach of Jesus,  
Ye who live a life of faith ;  
Sing ye joyful songs and praises,  
Ev'n in martyrdom and death.
5. Bonds, and stripes, and tribulation  
Are our honorable crowns ;  
Shame is our glorification,  
And the dungeons are as thrones.

*J.* 308. *Cennick*  
(T. 243.)

1. **A**midst tribulation,  
We'll follow our Saviour,  
Whose name and profession  
We'll honor for ever,  
His shame we'll bear, and gladly share.
2. We in ev'ry nation  
Will boldly confess him,  
Make known his salvation,  
Yea serve him and bless him,  
And him adore, for evermore.
3. Our Lord contradiction  
Of sinners endured,  
Him, midst all affliction,  
We follow, assured,  
That we at last with him shall rest.

*Wm* 309. *Foster*  
(T. 22.)

1. **I**F father, mother, children, wife,  
Houses, or lands, or ought in life,

Delude thy heart, that thou desist  
From faith and love to Jesus Christ;

2. His words with due attention hear;  
"My cross whoever will not bear,  
"And all forsake to follow me,  
"He cannot my disciple be."
3. First let us duly count the cost,  
And then in Jesus place our trust,  
If we on him alone depend,  
He'll midst all trials prove our friend.
4. If once the plough in hand we take,  
Preserve us, Lord, from looking back:  
O let us, through thy aiding grace,  
Pursue our course with steadiness.
5. On those, O Lord, who faithfully  
prove  
To death, and show their faith by love,  
Thou wilt bestow a heav'nly crown,  
And place as thine, around thy throne.

*Ans.* 310. \* *Angelus*  
(T. 90.)

1. " **M**Y yoke," saith Christ, "upon  
you take,  
"Serve me, amidst oppression,  
"The world, and all its joys forsake,  
"And shun no tribulation :  
"Come follow me, and humbly bear  
"My cross, and in my suff'rings share."
2. Then let us follow Christ the Lord,  
Both soul and body off'ring,  
Be cheerfully, with one accord,  
Partakers of his suff'ring ;  
For those who show true faithfulness  
Shall gain a rich reward of grace.

*G. C. H.* 311. \* *Richter*  
(T. 11.)

1. **H**OLY Lamb and Prince of peace,  
Hear my soul implore thy grace,  
Let me, through thy pow'r divine,  
In thy lamb-like meekness shine.
2. Grant that faithfully I may  
As a lamb thy voice obey,

# Of the following Jesus, and bearing his Reproach. 109

Valiant, steadfast, may my love  
In the hardest trials prove.

3. Keep thou me, a feeble child,  
Sober, watchful, undefil'd,  
That where'er thy steps I see  
Simply I may follow thee.
4. Thou the great victorious Lamb,  
Who all hosts of hell o'ercame,  
Grant, that by thy blood I may  
Conq'ror be till thy great day.
5. When thou shalt on Sion stand,  
May I be at thy right hand;  
Clothed in the glorious drefs  
Of thy spotless righteousness.

*M<sup>rs</sup> 312. Taylor*  
(T. 26.)

1. THOU meek and patient Lamb of  
God,  
Who can by faith thy sufferings see,  
And not devote himself to thee,  
His life, and ev'ry drop of blood?
2. Thy dying love doth justly claim  
That I should live unto thy praise,  
Yea, gladly share in thy disgrace,  
And suffer freely for thy name.

*Count 313.\* Kingdome*  
(T. 230.)

1. JESUS, Lordmost great and glorious,  
Reward and Crown of the victorious,  
Restorer of lost paradise:  
'Fore thee, God of our salvation,  
We here appear with supplication,  
And send to thee our fervent cries:  
O Lord, our Righteousness,  
'Tis thy delight to bleis,  
We desire it;  
Come then, for we belong to thee,  
And bleis us inexpressibly.
2. O thou well-spring of salvation!  
We thee intreat to form and fashion  
Us all according to thy mind.  
We, by nature spoil'd and marred,  
Are from that happy life debarred,  
Which in thy fellowship we find:  
By thy almighty pow'r  
Support us evermore,  
'Thou Life's fountain,

Without thy aid we can't proceed,  
Be thou our help in time of need.

3. Blessed are the poor in spirit,  
They shall the realm of heav'n inherit,  
Partaking undeserved blis;  
Whilst all those who place reliance  
On their own works, and bid defiance  
To grace, will of salvation miss.  
O may we all of thee  
Learn true humility,  
Lowly Jesus,  
May we despise all earthly joys  
For thee, the Pearl of greatest Price.
4. They that mourn, blest is their  
station,  
They find abundant consolation,  
Since Jesus first that path did tread;  
He prevailed, while he suffer'd,  
And now to us that cup is offer'd,  
By which himself was perfected.  
We can, in no respect,  
Here constant joy expect,  
Here is weeping;  
At the Lamb's feast is perfect rest,  
Here, is a vale of tears at best.
5. Blessed are the meek in spirit,  
"They shall," saith Christ, "the earth  
inherit;"  
Tho' here their glory don't appear,  
Yet they, by their conversation,  
Afford a striking demonstration,  
That they in Christ true riches share.  
And as the Lamb of God  
The greatest meekness show'd,  
So his members  
His path pursue, and as 'tis due,  
Show in their conduct meekness too.
6. Blessed, who without cessation.  
Hunger and thirst for that salvation,  
Which flows from Christ's pure righ-  
teousness;  
They are fill'd and satisfied,  
With richest dainties they're supplied,  
Who long and pant for saving grace.  
Christ's body and his blood  
Proves their life-giving food,  
Thereby nourish'd,  
From year to year they thrive and  
bear  
Fruits, that to him well-pleasing are.



# 110 Of the following Jesus, and bearing his Reproach.

7. All the merciful are blessed,  
Forthey, when in their turn distressed,  
Shall mercy share most certainly.

\*Water to the poor afforded  
Is as an act of love recorded,  
And is rewarded gen'rously.  
Who to the indigent  
Doth prove beneficent,  
He is blessed,

But wo to them who scorn the fame,  
For God remembers not their name.

8. All the pure in heart are blessed,  
Of joys unspeakable possessed,  
They shall behold their God in peace.

Those who faithful have remained  
To Jesus, and preserv'd unstained  
The garment of his righteousness;  
They once will have the grace,  
To see him face to face:

I intreat thee;  
Impart to me that purity,  
Dear Jesus, which I trace in thee.

9. They're the objects of God's favor  
Who always faithfully endeavor,  
Peace 'mongst their neighbors to  
maintain;

As his children them he owneth,  
He with success their labor crowneth,  
Such souls the choicest blessings gain.

Love is the character  
Of each true follower  
Of our Saviour;

May he thro' grace make us always  
Intent upon promoting peace.

10. Blest are they who suffer gladly  
For doing good, and living godly,  
Who Jesus for their pattern take:

Yea, who bear their crosses with meek-  
ness,  
Suff'ring with patience 'midst all weak-  
ness,

And freely all for him forsake;  
For Jesu's help and love  
Their consolation prove;

Those who freely  
For him will bear reproach, while here,  
At last shall in his glory share.

11. Blest are they who are despised,  
In scornful manner stigmatized,  
And for their Saviour's sake defam'd;

*see* Matt. x. 42.

As the bride deems it an honor  
To take the bridegroom's name upon  
her,

Should we of Jesus be ashamed?  
Far, far be this from us,  
Welcome reproach and cross;  
We are christians,  
Who follow thee, Lord, cheerfully,  
Through honor, and through infamy.

12. Gracious Lord, who by thy passion,  
And bitter death, gain'dst our salvation,  
O may we all thy name confess:

Jesus, may we be united  
To thee, who hast us all invited  
To share eternal happiness.  
Constrain us by thy love,  
In all we do to prove  
Faithful foll'wers,  
Dear Lord, of thee; and grant that we  
May ever love thee ardently.

*Count. 314. \*Linzendorf*  
(T. 83.)

1. JESUS Christ, thou leading Star,  
Thy great name we praise and hallow;  
From believers be it far,  
Any other guide to follow:  
Though we vile and helpless are,  
We're the objects of thy care.

2. Christians are not here below  
To enjoy earth's transient treasure,  
After Christ they're call'd to go,  
His reproach they count a pleasure.  
Under manifold distress,  
Thro' the narrow gate they press.

*C. 315 \*Linzendorf*  
(T. 26.)

1. LORD Jesus, 'tis with us thy aim,  
That soul and body should be thine,  
O take our hearts, and us incline  
To be devoted to thy name.

2. What love can be compar'd with  
thine?

Who hath to us so just a claim  
As thou, who didst our souls redeem,  
And for us leave thy throne divine?

3. Go, all ye wise, without control  
Your empty notions still pursue;  
Christ Jesus only I've in view,  
This pow'rful magnet draws my soul.

4. A subject I of Christ my King,  
And tho' I'm helpless, poor, and mean,  
Yet all around me shall see plain,  
My Saviour is my ev'ry thing.

5. Thee I adore, most gracious Lord,  
Grant that my walk in truth may be  
At all times pleasing unto thee,  
According to thy holy word.

6. My King, thy noble statutes write  
Upon the table of my heart,  
Thy grace and truth to me impart,  
And let thy law be my delight.

316.\* *Gager*  
(T. 54.)

1. THE suff'rings of this life's short  
day  
Can't be compar'd with that display

Of glory, which God's heirs shall  
prove,  
When they who Jesus truly love  
Will shine above:

2. Therefore we'll follow willingly  
Our Saviour in adversity;  
Then, after having suffer'd here,  
We shall in heav'n his glory share,  
Beyond compare.

317.\* *De Bonnin*

(T. 164.)

How great at last my joy will be,  
If I have faithful proved  
To Christ, and 'midst adversity,  
Till my last breath him loved.  
Those who reproach here bear,  
In heav'n a crown shall wear,  
Who follow Christ are truly blest,  
For they with him shall ever rest.

XXI. Of the Love of JESUS,

*Paul* 318.\* *Gerhard*  
(T. 96.)

1. MY Saviour, thou thy love to me  
In want, in pain, in shame, hast show'd;  
For me thou on th' accursed tree  
Hast poured forth thy precious  
blood.

Thy death upon my heart impress,  
That nought may it from thence erase.

2. O that my heart, which open stands,  
May catch each drop, that tort'ring  
pain,

Arm'd by my sins, wrung from thy  
hands,

Thy feet, thy head, thy ev'ry vein.  
That still my breast may heave with  
sighs,

Still tears of love o'erflow mine eyes:

3. O that I, as a little child,  
May follow thee, nor ever rest,  
Till sweetly thou hast pour'd thy mild  
And lowly mind into my breast.

O may I now and ever be  
One spirit, dearest Lord, with thee.

4. What in thy love possess I not?  
My Star by night, my Sun by day;  
My Spring of life, when parch'd with  
drought,

My Wine to cheer, my Bread to stay,  
My Strength, my Shield, my safe  
Abode,

My Robe before the throne of God.

5. From all eternity with love,  
Unchangeably thou hast me view'd;  
Ere knew this beating heart to move,  
Thy tender mercies me pursu'd:  
Ever with me may they abide,  
And close me in on ev'ry side.

6. In suff'ring be thy love my peace,  
In weakness be thy love my pow'r,  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
Jesus, in that important hour,  
In death, as life, be thou my guide,  
And save me, who for me hast dy'd.

*Wolfgang* 319.\* *elloseil*  
(T. 132.)

1. **THE** Lord my Shepherd is and  
Guide,  
Who kindly doth direct me ;  
For all my wants he will provide,  
From dangers he'll protect me.  
He leads me to a pasture-ground,  
Where the refreshing grafs is found,  
The words of his salvation.
2. He leads my soul to living springs,  
Where sweetly I'm refreshed ;  
His Spirit joy and comfort brings  
To me, when I'm abashed ;  
He leads me in that blessed way  
Of his commandments, day by day,  
To his name's praise and glory.
3. A table for me he prepares,  
My soul enjoys his favor ;  
And thus secur'd, no en'my dares  
My God and me to sever :  
His Holy Spirit cheers my heart,  
And changeth ev'ry grief and smart  
To joys unutterable.
4. His goodness and his mercies all  
Will follow me for ever,  
And I'll maintain my proper call,  
To cleave to my dear Saviour  
And to his congregation here,  
And when call'd home, I shall live  
there,  
With Christ, my soul's Redeemer.

*Countess* 320.\* *Linzendorf*  
(T. 97.)

1. **WHOM**, dear Redeemer, dost  
thou love?  
What doth thy highest pleasure  
prove?  
Whom dost thou favor, cheer, and  
bless,  
And call to endless happiness ?  
Thou that art holy, great, unchange-  
able,  
The mighty God, yet our Immanuel ?
2. The answer humble thanks doth  
claim,  
And fills our souls with inward shame:  
" I love thee, sinner, come to me,  
" I will receive thee graciously ;

" Tho' thou be sinful, ready to despair,  
" Thou shalt my pardon, help, and  
glory share."

3. What wonder in the soul takes  
place,  
When we survey thy boundless grace!  
To know our own depraved heart,  
And thy great name, and what thou  
art,  
And yet to find thee still so gracious  
prove ;  
This makes us sink abas'd for shame  
and love.
4. We all know who, and what we are,  
And all with one consent declare,  
That we no good in us could find  
To move thee, Lord, to be so kind:  
Yet many here with inward rapture  
feel  
Thy Spirit's unction, and assuring seal.
5. O ground us deeper still in thee,  
And let us thy true foll'wers be ;  
And when of thee we testify,  
Fill thou our souls with inward joy:  
May thy blest Spirit all our souls inspire,  
And set each cold and lifeless heart on  
fire.
6. Our souls and bodies, Lord, prepare,  
That we rich fruit for thee may bear,  
Grant we may live unto thy praise,  
And serve thy cause with faithfulness,  
Since grace and truth is our heart's  
wish and aim,  
O glory in us thy saving name.

*Countess* 321.\* *Linzendorf*  
(T. 97.)

1. **THOU** God of love, thou sinners'  
Friend,  
Thy mercy who can comprehend ?  
Who ever can presume to say,  
He lov'd, ere thou hadst shown the  
way ?  
Thou, who hast lov'd us from eternity,  
Dost raise within us genuine love to  
thee.
2. Such unexampled, boundless grace,  
Doth fill our hearts with deep amaze,

That God, who earth and heaven  
made,  
Should be in human flesh array'd,  
Thereby to save lost man from death  
and hell  
Who did so basely 'gainst his Lord  
rebel.

3. Thy love, which always is the  
same,  
Can ev'n the coldest hearts inflame,  
Yea, they must feel a kindling ray,  
Dissolve in tears and melt away ;  
Thy bounty, Lord, is such an endless  
store,

Man's reason here must silently adore.

4. However weak and helpless we,  
However pow'rful sin may be,  
Thou art our strength in ev'ry case ;  
Thro' thy support and aiding grace  
We firmly trust that we shall con-  
qu'rors prove,

Since thou dost give us vict'ry from  
above.

5. Lo, we fall down, with filial fear,  
Conscious that thou art present here,  
We humbly laud thy saving name,  
We sink, abas'd with humble shame,  
Almighty God, before thy glorious  
throne ;

And thee our only Lord and Saviour  
own.

6. Reach out thy sceptre, King of  
love,

Let us thy royal favor prove,  
Who, conscious of our indigence,  
Approach thy throne with confi-  
dence,

O teach our lips to praise, our hearts  
to glow,

Our eyes with grateful tears to over-  
flow.

*J. 322. Watts*

(T. 14.)

1. BEhold the love which God be-  
stow'd,  
For tho' our Saviour knew  
That our release would cost his blood,  
His help he not withdrew.

H

2. He sunk beneath our heavy woes,  
To raise us to his throne :

The gifts his gracious hand bestows,  
Have cost him many a groan.

3. Now tho' he reigns exalted high,  
His love is still as great :

Well he remembers CALVARY,  
Nor doth his death forget.

4. Here we receive repeated seals  
Of Jesu's dying love :

Hard is the wretch that never feels  
One soft affection move.

5. Here let our hearts begin to melt,  
While we his death record,

And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,  
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

323.

(T. 96.)

1. JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,  
Sov'reign Creator, Lord of all,  
Since I in thee salvation find,

Before thy cross I humbly fall :  
My Lord, my God, my soul's desire,  
With sacred flames my heart inspire.

2. How could'st thou love such worms  
as we ?

Why didst thou look upon our race ?  
Why didst thou die upon the tree ?

What caus'd all this but boundless  
grace ?

'Twas, gracious Lord, thy matchless  
love

Which thee to save our souls did  
move.

3. O let thy pity thee constrain,  
Freely to pardon all our sin ;

May all of us be born again,  
Thy glorious image in us shine :

Lift up thy bright and cheering face,  
And let us know thy saving grace.

4. Be thou our strength, be thou our  
song ;

Be our exceeding great reward :  
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue

Rejoice and triumph in the Lord :  
Jesus, our boast shall be of thee,

In time, and in eternity.



324. \*Gregor  
(T. 22.)

1. **W**Hilst here on earth we run our race,  
We Jesu's love and kindness trace;  
Our faults are more than we can tell,  
Yet did his mercy never fail.
2. When we like wand'ring sheep had stray'd,  
His boundless goodness he display'd;  
He fought us, worthless as we are,  
And took us in his tender care.
3. Such is our Saviour's faithfulness,  
That we to thank him ne'er should cease:  
O might it in us all be seen,  
That in his blood we're washed clean.
4. Th' impression of Christ's bitter death,  
Preserves and doth increase our faith:  
O when the slaughter'd Lamb appears,  
We can't withhold our grateful tears.
5. We therefore wish most ardently,  
Lord Jesus to be one with thee,  
Visit us often with thy grace,  
Till we behold thee face to face.

Cm. 325. \*Kitchman  
(T. 580.) Scripta

1. **G**Racious Redeemer, who for us  
Didst die upon th' accursed cross,  
To save our souls from death:  
We humbly at thy feet fall down,  
And thee thy body's Saviour own,  
On whom we firmly trust by faith.
2. Weak, helpless babes, 'tis true we are,  
Poor sinners, but redeem'd and clear.  
The virtue of that blood,  
Which did for all our sins atone,  
We've all experienc'd, and have known  
From thence the quick'ning pow'r of God.
3. Therefore we nothing can reply,  
But humbly at thy feet we lie,  
Astonish'd at such grace,

That vile and wretched as we are,  
Such undeserved love we share;  
To thee is due eternal praise.

4. **W**hen we such boundless love survey,  
Our hearts like wax then melt away,  
Our eyes with tears o'erflow,  
We are determin'd nought beside  
To know, but Jesus crucify'd,  
And him to follow here below.

Chr Ren 326. \*Linzindorf  
(T. 580.)

1. **C**Hrist, my Redeemer, Lord and God,  
How came I, sinner void of good  
To that blest company  
Of ransom'd souls, who are in faith  
United, grounded on thy death,  
Why didst thou fix thy choice on me?
2. When I to thee for succor cry'd,  
Thy bounty all my wants supply'd,  
I brought to thee a heart,  
So cold, that it seem'd scarcely fit  
A spark of love divine t'admit,  
But now 'tis kindled by thy smart.
3. Tho' I to mercy had no right,  
Yet I found favor in thy sight,  
Like Magd'len at thy feet;  
So that I now, supremely blest,  
In thee have found true peace and rest,  
Yea happiness, and joy complete.

Da 327. \*Nekler  
(T. 590.)

**O** Lord accept my worthless heart,  
And keep it ever thine,  
Since thou for me, a sinful worm,  
Hast shed thy blood divine,  
Therewith to save my guilty soul  
From endless pain and woe:  
What dearest friend in all the world  
Could greater kindness show?

328.

(T. 14.)

1. **M**y blessed Saviour, is thy love  
So bounteous, great and free?

Behold I give my sinful heart,  
My life, my all to thee.

2. No man of greater love can boast,  
Than for his friend to die :  
Thou for thy enemies wast slain,  
What love with thine can vie ?

3. Tho in the very form of God,  
With heav'nly glory crown'd,  
Thou would'st partake of human flesh,  
Beset with troubles round.

4. O Lord, I'll treasure in my soul  
The mem'ry of thy love :  
And thy dear name shall fill to me  
A grateful odor prove.

329.

(T. 14.)

1. Come, Holy Ghost, inspire my  
song  
With thy immortal flame ;  
And teach my heart, and teach my  
tongue,  
The Saviour's lovely name.

2. The Saviour ! O what endless  
charms  
Dwell in the blissful sound !  
His influence ev'ry fear disarms,  
And spreads sweet comfort round.

3. Here pardon, life, and joys divine,  
In rich effusion flow,  
For guilty rebels lost in sin,  
And doom'd to endless woe.

4. God's only Son, (stupendous grace!)  
Forsook his throne above ;  
And swift to save our wretched race,  
He flew on wings of love.

5. Th' Almighty former of the skies,  
Stoop'd to our vile abode ;  
While angels view'd with wond'ring  
eyes,  
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

6. O the rich depths of love divine !  
Of bliss a boundless store :  
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,  
I cannot wish for more.

On thee alone my hope relies,  
Beneath thy cross I fall ;

H 2

My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,  
My Saviour, and my all.

330.\*

(T. 36.)

1. THY thoughts of peace o'er me,  
my gracious Saviour,  
Thy mercy, love, and patience, which  
ne'er waver,  
They are my comfort, prompt me to  
prostration,  
And adoration.

2. I am the chief of sinners, yea, the  
poorest  
Of those, whom of thy favor thou  
assurest,  
Thy goodness shown to me can't be  
expressed,

Or duly praised.

3. Hadst thou not sought me first, and  
follow'd ever,  
I had not come to thee nor known  
thy favor.  
When thou hadst found me, then with  
arms of mercy  
Thou didst embrace me.

4. I thank thee with sincerest heart's  
affection,  
That thou, according to thy grace  
election  
Hast brought me to thy blood bought  
congregation,  
Seal'd my salvation.

331.

(T. 382.)

1. JESUS thy love exceeds  
The love of earthly friends ;  
Bestows whate'er the sinner needs,  
Is firm, and never ends.

2. Lord, from thy pierced side,  
A vital stream did flow ;  
By which from sin we're purify'd,  
And sav'd from endless woe.

3. Through faith in thee to God,  
We have a free access,  
Thou hast procur'd us, by thy blood,  
Eternal happiness.

*A.* 332.\* *Schindler*  
(T. 37.)

**LORD**, had I of thy love  
Such a fruition,  
As to forget all else  
In that condition,  
Still would my love fall short  
Of thy great mercies,  
Nor can eternity  
Sing all thy praises.

*Count.* 333.\* *Sinzendorf*  
(T. 56.)

**Thou**, O Jesus, :||: art a gracious  
Lord,  
Ever faithful, :||: keeping to thy word,

None can be so full of grief,  
But he soon may find relief,  
By the comfort :||: thy kind looks  
afford.

334.\* *Gregor*  
(T. 14.)

1. **THY** mercies and thy faithful-  
ness,  
Dear Lord, are daily new,  
But who can tell them to thy praise,  
Upon a close review?  
2. Could I exalt thee worthily,  
For thy unbounded grace,  
Display'd in various ways to me,  
My lauds would never cease.

## XXII. Of Thankfulness for the Incarnation and Death of JESUS.

*Louisa* 335.\* *De Hegen*  
(T. 119.)

1. **THANKS** and praise :||:  
Jesus, unto thee are due,  
O accept our adoration  
For the blessings which accrue  
From thy human life and passion,  
May our hearts and lips with one  
accord

Praise thee Lord. :||:

2. For thy death :||:  
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God,  
That our lives and whole demeanor  
Praise thee, yea each drop of blood  
Be devoted to thy honor,  
And our souls uninterruptedly  
Cleave to thee. :||:

3. Ah, remain, :||:  
Ah, remain our all in one,  
Take us under thy protection,  
May we all abide thine own,  
Following always thy direction,  
In our hearts O shed thy love abroad,  
Lamb of God. :||:

336.\*  
(T. 228.)

**SING** Hallelujah, honor, praise,  
Your grateful lauds to Jesus raise  
O favor'd congregation!  
For he became a sacrifice,  
And paid in blood our ransom price,  
Procuring our salvation.  
Holy, happy  
Is our union and communion  
With our Saviour,  
Blessed be his name for ever.

*Johannes de* 337.\* *Wallerille*  
(T. 97.)

1. **T**Hanks to the Man of Sorrows be,  
To Jesus Christ who set us free  
From sin and death, when on the  
cross  
He suffer'd to retrieve our loss,  
Had he not shed his blood our debt  
to pay,  
We still had been the devil's wretched  
prey.

1. O had not Jesu's blood been shed,  
Life would a burden be indeed,  
The earth too narrow we should find,  
No ray of hope could cheer our mind;  
But now on earth we may enjoy his  
grace,  
And humbly hope in heav'n to see  
his face.

2. Up, brethren, we to all the earth  
Our Lord's atonement will set forth,  
We'll love our Master unto death,  
And humbly cleave to him by faith.  
Lord Jesus be thou prais'd eternally,  
If there no Jesus were, what should  
we be?

338 *Spangenberg*  
(T. 205.)

1. WE adore—thee evermore,  
Jesus, for thy boundless grace,  
For thy cross—whereby for us  
Thou hast gain'd true happiness,  
For thy death which sets us free  
From sin's cruel slavery,  
For thy all-atoning blood,  
Which hath brought us nigh to God.

2. What can we—now give to thee  
For thy unexampled love,  
We're unclean—and full of sin,  
Till thou dost our guilt remove.  
All that's good in us, we own,  
Is not ours, but thine alone.  
Unto us belongeth shame;  
But all glory to thy name.

3. Thro' thy grace,—may we always  
Put our trust in thee by faith,  
And rely—eternally  
On thy meritorious death:  
Fill our hearts with constant peace,  
Till in thee we end our race,  
And shall thee for evermore,  
Midst the ransom'd hosts adore.

*Count* 339 *Linzendorf*  
(T. 14.)

1. O Jesus, for thy matchless love,  
Accept our warmest praise;  
Since thou didst leave thy throne  
above,  
To save a sinful race.

H 3

2. Thanks for thy suff'rings, tears,  
and cries,  
And groans in thy distress;  
The source of never fading joys,  
And endless happiness.

3. Thanks for thy thirst, O Prince of  
peace,  
When hanging on the tree,  
What a divine refreshment this,  
To souls athirst for thee!

4. Thanks for thy last heart-piercing  
cry,  
And meritorious death:  
Grant we may all on thee rely,  
And live a life of faith.

340 *Linzendorf*  
(T. 205.)

Lamb of God,—thy precious blood,  
Healing wounds, and bitter death,  
Be our trust,—our only boast,  
May we look to thee in faith;  
Thy once marred countenance  
Comfort to our hearts dispense,  
By thy anguish, stripes and pain  
May we life and strength obtain.

*b. ell.* 341 *Steele*  
(T. 14.)

1. TO our Redeemer's glorious name  
Awake the sacred song!  
O may his love (immortal flame!)  
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

2. His love, what mortal thought can  
reach?  
What mortal tongue display?  
Imagination's utmost stretch  
In wonder dies away.

3. He left his radiant throne on high,  
Left the bright realms of bliss,  
And came to earth to bleed and die!  
Was ever love like this!

4. Dear Lord, while we adoring pay  
Our humble thanks to thee,  
May ev'ry heart with rapture say,  
The Saviour dy'd for me.

5. O may the sweet the blissful theme  
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue,  
Till strangers love thy charming  
And join the sacred song. [name,



*Chr An Count 342. \*Hinzendorf*

(T. 146.)

**LORD** Jesus, who for me  
Hast endless bliss obtained,  
And as thy property  
My soul by blood regained;  
Accept a weeping eye,  
A warm and grateful heart,  
Though a thank-offering poor,  
Yet take it in good part.

*William 343. De la Motte*  
(T. 166.)

1. **WHAT** praise unto the Lamb is due!

How should our spirits all take fire,  
When we his boundless love review,  
And see him in his blood expire:  
Who can describe how much he lov'd,  
Or paint that strong and fervent zeal,  
With which his tender heart was mov'd,

When he sustain'd the pangs of hell.

2. **None** knows what pain he underwent,

When from the cross he cry'd aloud,  
"Why, why," (His heart with anguish rent)

"Forsak'st thou me, my God, my God?"

Thus did he mournfully complain,  
In that so dark and doleful hour;  
When he was in th' extreme of pain,  
And hell exerted all its pow'r.

3. The burden's great, yet can't he rest,

Till all the curse from man's remov'd,

Though so intolerably press'd,  
Yet to the last he faithful prov'd:

Resolv'd to make lost man his spoil,  
He seems before the foe to yield,  
And suffers all, endures the toil,  
Till by his death he wins the field.

4. While others make the law their aim,

Thence count their gain, thence mourn their loss,

We'll know, and seek no other name,  
Than Jesus bleeding on the cross;  
Jesus, the mourning sinner's feast,  
Jesus the sinner's only good;  
He longs to give, we long to taste,  
Our meat and drink his flesh and blood.

5. Most gracious Lord, thy dying love  
Alone can melt the stubborn heart,  
Alone can unbelief remove,  
And solid happiness impart.  
Thou canst each reas'ning thought

control,  
Pardon each unadvised step,  
Renew and purify the whole,  
And in its proper order keep.

6. In lively colors, Jesus, draw  
Thy bleeding wounds within my breast;

And make thy dying love my law,  
Till sin is wholly dispossest:

By this alone we wish to live,  
Nor from the law seek ease again;

For if thy blood can't vict'ry give,  
Legal attempts will all prove vain.

344.

(T. 16.)

1. **SWEET** the moments, rich in blessing;

Which before the cross I spend,  
Life and health and peace possessing  
From the sinner's dying friend.

2. Here I'll sit for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;  
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3. Truly blessed is this station,  
Low before his cross to lie;  
While I see divine compassion,  
Floating in his languid eye.

4. Here it is I find my heaven,  
While upon the cross I gaze;  
Love I much? I've more forgiven,  
I'm a miracle of grace.

5. Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from his death.

6. May I still enjoy this feeling,  
In all need to Jesus go;  
Prove his wounds each day more  
healing,  
And himself more deeply know.

*A. 345. \*Nichman*  
(T. 590.)

1. WHAT is it, wounded Lamb of God,

That strikes so sensibly?  
'Tis when I view the fervent love,  
That urg'd thee on to die:  
And how from thy most precious  
blood,  
So freely shed for me,  
Flows all my happiness in time,  
And in eternity.

2. This grace, as long as life shall last,  
I humbly will proclaim;

I, who a mean and worthless wretch,  
Who dust and ashes am,  
'Tis deeply rooted in my heart,  
Eras'd it ne'er shall be,  
That by thy meritorious death,  
Thou hast redeemed me.

3. Thy mercy may I ne'er forget,  
While here below I stay:

I'm lost in wonder and amaze,  
When I thy goodness weigh,  
That I, poor sinner, am become  
A child of thine, through grace,  
And being thine, a joyful heir  
Of ceaseless happiness.

4. With contrite tears I thee adore,  
And thank for mercy free,  
I'll in my walk show forth thy praise,  
Ev'n in my small degree:  
If thou support me with thy aid,  
As my most gracious Lord,  
Then the poor service which I yield,  
Will joy to thee afford.

5. If my frail nature chance to slip,  
Beyond the proper bounds,  
Thou know'st, O Lord, what pain it  
gives,

How grievously it wounds;  
With eager haste I therefore fly,  
And safely wish to hide,

H 4

Within thy wounds O God my rock,  
And in those clefts t'abide.

6. O thou, who to redeem my soul,  
Didst on the cross expire,  
Grant I may love thee in return,  
Be this my fix'd desire:  
Henceforth no more to cherish self,  
But to thy praise to live,  
Who lovedst me and out of love,  
Thyself for me didst give.

7. Thy suff'rings then, and bitter  
death,  
My heart shall e'er retain,  
And earnestly I'll shun what gives  
Both thee and me such pain:  
For nothing now which this vain  
world

Can offer or devise,  
Can yield me any further joy,  
Nought but my ransom price.

8. For ever then remain engrav'd,  
Deep in my heart's recess;  
Thee whom we wish to love in  
truth,

O may our mouths confess:  
Grant that each sheep of all thy fold,  
Thy seal impress'd may bear,  
Until thou at the judgment-day,  
In glory shalt appear.

*Abm 346. \*Goudart*  
(T. 15.)

1. Thy blood hath me a sinner bought,  
And won me to thee, Saviour,  
Else had I never on thee thought,  
Nor come to thee for ever.

2. Though I'm a sinful creature still,  
I have a full exemption  
From serving sin, since thou didst quell  
Its pow'r by thy redemption.

3. I feel how much in debt I am,  
This makes me oft ashamed,  
Yet as thy purchase, slaughter'd  
Lamb,

I am, through grace, esteemed.

4. O let me thee behold in faith,  
As thou for me wast wounded,  
And trust in thy atoning death,  
Whereon my bliss is grounded.

5. Thy mercy ne'er from me remove,  
But under thy direction,  
Let me experience while I live  
On earth, thy kind protection.

6. May this each day be my employ,  
The fruits of thy blest passion  
Still more completely to enjoy,  
And taste thy great salvation.

7. Till I shall once behold thy face,  
In endless bliss and glory,  
And for the wonders of thy grace,  
With humble thanks adore thee.

*Lewis* 347. *Mrs. L.*  
(T. 167.)

1. SING with humble hearts your  
praises,

For our Saviour's boundless grace,  
Pay due homage to Christ Jesus,  
Come with thanks before his face:  
Praise him for his death and bleeding,  
All our happiness lies there:

Praise him for his gracious leading,  
For his faithful Shepherd's care.

2. Thou to purchase our salvation  
Didst assume humanity,  
Jesus, for thy bitter passion,  
May we ever thankful be,  
Fill'd with awe and humbly bowing,  
At thy feet we prostrate fall,  
Gratefully this truth avowing,  
That thou art our All in All.

*Johannis* 348. *\* Nattville*  
(T. 580.)

JESUS, thyself to us reveal,  
Grant that we may not only feel  
Some dawns of thy grace,  
But in communion with thee live,  
And daily from thy death derive  
The needful strength to run our race.

*Countess* 349. *\* Lutzendorf*  
(T. 121.)

1. O Lord, thy church which now  
Sits at thy footstool low,  
Adores and praises thee,  
The worth she well doth know,  
Of thy election free,

Placing in thy grace  
All her happiness.

2. We in thy ways proceed,  
Refresh'd and comforted,  
With us in mercy bear,  
And daily forward lead  
Thy flock with tender care,  
Yea, at every step,  
Us preserve and keep.

3. O Lamb, for sinners slain,  
For evermore remain,  
Unto thy followers nigh;  
Let us thy aim attain,  
Daily thy grace enjoy,  
Never from us move,  
Keep us in thy love.

*Abm* 350. *\* Lutzendorf*  
(T. 146.)

1. WE sinners void of good,  
Defil'd by sin and stained,  
Yet bought with Jesu's blood,  
Who our salvation gain'd,  
As helpless, vile and poor,  
Appear before his face,  
And thankfully adore  
Him for our lot of grace.

2. When we thy mercy weigh,  
How nails and scourges tore thee;  
Our debt immense to pay,  
We melt in tears before thee,  
Thy pain, thy stripes and wounds,  
Thy death, thou slaughter'd Lamb,  
Wherein our bliss abounds,  
Our grateful praises claim.

3. Eternal thanks be thine,  
Author of our salvation,  
Thou didst our hearts incline,  
T' accept thy invitation,  
We are thy property,  
O may we thine abide,  
This is our only plea,  
That thou for us hast dy'd.

*Johannis* 351. *\* Nattville*  
(T. 68.)

THY form on the cross,  
Ne'er grow stale to us,

From the blessings thou didst merit,  
Nothing e'er divert our spirit;  
With thy blood bedew  
All we think or do.

\*352.\*

*Gregor*  
(T. 151.)

BEHOLD, my soul, thy Saviour  
Gives up his life and blood,  
Thee to restore to favor,  
And reconcile to God;  
Thy ev'ry pain he eases,  
In him thou find'st relief,  
Rise, then, and sing his praises,  
Who turns to joy thy grief.

*Count*

\*353.\* *Hinzendorf*  
(T. 244.)

REdeemed congregation,  
Extol with one accord  
The God of your salvation,  
Sing praises to the Lord,  
For us he man became,  
And still abides the same,  
To make us all one spirit  
With him, is his blest aim.

*Louisa*

\*354.\* *de Heyn*  
(T. 230.)

LORD, my matchless Friend and  
Brother,  
Thy praises from each day to th' other  
I'll sing whilst I have breath in me,  
God as man to us related,  
That grateful sense thou hast created,  
To praise excites me pow'rfully;  
Rise spirit of gladness rise,  
Exalt his sacrifice.  
Hallelujah,  
In highest strain  
To the Lamb slain,  
Let heav'n and earth reply, Amen.

*Chr Ren*

\*355.\* *Hinzendorf*  
(T. 14.)

TH' impression of what Christ  
my Friend  
Hath done for worthless me,  
When he his life and blood did spend,  
Attend me constantly,

2. O may I humbly onward move,  
While dying here I stay,  
And Jesus, whom my soul doth love,  
Prepare me for his day.

*Chr Ren*

\*356.\* *Hinzendorf*  
(T. 79.)

ETernity's expansions,  
Time's numberless dimensions  
In spirit I have trac'd:  
But nothing hath so struck me,  
As when God's spirit took me  
To GOLGOTHA: O, God be prais'd!

*J.*

\*357.\* *Cennick*  
(T. 14.)

1. HOW can I view the slaughter'd  
Lamb,  
And all his suff'rings trace,  
And not sink down with humble shame,  
And give him thanks and praise.  
2. This, Lord, I do, with many tears,  
And quite astonish'd own,  
Thy stripes, and shame, and griefs,  
and pray'rs,  
Made me thy pardon'd son.  
3. Still be thy wounds to me more  
dear,  
More precious ev'ry day.  
Till I at thy pierc'd feet appear,  
Drest in thy bright array.

*Count* \*358.\* *Hinzendorf*  
(T. 16.)

1. NEedy souls, who fly for healing  
Ev'ry hour to Jesu's wounds,  
And retain a grateful feeling  
Of the grace which there abounds.  
2. Looking daily to our Saviour,  
And embracing him by faith,  
Trusting to his boundless favor,  
And the merits of his death.  
3. They, if ask'd, can make con-  
fession,  
"In myself I'm very poor,  
"But my Saviour's birth and passion  
"Prove to me the richest store."



Charles Wesley

(T. 341.)

1. 'TIS done, my God hath dy'd,  
My love is crucify'd.  
Break, this stony heart of mine,  
Pour my eyes a ceaseless flood,  
Feel, my soul, the pangs divine,  
Catch, my heart, the issuing blood!
2. To love thee is my wish,  
I only live for this:  
With thy love my heart inspire,  
There, by faith, for ever dwell;  
This I always will require,  
Thee, and only thee to feel.
3. Ah! give me this to know,  
With all thy faints below:  
Swells my soul to compass thee,  
Gasps in thee to live and move,  
Fill'd with all the deity.  
All immerst, and lost in love!
4. He bore the curse of all,  
A spotless criminal:  
Burden'd with our crimes and  
guilt,  
Blacken'd with imputed sin,  
Man to save his blood he spilt,  
Dy'd, to make the sinner clean.
5. Join earth and heav'n to bless  
The Lord our righteousness!  
Sinn'd we ALL, and dy'd in One;  
Just in One we ALL are made,  
Christ the law fulfill'd alone,  
Dy'd for all, for all obey'd.
6. In him complete I shine,  
His death, his life is mine:  
Fully am I justify'd,  
Free from sin, and more than  
free;  
Guiltless, since for me he dy'd,  
Righteous, since he liv'd for me!
7. Jesus! to thee I bow,  
Approach thee humbly now.  
O the depths of love divine!  
Who thy wisdom's stores can tell?  
Knowledge infinite is thine,  
All thy ways unfathomable.

Gregor 360.\*

(T. 151.)

1. HOW is my soul delighted,  
Though shame o'er spreads my face,  
When I by faith excited,  
The Lamb of God can trace,  
In all his bitter passion,  
Till dying on the tree,  
To bear my condemnation,  
And life to gain for me.
2. I see him in the garden  
Shed floods of bitter tears,  
Sinking beneath the burden,  
I hear his anxious pray'rs,  
I see him pine and languish,  
As on the ground he lay,  
Till, through his pores in anguish,  
The blood sweat forc'd its way.
3. I fully am assured  
My Saviour loveth me,  
By what he hath endured:  
For, his great agony,  
His back, plough'd o'er with furrows,  
His side, pierc'd with a spear,  
And unexampled sorrows,  
His boundless love declare.
4. My fav'rite theme is Jesus,  
All else I count but loss,  
His love all thought surpasses!  
From Jesus on the cross,  
All hope and consolation,  
I freely can derive;  
Was he not my salvation,  
I could not bear to live.
5. What undeserved favor  
Hath Jesus to me shown!  
Might I recline for ever  
Upon his breast, like John:  
In my forlorn condition,  
Me Jesus did receive,  
He rescu'd from perdition  
My soul, and bade me live.
6. Thou God of my salvation,  
In whom I trust by faith,  
Who hast for my transgression  
Lain in the dust of death,  
I place upon thy merit,  
While here, my confidence,

And will commend my spirit  
To thee, when I go hence.

*J. 361. Bennick*  
(T. 206.)

1. **FULL** to my view,  
In bloody hue,  
The Lamb of God  
Stretch'd out upon the wood,  
With wounds, and stripes, and scars  
appears,  
The nails and spear—his body tear,  
And open wide  
The fountain in his side.

2. His matchless worth  
None can set forth,  
Or duly praise  
His mercy, love and grace,  
For me, he did sustain that pain,  
That fiery wrath,—which caus'd his  
death,  
When on the tree  
His blood was shed for me.

3. By his blood shed,  
The Lamb hath paid  
My ransom price,  
Offer'd a sacrifice  
Well pleasing unto God, his blood  
For me avail'd,—and never fail'd  
To give me peace  
And solid happiness.

4. His faithful pray'rs,  
His bitter tears,

His bloody sweat,  
And all his torments great,  
His stripes and ev'ry wound, abound  
With life and grace,—yea lasting bliss.  
From Golgotha  
My soul would never stray.

362.

(T. 159.)

1. **I'M** overcome with humble shame,  
And blushes fill my face,  
When I behold the suff'ring Lamb,  
And when my faith can trace  
How Jesus paid my ransom price,  
And gave himself a sacrifice;  
My gracious Saviour, near to thee  
I ever wish to be.

2. 'Tis here with happy John I view,  
His body, mark'd with scars,  
Like Mary, I his feet bedew  
With floods of sinner tears;  
I'm struck with this most charming  
fight  
The Lamb of God is my delight,  
The glory of the Trinity  
In him I clearly see.

3. Free from the noisy, busy crowd,  
Here would I ever stay,  
And live in union with my God,  
With Jesus night and day:  
Yea, sing of his unbounded love,  
Till to his presence I remove,  
And there, in higher notes of praise,  
My Hallelujahs raise.

### XXIII. Of Love to JESUS.

*An. 363. \*Angelus*  
(T. 96.)

1. **THEE** will I love, my strength  
and tow'r,  
My soul with love to thee inspire,  
Thee will I love with all my pow'r,  
Thou art alone my soul's desire;  
Thee will I love, my King and God,  
Shed in my heart thy love abroad.

2. Ah, why did I so late thee know,  
Thou fairest of the sons of men!  
Ah, why did I no sooner go  
To thee, who canst relieve my pain!  
Asham'd I sigh and inly mourn,  
That I so late to thee did turn.

3. Give to my eyes repenting tears,  
Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd  
fires;

Give to my soul, with filial fears,  
The love, that all heav'n's host in-  
spires:  
That all my pow'rs, with all their  
might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

*Sal.* 364. \* *Jacovius*  
(T. 251.)

1. JESUS, my highest treasure,  
In thy communion blest,  
I find unsullied pleasure,  
True happiness and rest.  
Myself as an oblation  
I have to thee assign'd,  
Because thou through thy passion,  
Hast heal'd my sin-sick mind.

2. O joy, all joys exceeding,  
Thou Bread most heavenly,  
When I on thee am feeding,  
Thou dost me satisfy  
With marrow and with fatness,  
With comfort, joy and peace,  
And fill'st my heart with gladness,  
Assuaging my distress.

3. Let me perceive thy friendly,  
Thy cheering countenance,  
Spread through my heart its kindly  
Enliv'ning influence.  
Without thee, gracious Saviour,  
To live is nought but pain;  
T' enjoy thy love and favor  
Is happiness and gain.

4. Earth's glory to inherit  
Is not what I desire:  
My heav'nly minded spirit  
Glow's with a nobler fire,  
Where Christ himself appeareth  
In brightest majesty,  
And for his own preparereth  
A place, I long to be.

*Saint* 365. \* *Lingenroff*  
(T. 97.)

1. 'TIS evident that Jesus loves,  
His dearth for us this fully proves;  
He loves the church, his flock of grace,  
He also loves the sinner's race.  
He loves the little ones, he loveth me,  
Who nought deserv'd, but endless  
misery.

2. O may I in his love be blest,  
Like John, reclining on his breast,  
And oft, like humble Magdalen,  
Adore the Friend of sinful men,  
With longing heart attending at his  
feet,  
Till with a gracious look from him I  
meet.

3. I'll weep when'er he's not to me  
What a most cordial friend can be;  
Do I not always feel him nigh,  
And his reviving grace enjoy,  
Do I not in his sweet communion live,  
Nought else to my poor soul can  
comfort give.

*Gregor* 366. \*

(T. 58.)

Those who're devoted to our dear  
Lord,  
Believing in his most precious word,  
Foll'wing the example  
Of Christ, their Saviour,  
In all their words, actions, and be-  
havior,  
Show love to him.

*Count* 367. \* *Lingenroff*

(T. 167.)

1. O, could we but love that Sa-  
viour,  
Who loves us so ardently,  
As we ought, our souls would ever  
Full of joy and comfort be!  
If we by his love excited,  
Could ourselves and all forget,  
Then, with Jesus Christ united,  
We should heav'n anticipate!

2. Did but Jesu's love and merit  
Fill our hearts both night and day,  
And the unction of his Spirit,  
All our thoughts and actions sway;  
O might all of us be ready,  
Cheerfully to testify  
How our spirit, soul and body,  
Do in God our Saviour joy.

E. 368. \* *Neumeister*  
(T. 232.)

1. ALL my desires are fix'd on thee,  
Lord Jesus, thou art more to me  
Than ev'ry earthly treasure;  
Were heav'n itself without thee, Lord,  
What could all heav'nly bliss afford,  
To yield me solid pleasure?  
Did I not feel that thou art near,  
Whene'er I mourn, my heart to cheer,  
Nought in this world could comfort

me;  
My wishes centre all in thee,  
Lord Jesus Christ!

If thou art gone, :::

My ev'ry comfort is withdrawn!

2. With my whole heart I cleave to  
thee,  
And thou wilt come and dwell with  
me;

This is my consolation!

In joy and pain my soul depends

On thee with humble confidence,

Thou Rock of my salvation!

Thou shalt remain my portion blest,

My all, by word and deed confest;

Till these mine eyes behold thy face;

May that be soon my happy case,

For this I wait!

Lord Jesus come :::

And take my longing spirit home.

*Paul 369. \* Herbert*  
(T. 200.)

1. O Christ, my only life and light,  
Whose loving condescension  
Refresheth me by day and night,  
Beyond my comprehension:  
Lord, grant me to return thy love,  
With grateful heart's devotion,  
That my notion

Of mercy may improve

With ev'ry thought and motion.

2. Let nothing dwell within my heart,  
But thy great love and favor:

May this engage my soul to part

With ev'ry sinful favor.

Remove my mind from great and small,

Which breeds the least division,

Or collision

'Twixt me, and God my All,  
Who sav'd me from perdition.

3. How blest, how excellent and kind,  
Is thy great love and merit.

Were this but fixt within my mind,

What could disturb my spirit?

O may no thought arise in me,

No object move my senses,

No pretences,

T'obstruct my love to thee;

Thus heav'n on earth commences.

4. O that I were still more possess'd

Of this great, sov'reign blessing;

O that my cold and lifeless breast

Might glow with love unceasing.

Grant I may watch both day and  
night

To keep this heav'nly treasure

From the seizure

Of satan's secret spite,

Who seeks our woe with pleasure.

5. Thou cam'st in love to my relief,

Bar'st sin's due pain and torment,

Hung'st on the cross just like a thief,

Or murd'rer, without garment,

Scorn'd, spit upon, and sore distress:

O let thy sufferings enter

To the centre

Of this my stubborn breast,

To melt and make it tender.

6. The blood, which thou didst shed  
for me,

Is precious, pure and holy;

But this my heart, that swerves from  
thee,

Is flint-like harden'd folly:

Lord! may the virtue of thy blood

Sink deep into the nature

Of thy creature,

And its kind influence spread

Thro' ev'ry vein and feature.

7. O that my heart with eagerness

Would open wide and gather

Each drop of blood, my sins did press

From thee, my Mediator!

O were mine eyes a well of tears,

To weep for thee, my Saviour,

May I ever,

Freed from all needless fears,

Enjoy thy love and favor.



8. O that I with a babe's desire  
Came running, weeping, stretching,  
So long, till love's celestial fire  
My longing soul were catching:  
O might thy heart unite with mine  
In gentle condescension,  
And the tension  
Of this thy grace divine  
Admit of no declension.

9. My comfort, jewel, life and light,  
My sov'reign good and portion!  
O may I know thy love aright,  
I'm thine with all devotion.  
Without thy love there's nought but

gall,  
Nought else yields satisfaction,  
But distraction,  
Nought else I joy can call,  
Nought else gives me refection.

10. Thy love, my Saviour, all supplies,  
That to my soul is wanting,  
'Tis the true light unto mine eyes,  
My cordial, when I'm fainting:  
My bread and wine, my costly drefs,  
My joy and delectation,  
My salvation,  
My comfort in distress,  
My refuge 'midst oppression.

11. My dearest Lord, shouldst thou re-  
move,  
Nought else could yield me pleasure;  
Should'st thou withdraw thy precious  
love,  
I lose my only treasure.

Thee may I seek and entertain,  
With inward joy receive thee,  
Never leave thee,  
And ne'er henceforth again  
Unfaithful prove and grieve thee.

12. Thy love hath always been the same  
And ever did pursue me,  
Before I knew thy saving name,  
In mercy thou didst view me.  
O let thy love, almighty Lord,  
Continue to direct me,  
And protect me,  
Yea help to me afford,  
'Gainst all that would obstruct me.

13. Thy love uphold me, when distressed;  
Give strength, when I am feeble,

And when this mortal period's past,  
Thou, who to save art able,  
Support, and strengthen my weak  
faith;

Apply thy pow'ful merit  
To my spirit,  
That I may after death,  
Eternal joy inherit.

*Ps. 370. Hutton*  
(T. 14.)

1. TEACH me yet more of thy blest  
ways,

Thou slaughter'd Lamb of God!  
And fix and root me in the grace  
So dearly bought with blood.

2. O tell me often of each wound,  
Of every grief and pain;  
And let my heart with joy confess,  
From hence comes all my gain.

3. For this, O may I freely count  
Whate'er I have but loss;  
And ev'ry name, and ev'ry thing,  
Compar'd with thee, but dross.

4. Engrave this deeply in my heart,  
With an eternal pen,  
That I may in my small degree,  
Return thy love again.

5. But who can pay that mighty debt,  
Or equal love like thine?  
My stubborn, cold, and lifeless heart,  
To thankfulness incline.

*Ps. 371. \*Hevman*  
(T. 228.)

W Hat causes me to mourn, is this,  
My warmest love not equal is  
To my heart's inclination.  
The more I love, the more I feel  
I should far better love thee still,  
Thou God of my salvation.

Grant me daily  
More to favor of thy favor,  
Grace and blessing;  
Thus my love will be increasing.

*Dr. C. B. 372. \*Richter*  
(T. 156.)

1. JESUS is my light most fair,  
Jesus yields me solid pleasure;

In his love I have a share,  
This I count my highest treasure :  
He alone is my delight,  
He my soul hath captivated,  
With his love I'm penetrated ;  
He hath overcome me quite.

2. Round my Jesus I will cling,  
Him I seek with love most tender ;  
And accurs'd be ev'ry thing,  
Which my seeking him would hin-  
der.

Tell me nought of worldly fame,  
Tell me nought of earthly pleasure,  
Would you please in any measure,  
Tell me of his lovely name.

3. But himself I must behold,  
To him I will make confession :  
My defects are manifold,  
But I trust to his compassion.  
For I cannot, will not rest,  
Till I've found my dearest Sa-  
viour,  
Till t' embrace him I've the favor,  
Till he grants me my request.

4. Jesus, Jesus, thou my rest,  
Jesus, Jesus, let me find thee ;  
Jesus, take me to thy breast,  
With thy cords of love now bind  
me.

Thou'rt the object of my mind,  
I am quite by thee inflamed ;  
Ev'ry good that can be named,  
Ev'ry bliss in thee I find.

5. May I of thy chosen bride  
Be a member chaste and holy,  
Let me quite in thee confide,  
Cleave to thee and love thee solely :  
Jesus, Jesus, me receive ;  
Thine alone I will be called,  
And what'er hath me inthrall'd,  
Let no longer me enslave.

6. Thou in grace hast look'd on me,  
And with precious gifts hast blessed ;  
Yet content I cannot be,  
Till I am of thee possessed.  
Jesus, now upon me shine,  
Jesus, be my sun resplendent,  
Jesus, be my joy transcendent,  
Jesus, Jesus, be thou mine.

373.\*

(T. 39.)

1. I'LL glory in nothing, but only  
in Jesus,  
As wounded and bruised, from sin to  
release us :  
For he is my refuge, to him I'll cleave  
solely,  
Thus can I, like Enoch, in this world  
live holy.

2. What though the world foameth  
and rageth with fury,  
Till my dear crucify'd Jesus will glory ;  
Besides him my Saviour, I'll know  
nothing ever,  
From whom neither trials, nor death  
me shall sever.

3. My Saviour takes notice of hearts  
for him pining,  
He soothes their distress who on him  
are reclining,  
All this I've experienc'd, I therefore  
will hold him,  
I never will leave him, but closely  
infold him.

4. My Jesus is always desirous to  
meet me,  
Abounding in love, and in mercy to  
greet me.  
I'll love him 'bove all things, for he  
is my treasure,  
I'll humbly adore him and serve him  
with pleasure.

5. My heart's fix'd on Jesus, whose  
love is so tender,  
My life and my all unto him I sur-  
render :  
He shall be the object of all my desire,  
Till once from the world I in peace  
shall retire.

374.\*

(T. 232.)

*Seebapt*

JESUS, I love thee, fervently !  
As thou upon th' accursed tree  
Wast slain for my transgression.  
I'm glad, and grateful tears bedew  
My cheeks, when I in spirit view  
Thy death and bitter passion !

This is the impulse, Lord, that I  
In truth can love thee heartily,  
My love to thee thou knowest best,  
But yet defective 'tis confess,  
Thou highest Good,  
Thy precious blood,  
That cleansing flood,  
Claims that my love more ardent  
glow'd.

375.\*

*Gregor*

(T. 45.)

1. **WHAT** splendid rays of truth  
and grace,  
All other lights excelling,  
I perceive, when Jesus Christ  
~~Makes~~ my heart his dwelling!
2. He blesteth me so sensibly,  
That spirit, soul and body,  
Can in him, my Saviour joy,  
Though quite poor and needy.
3. His looks of grace insure always  
To me my heav'nly calling.  
Am I weak, his hand preserves  
Me his child from falling.
4. My earnest pray'r, whilst absent  
here,  
From him, my soul's Beloved,  
Is, that my heart's confidence  
In him be unmoved.
5. Could I with him spend all my time,  
In constant love's fruition,  
Infinitely happy then  
Would be my condition.
6. **Whene'er** I mourn and humbly  
turn  
For comfort to my Jesus,  
I have never failing proofs  
That he's near and gracious.
7. He, who always our Saviour's face  
Seeks upon each occasion,  
Never fails to be refresh'd  
With his consolation.

*Chor.*

376.\*

(T. 15.)

1. **GRACIOUS** Redeemer thou hast me  
To come to thee invited,  
Thy love, to love thee ardently  
Hath my cold heart excited,

2. Thy cross, thy shame, thy pangs,  
thy smart,  
Thy wounds, and bitter passion,  
Both melt and captivate my heart,  
And prompt my adoration.
3. The fire divine that burns within,  
Is that divine impression,  
That thou didst suffer for my sin,  
And die for my transgression.

*Chor.* 377.\*

(T. 11.)

1. **DEAREST** Jesus, come to me,  
And abide eternally;  
Friend of needy sinners come,  
Fill and make my heart thy home.
2. Oftentimes for thee I sigh,  
Nothing else can give me joy;  
This is still my cry to thee,  
Dearest Jesus come to me.
3. Should I in earth's pleasures roll,  
None could satisfy my soul;  
Thee, O Jesus! I adore,  
Thou'rt my pleasure evermore.
4. Son of God, my dearest Lord,  
Thou'rt my shield, and great reward;  
Thee I take in quite alone,  
Thee I call beloved one.

*Chor.* 378.\*

(T. 83.)

1. **JESUS** will I never leave,  
Whilst I breathe and have my senses;  
From his merits I receive  
Pardon for my past offences:  
All the powers of my mind,  
To my Saviour are resign'd.
2. Earth or heav'n can't satisfy  
One desire, which God inspireth,  
Only Jesus can supply  
What my needy heart requireth;  
He all losses can retrieve,  
Him I'll therefore never leave.
3. I'll with Jesus never part,  
He's my only delectation,  
And affords unto my heart  
Never ceasing consolation.  
All that can true pleasure prove,  
I enjoy in Jesu's love.

4. He is mine, and I am his,  
Join'd with him in close communion,  
And his bitter passion is  
The foundation of this union,  
Full of hopes, which never yield,  
Firm on him, my Rock, I build.

5. O the happy hours I spend  
With him in blest conversation;  
He's my near and faithful Friend,  
Full of grace, peace, and salvation.  
Yea, the look at Jesu's wounds  
With delight and joy abounds.

6. With my Jesus I will stay,  
He my soul preserves and feedeth;  
He, the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Me to living waters leadeth:  
Blessed, who can say with me,  
Christ, I'll never part from thee.

*St.* 379. *Bernard*

(T. 22.)

1. **DEAR** Jesus, when I think on  
thee,  
My heart for joy doth leap in me;  
Thy blest remembrance yields de-  
light,  
Till faith is changed into sight.

2. When thou art near, I must confess,  
I feel a bliss I can't express:  
Thy love, my Saviour, ne'er can  
cloy,  
Fountain of bliss, and source of joy.

3. O let me ever share thy grace,  
Still taste thy love, and view thy face,  
Still let my tongue resound thy name,  
And Jesus be my constant theme.

4. Thy love and mercies all exceed;  
The more I on these dainties feed,  
The more my eager soul is bent  
To live but in that element.

5. Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare,  
How sweet thy entertainments are!  
Never did angels taste above  
Redeeming grace and dying love.

380.\*

*Clart.* *Shalling*  
(T. 232.)

1. **THEE**, Lord, I love with sacred  
awe,

Thy gracious presence ne'er with-  
draw

From me, thy feeble creature.  
The world is tasteless unto me,  
I find no comfort but in thee,  
And in thy loving nature:  
Nay, when the strings of life are  
broke,

Thou shalt remain my lasting rock,  
Thou art my comfort and my all,  
Whose blood redeem'd me from the  
fall;

Lord Jesus Christ, :: thy saving name  
Preserve me from eternal shame.

2. All is thy gift that's counted  
mine,

My soul and body, Lord, are thine,  
With all this life's enjoyment.  
Of this O grant me such a sense,

That unto others to dispense  
Thy gifts be my employment.  
Preserve me from delusion free;  
Destroy the devil's tyranny;  
In all afflictions bear me up  
With christian courage, faith, and  
hope.

O Jesus Christ, :: my sov'reign Lord,  
In all distress thy help afford.

3. Lord, let thy blest angelic bands  
Convey my soul into thy hands,

When soul and body sever;  
My body, though reduc'd to dust,  
Thou wilt (O Lord, I firmly trust)  
Once raise to live for ever.

Then I shall see thee face to face,  
In everlasting joy and peace,  
And sing with all the saints above  
The wonders of redeeming love.  
O Christ, my Lord, :: I'll thee adore  
Here, and above for evermore.



## XXIV. Of brotherly Love and Union of Spirit.

*J.* 381. *Gambold*  
(T. 11.) *Sen*

1. **THEY**, who Jesu's foll'wers are,  
And enjoy his shepherd's care,  
By a mutual, hearty love  
Their belief in Jesus prove.
2. From their being join'd in one,  
By the faith of God's dear Son,  
Boundless blessings they receive,  
And to Christ desire to live.
3. None in his own wisdom trusts,  
None of his attainments boasts,  
Each his brother doth esteem,  
And himself the meanest deem.
4. They're delighted, when they all  
With one voice on Jesus call;  
And when fitly, without strife,  
Each his duty doth in life.
5. Meek they are to all mankind,  
To good offices inclin'd,  
Ready, when revil'd, to bless,  
Studious of the public peace.
6. Tender pity, love sincere  
To their enemies they bear,  
And, as Christ affords them light,  
Order all their steps aright.
7. Jesus, all our souls inspire,  
Fill us with love's sacred fire,  
Thus will all in us perceive  
That we in thy name believe.
8. May it to the world appear,  
That we thy disciples are,  
By our loving mutually,  
By our being one in thee.

382. *Merley*

(T. 14.)

1. **O** Let thy love our hearts constrain,  
Jesus, thou God of love,  
The bond of peace may we maintain;  
All discord far remove.
2. Us into closest union draw,  
And in our inward parts

Write thou indelibly thy law;  
Let love pervade our hearts.

3. Who would not now pursue the way  
Where Jesu's footsteps shine?  
Who would not own the pleasing sway  
Of charity divine?
4. United firmly by thy grace,  
We shall thy foll'wers prove;  
The frowning world must then confess:  
"See how these christians love."

*Gregor* 383.\*  
(T. 22.)

1. **TH'** enjoyment of Christ's flesh  
and blood,  
Which is on earth our highest good,  
His members closely should unite,  
And them to mutual love excite.
2. Love he most strongly did enforce  
Just ere he finished his course;  
For love most fervently he pray'd,  
Before in death he bow'd his head.
3. **O** that the Lord could quite fulfil  
In us his testament and will;  
To love each other we desire;  
Come, sacred love, our hearts inspire.
4. We'll join together, heart and hand,  
To walk towards the promis'd land;  
For his appearance may with care  
Each member day and night prepare.
5. Till we the Lord our righteousness  
Shall see in glory face to face;  
Till we shall see the Lamb once slain,  
O may we one in him remain.

*J.* 384. *Swertner*  
(T. 159.)

**WE** in one covenant are join'd,  
And one in Jesus are;  
With voices, and with hearts combin'd  
His praise we will declare:  
In doctrine and in practice one,  
We'll love and serve the Lord alone;  
With one accord sound forth his praise,  
Till we shall see his face.

*Bohe.<sup>n</sup> 385.\* Brn*

(T. 583.)

1. **HOW** good and pleasant is it to behold

The favor'd sheep of our good Shepherd's fold,

In love, and harmony, and knowledge grow,

And all to share each other's weal and woe :

2. In faith and love each other edify,  
Serve Jesus Christ, and on his word rely.  
Out of his fulness peace for such abounds,

He kindly them protects, and heals their wounds.

3. The word of God, like plenteous rain descends,

Abundant fruit and blessing it attends;

And thus besprinkled with his precious blood,

He is their Life, their Food, their highest Good.

4. By faith in Jesus, who for sinners dy'd,

From sin and guilt they're cleans'd and sanctify'd.

God dwelleth in their midst; the Spirit's light

Instructs them how to love each other right.

5. If cordial love they in their actions show,

The God of peace rich blessings will bestow.

O Lord, grant to thy church, for Jesu's sake,

Thy peace, and bless whate'er we undertake.

386.

(T. 14.)

1. **TAKE** heed, that ye like-minded be,

In mutual love combin'd;

Having the self-same amity,  
And unity of mind.

I 3

2. Let nothing out of strife be done,  
Or in vain glory wrought;  
But others to himself each one  
Prefer in his own thought.

3. And look not, ev'ry one of you,  
On his own things alone;  
But on the things of others too,  
To comfort ev'ry one.

4. Ah, teach us all thy holy will,  
Most gracious Lord, that we  
May love, with unremitting zeal,  
Each other heartily.

*Count. 387.\* Lenzendorf*

(T. 14.)

1. **HOW** pleasant is love's harmony,  
When brethren truly dwell  
Together in heart's unity,  
And cordial friendship feel.

2. Lord Jesus, who that very night  
Ere thou didst bleed and die,  
With thy disciples warmly urg'd  
Love's ever sacred tie.

3. Remind thy little flock, too apt  
Among themselves to jar,  
That all thy members' unity  
Was ev'n thy dying care.

388.

(T. 165.)

1. **JESUS**, grant me to inherit,  
Strengthen'd by thy aiding grace,  
Thro' the guidance of thy Spirit,  
All the fruits of righteousness.  
Grant me true humility,  
Faith and zeal to live for thee;  
To mankind, O make me gracious,  
To my friends and foes propitious.

2. Give me grace in all conditions  
Firmly to adhere to thee,  
And, 'midst all the exhibitions  
Of thy boundless love to me,  
To let my poor neighbors share  
In my plenty and my pray'r:  
By thy love to me imparted  
Make me always tender hearted.

*Count* 389. \**Linzendorf*  
(T. 167.)

1. FLOCK of Jesus be united,  
Covenant anew with him,  
By his love divine excited,  
Praise and serve his holy name:  
O that nothing whatsoever  
May relax this blessed tie;  
In thy love, most gracious Saviour,  
Grant us all stability.
2. With love's ardor to be fired,  
Be our aim continually,  
So that, should it be required,  
For the brethren we could die:  
O what boundless love did Jesus  
To his enemies display!  
May his holy pattern teach us,  
How that love should bear the sway.
3. O that we, his steps to follow,  
'Midst affliction, scorn and spite,  
And his sacred name to hallow,  
Did each other more excite;  
Ev'ry one stir up his brother  
To keep Jesus still in view,  
Thus encouraging each other  
His example to pursue.
4. Thus the souls he join'd together  
Will, according to his pray'r,  
Be accepted of his Father,  
And his kind protection share:  
Lord, as thou'rt with him united,  
Grant we likewise one may be,  
And, by genuine love excited,  
Serve each other willingly.

390.

(T. 11.)

1. JESUS, we look up to thee,  
Let us in thy name agree;  
Thou, who art the Prince of peace,  
Bid contention ever cease.
2. By thy reconciling love  
Ev'ry stumbling-block remove:  
Lord, us all in thee unite,  
To enjoy thy saving light.
3. Make us all one heart and mind,  
Courteous, merciful, and kind,  
Lowly, meek in thought and word,  
As thou wast, most gracious Lord.

4. Let us for each other care,  
Each the other's burden bear;  
In our conduct patterns be  
Of unfeign'd humility.

*C.* 391. \**Linzendorf*  
(T. 155.)

1. NEVER yet hath in this world  
Love that highest prize obtained,  
Though unfeigned,  
That it could compared be,  
Reas'nably,  
To that love our blest Creator  
Show'd unto his rebel creature,  
While as yet his enemy.
2. Ah! behold the Son of God!  
Who for those that crucify'd him,  
And deny'd him,  
(Mongst whom, to my grief and  
shame,  
Stands my name)  
Pardon from his Father craveth,  
Yea, ev'n his tormentors faveth;  
This his love is still the same.
3. For our brethren we should too,  
To lay down our lives be willing,  
Thus fulfilling  
What he of his flock desires,  
Yea, requires;  
But, with all his flow'ry speeches,  
Man in vain this lesson teaches,  
Till God's love our souls inspires.
4. Brethren, would you please our  
Lord,  
Copy then, in your behavior,  
Him your Saviour,  
That you're his, the world will own,  
Then alone,  
When preferring each his brother,  
Ye show love to one another,  
Thus you're as his foll'wers known.
5. Yet the warmest mutual love,  
That to brethren, by his blessing,  
You're possessing,  
Doth, at best, but little prove  
To that love,  
That to save us from damnation,  
By becoming our oblation,  
Could our God and Saviour move.

*Mem* 392. *Tosler*  
*V.1. (T. 22.) Gambold's*

1. BEHOLD us, Lord, rough stones  
 we are,

Yet for thy building us prepare,  
 Reject not one of us, we pray,  
 Thy Spirit's voice may we obey.

2. O may thy flock still more increase  
 In mutual love, and perfect peace;  
 With harmony, and fervent zeal,  
 Serve thee, and do thy holy will.

3. Lord, grant us a forgiving mind,  
 To patience and to peace inclin'd,  
 That we may with each other bear;  
 To cherish love be all our care.

4. Tender compassion may we show,  
 Share in each other's weal and woe,  
 With those who joyful are, rejoice,  
 And with the weeping sympathize.

5. At all times may we ready be,  
 As far as our ability  
 Permits us, to relieve the want  
 Of all the poor and indigent.

6. Yea, this be our concern, to seek  
 In nothing to offend the weak,  
 But bear with their infirmities,  
 And thus preserve the bond of peace.

7. Grant us in meekness to reclaim  
 Those, who have been in ought to  
 blame,

Mindful that we, as well as they,  
 Are liable from thee to stray.

8. May we, tho' gifts be manifold,  
 As members of one body, hold  
 One doctrine, and be ever led  
 By thee, our Master, Lord, and Head.

9. O make us quite conform'd to thee,  
 And grant us true humility,  
 That we, supported by thy grace,  
 May in our walk show forth thy praise.

*G.* 393. *Armed*  
 (T. 147.)

1. THOU God's most holy Lamb,  
 Christ, who our hearts hast fired  
 With love, by thee inspired,  
 We praise thy saving name.

Thou giv'st us crowns of glory,  
 Which are not transitory,  
 Thou, who our flesh and blood  
 Assumedst, Lamb of God.

2. Thou art the loveliest,  
 Our only joy and treasure,  
 Our heart's delight and pleasure,  
 As long as love shall last:  
 And love shall ever flourish,  
 Though all things else must perish,  
 As God himself express'd;  
 Thou art the loveliest,

3. How fast can love-cords bind!  
 Thou by thy love didst bind us,  
 As soon as thou didst find us;  
 Thou Shepherd, ever kind.  
 O let us taste thy favor,  
 And thy rich bounty favor,  
 We're closely to thee join'd,  
 How fast can love-cords bind!

4. O boundless love and grace!  
 When we shall sing Christ's praises  
 Above, in heav'nly places,  
 Our voice we'll higher raise.  
 We trust he'll kindly aid us,  
 Support, protect, and lead us,  
 Till we shall see his face,  
 O boundless love and grace!

5. The elder's holy choir,  
 Who are in the Lamb's presence,  
 And pay him their obeisance,  
 Cast down their crown's attire.  
 We join their adoration,  
 And praise him with prostration,  
 For he is all in all,  
 'Fore him we humbly fall.

6. Thanks, wisdom, majesty,  
 Glory and domination  
 Gives him the congregation  
 For love's blest unity.  
 The Lamb, who did deliver  
 Our souls, be prais'd for ever;  
 Glory and majesty  
 Be his eternally.



## XXV. Of Self Knowledge and Sighing for Grace.

394.

(T. 14.)

1. LORD, Jesus Christ, who canst alone  
Relieve me in distress,  
Whose blood did for my sins atone,  
And purchas'd pard'ning grace.
2. I once was wholly dead in sin,  
And ignorant of thee,  
And liv'd contentedly therein,  
Nor knew thy love to me.
3. But thine all-seeing eye then view'd,  
And mark'd my ev'ry way,  
Me still in tender love pursu'd  
Who oft from thee did stray.
4. Without thy favor, while I live,  
Life but a burthen is,  
Nought else can satisfaction give,  
Experience shows me this.
5. My faithless heart, O gracious Lord,  
Correct with gentle hand;  
In ev'ry danger help afford,  
Alone I cannot stand.

395.

(T. 96.)

1. AH, Lord, how apt am I to stray  
From thee! how prone to lust and  
pride,  
Nature oft strives to bear the sway,  
And turn my heart from thee aside;  
Yet such vile, wretched sinners are  
The objects of thy love and care.
2. Forbid, O Lord, each vain desire,  
Bind my affections to thy cross,  
Quench all the sparks of nature's  
fire,  
May I count all for thee but loss:  
Lord Jesus, tear each idol down,  
And me, tho' poor, in mercy own.
3. O Jesus, wipe away my tears,  
And speak the tempest to a calm:  
Warm thou my heart, dispel my fears,  
Be unto me a healing balm;

The maladies of sin remove,  
And fill my soul with heav'nly love.  
4. Henceforth I'd serve thee, if thou'lt  
please

To gird me with thy heav'nly pow'r;  
I'd sing the glories of thy grace.  
Till all my pilgrimage be o'er.  
With hallow'd fire, inspire my tongue,  
And love shall be my endless song.

396.

(T. 14.)

1. GRACIOUS Redeemer, Lamb of  
God,  
I thirst alone for thee,  
I long to enjoy thy saving grace,  
And taste thy mercy free.
2. For mercy, mercy, Lord, I ask,  
This is the total sum:  
Mercy, good Lord, is all my suit,  
O, let thy mercy come.
3. Search me, O God, and know my  
heart,  
Try me, and know each thought;  
On me look down, in mercy, Lord,  
Whom by thy blood thou'lt bought.
4. Haste then, O Lord, to thee I pray,  
Impart to me thy grace:  
That when this life is fled away,  
In heav'n I may have place.

397. *Staylor*

(T. 14.)

1. O Jesus, Jesus, my good Lord,  
How wondrous is thy love,  
Thy patience, pity, tenderness,  
Which I each moment prove.
2. For O! how faithless is my mind,  
How apt to turn aside,  
And wander in its own deceits,  
Of reasonings and pride!
3. How doth the old corruption strive,  
And fight to reign again!  
There's surely not a heart like mine,  
So wretched, dark and vain.

4. Thou Friend of finners, love me still,  
The poorest and the worst;  
Where sin abounded, well I know,  
Thy grace aboundeth most.

5. Yet let me not thy grace abuse,  
And sin, because thou'rt good;  
But let thy love fill me with shame,  
That I've so long withstood.

6. On me, my King, exert thy pow'r,  
Make old things pass away;  
Create all new, draw me to thee,  
Still nearer ev'ry day.

7. Thou know'st which way to rectify  
Each stubborn ill within,  
And to subdue my ev'ry thought,  
And conquer all that's sin.

8. Chastise me, when I do amiss,  
Let not one thought arise,  
Which can displease thee, gracious  
Lord,  
Of grace send fresh supplies.

9. Impress thy wounds upon my heart,  
And all thy bitter pain,  
Abide in me for evermore,  
And constant vict'ry gain.

398\* *Schlicht*

(T. 30.)

1. O My God, I come oppress'd  
with sadness,  
Fill my needy soul with joy and  
gladness

In thy salvation,  
No where else I find true consolation.

2. Faithfully thy Spirit me directed,  
But his warning I have oft neglected,  
Most gracious Saviour,  
Pardon and restore me to thy favor.

3. I confess, O Lord, with deep con-  
trition,

My unfaithfulness, hear my petition,  
Comfort and bless me

With thy gracious presence now re-  
fresh me.

399\* *Jaeger*

(T. 4.)

1. WE know that we're poor,  
And sinful all o'er,

I 4

In us there's no good,  
O cleanse us, dear Saviour, in thy  
precious blood.

2. How wond'rous thy love  
And mercy doth prove,  
That plainly our faith  
Discerns by thy agony, passion and  
death.

3. Lord Jesus, receive  
The thanks we can give;  
O that to thy praise,  
Each blood drop within us were hal-  
low'd always.

400. *Lewenther*  
(T. 580.)

1. WHEN, having been with guilt  
oppress'd,

My wand'ring spirit findeth rest  
Through Jesu's pard'ning grace;  
Then I by faith can call him mine,  
My needy soul doth then incline  
To be in Mary's happy place.

2. My pray'r is: "Jesus, let me hear  
"Thy voice which can instruct and  
and cheer

"My poor and worthless heart.  
"For should I cease thy words to obey,  
"And from thy blessed presence stray,  
"How soon would poor frail nature  
start."

Ch. Ren. 401. *Longwood*  
(T. 244.)

1. WHEN I am conscious truly,  
Of my great sinfulness,

And that so very slowly  
Towards the mark I press;

Then Jesus comforts me,  
Who out of mercy free  
Bore all my guilt with patience,  
Upon th' accursed tree.

2. Yea, when I see in spirit  
My Saviour shed his blood,

That I might life inherit,  
And everlasting good;

Then I true happiness  
And joy in him possess,

My eyes with tears run over,  
For heart-felt thankfulness.

402.\*

(T. 97.)

O Lamb of God for sinners slain,  
Our souls from mis'ry to regain,  
How blest are they, who truly see  
Their weakness, and derive from thee  
The mercies which thou freely dost  
dispense,  
And look to thee with filial confidence.

A.

403. \*Lawalshin

(T. 155.)

1. I Resign myself to thee,  
With me do whate'er thee pleases;  
Gracious Jesus,  
May I have to thee always  
Free access.  
Thus in faith and love proceeding,  
I on heav'nly joys am feeding,  
Till in thee I end my race.

2. Banish from me what's not right,  
In thy blood, O cleanse me wholly,  
Make me lowly;  
From whate'er displeases thee,  
Make me free,  
And preserve my soul and senses  
From all hurtful influences,  
Only thine I wish to be.

Count

404. \*Lengendorf

(T. 141.)

1. I Am a poor sinner,  
This I surely know,  
And if my dear Saviour  
Did not love me so,  
That my soul, his purchase,  
He can ne'er forsake,  
He ere now had taken  
His grace from me back.

2. Now what he is doing  
I with joy will view,  
For his tender mercies  
Are each morning new;  
And I trust his promise  
He'll fulfil to me,  
That 'midst all my weakness,  
I his joy shall be.

3. Jesus, when thy blessings  
Fill my needy heart,  
Fear and anxious doubting  
Then from me depart:  
Witness true and faithful,  
Christ, thy church's head,  
All is Yea, and Amen,  
What thou'lt promised.

405.

(T. 166.)

1. JESUS, fill me with sacred fire,  
Inflame my heart with love to thee,  
For ever be thou my desire,  
Ever be all in all to me.  
When I am sore assail'd by pride,  
When lust hath shot its filthy dart,  
I hasten to thy open side,  
Wash in thy blood and cleanse my  
heart.

2. To wrath when I begin to yield,  
When envy but begins to rise;  
I turn to Jesus, and am heal'd,  
By viewing him my sacrifice.  
When unbelief disturbs my mind,  
When doubts and fears o'ercast my  
soul,  
To him I look by faith, and find,  
That by his stripes I am made whole.

406. \*Viny

(T. 96.)

1. O Jesus, could I always keep  
My eye on thee, the living way,  
I then, (though once a wand'ring  
sheep)  
Should no more err, or run astray;  
But wheresoe'er thou goest, I  
Should follow thee, not asking why.

2. O that I never might forget,  
What thou hast suffer'd for my sake;  
To save my soul, and make me meet,  
Once of thy glory to partake.  
O might I oft in spirit see,  
How thou wast crucify'd for me.

3. But, gracious Lord, when I reflect  
How oft I've turn'd my eye from  
thee;

How treated thee with cold neglect,  
And listen'd to the enemy;  
And yet to find thee still the same,  
This fills my soul with humble shame.

4. Astonish'd at thy feet I fall,  
Thy love exceeds my highest  
thought:

Henceforth be thou my All in All,  
Thou, who with blood my soul hast  
bought.

May I henceforth more faithful prove,  
And ne'er forget thy dying love.

*Will 407. Delamotte*

(T. 22.)

1. **WHAT** pains poor souls go  
through to trace

The way to life and happiness,  
Before 'tis on their minds impress'd,  
That Jesus is their only rest!

2. By my own strength I can't pro-  
cure

True rest, nor even feel I'm poor,  
Strive I great comforts to obtain,  
Instead of joy, I've nought but pain.

3. But when He shows me how I  
rove,  
And court my neighbor's praise and  
love,

How self-will raises discontent  
Against my Saviour's government.

4. When satan tempts, how soon I start,  
Pass by convictions in my heart,  
Let my first love and zeal abate,  
Fall, and my very falls forget.

5. And at the same time lets me feel,  
That he hath patience with me still,  
I stand ashamed before his face,  
And humbly thank him for his grace.

6. Complete thy work, my gracious  
King,

My heart into subjection bring,  
Destroy, I pray, the carnal mind,  
And make me quite to thee resign'd.

*Count 408. \*Hinzendorf*

(T. 121.)

1. **FOR** grace I weep and pant,  
'Tis mercy, that I want;

How wretched should I be,  
Did I not Jesus know,  
Who to deliver me,  
Suffer'd in my stead,  
In a tomb was laid,  
And rose from the dead.

2. Could even all the love  
In heav'nly breasts above,  
Or on the earth below,  
At once united prove,  
And in one bosom glow;  
Jesus's love outweighs  
All in ev'ry case,  
Yea, shall never cease.

3. O my Immanuel,  
My wounded spirit heal,  
I humbly seek thy face;  
A pungent grief I feel,  
That I've abus'd thy grace.  
Jesus pardon me,  
That I should to thee  
So unfaithful be.

4. O Lord, thy grace impart,  
Refresh and cheer my heart,  
Thy pard'ning love display,  
For thou my Saviour art;  
To me, poor sinner, say:  
"Thy reproach is mine,  
"All my merit's thine,  
"Take my peace divine."

5. I know, that through thy grace,  
Thou wilt my guilt erase,  
And banish all my fear;  
Thou'lt grant to me thy peace,  
And me with patience bear.  
On me grace bestow,  
Jesus, thee to know,  
Amen, be it so.

*409. \*Gregor*

(T. 214.)

**THOUGH** by nature I'm defiled,  
Jesus's blood hath made me clean;  
He my sin-sick soul hath healed,  
And whate'er doth still remain  
Of my former sad condition,  
He alleviates when I cry,  
Yea, to sooth my pain is nigh:  
Lord remain my kind physician,



I, thy patient, then am sure  
Thou'lt effect a thorough cure.

*Count 410. Taylor*

(T. 22.)

1. THE more of Jesu's love I see,  
The more I know the misery,  
The pride and treach'ry of my heart,  
By which I cause my Saviour smart.
2. Long this was from my sight conceal'd,  
Till by his light it was reveal'd,  
Which shows God's love, and Jesu's  
grace,  
And fills my troubled heart with peace.

*Count 411. Francker*

(T. 22.)

1. LORD Jesus, my most faithful  
Friend,  
Thy aid unto thy child extend  
In each temptation's trying hour,  
That sin may not thy grace o'er-  
pow'r.
2. That spark enkindled in my heart,  
Remain unquench'd, tho' all the art  
Of sin and Satan be combin'd  
To make me leave my matchless  
Friend;
3. Whose faithfulness so oft I've  
prov'd,  
In countless trials quite unmov'd,  
Thy grace alone can me preserve  
When my frail heart from thee would  
swerve.

*Count 412. M. M. M.*

(T. 22.)

1. WE feel our shame and great  
defect,  
And did not Jesus us protect,

We should be oft depress'd with  
fears,

Whilst traversing this vale of tears.

2. But Jesu's blood and death impart  
True comfort to the needy heart.  
Those who still weak and feeble are,  
He leadeth with a shepherd's care.

*Count 413. M. M. M.*

(T. 141.)

1. JESU'S love unbounded  
None can e'er explain,  
Yet, alas, how often  
Do we cause him pain!  
Ev'n those souls still grieve him,  
Who enjoy his grace,  
And to him devoted  
Should show forth his praise.
2. Lord, thy body's Saviour,  
Comfort us anew,  
Ah, regard our weeping,  
Thy compassion show;  
Pardon our transgressions,  
Hear our fervent cry,  
And our souls and bodies  
Heal and sanctify.
3. All our days, O Jesus,  
Hallow unto thee,  
May our conversation  
To thy honor be;  
Let us all experience,  
To the end of days,  
Thy reviving presence  
Midst thy chosen race.

414.

(T. 79.)

LORD, should'st thou be induced  
To ask, how we have used  
Thy gifts? and, in that case,  
With us in judgment enter,  
To plead we could not venture,  
For countless are our trespasses.

## XXVI. OF SANCTIFICATION.

*A. 415. Gregor*  
(T. 22.)

Whatever honors Christ the Lord,  
What's called virtue in his word,  
What's honest, lovely, pure and just,  
By faith in Jesus is produc'd.

*J. 416. Bennick*  
(T. 14.)

1. I Ask not honor, pomp or praise,  
By worldly men esteem'd,  
I want from sin's deceitful ways  
To feel my soul redeem'd.

2. I want, as faithful christians do,  
Dear Lord, to live to thee,  
And by my words and walk to show,  
That thou hast dy'd for me.

3. O grant methro' thy precious blood,  
Thy gospel thus to grace;  
Till I, my Saviour, Lord and God!  
Shall see thee face to face.

*James 417. Button*  
(T. 14.)

1. Besprinkle with thy blood my  
heart,  
O Jesus, Son of God;  
And take away whate'er thy grace  
Hath hitherto withstood.

2. Deaden my nature's active fire,  
And end all useless strife;  
That I may henceforth only thirst  
For thee, the Well of life.

3. Here may I stay, and drink my fill,  
And ne'er from hence depart;  
My longing is for evermore:  
"Fix at this spring my heart."

4. Dear Saviour, thou well know'st  
how oft  
I've turn'd away from thee:  
O let thy work renew'd to-day  
Remain eternally.

*A. 418 \* Hetchman*  
(T. 580.)

JESUS, thou fain would'st have  
us be

In all things more conform'd to thee;  
We're fill'd with conscious shame,  
And thank thee for thy care and love;  
Thy patience, which we richly prove,  
Our heart-felt gratitude doth claim.

*Lu. 419. \* Angelus*  
(T. 22.)

1. LORD Jesus, sanctify thou me,  
And make my spirit one with thee,  
Thy body torn with many a wound  
Preserve my soul and body sound.

2. The blood-sweat trickling down  
thy face,  
My condemnation doth erase,  
Thy cross, thy suff'rings, and thy pain  
My everlasting strength remain.

3. The water flowing from thy side,  
Which by the spear was open'd wide,  
Shall be my bath; thy precious blood  
Cleanse me, and bring me nigh to God.

4. Dear Jesus, grant this my request,  
Be thou my everlasting rest,  
Protect me by thy saving arm,  
Secure my soul from ev'ry harm.

5. And when I once this world shall  
leave,  
Me in the realms of bliss receive,  
Where, with the ransom'd souls above,  
I evermore shall praise thy love.

*Count 420. \* Hengsdorf*  
(T. 228.)

O Jesus, were we thro' thy grace,  
In all respects form'd to thy praise,  
Like thee in our behavior;  
Did we but wake and sleep to thee,  
Bear pain and sickness patiently,  
Trusting in thee for ever.

Where'er we are ;  
Eating, drinking, walking, thinking,  
Praying, praising,  
All be unto thee well-pleasing.

*Count* 421.\* *Linzendorf*  
(T. 151.)

**WHO** thro' Christ's blood remission  
Of all his sins hath gain'd ;  
And without intermission  
With Jesus hath remain'd,  
Shows in his whole behavior  
True christian holiness ;  
Teach us, most gracious Saviour,  
Thus to show forth thy praise.

*St* 422.\* *Seifner*  
(T. 126.)

1. **THIS** yields true joy and pleasure  
To Christ, when with one voice,  
His people in their measure  
Exalt his sacrifice,  
And praise him for the wounds which  
he

Receiv'd for our redemption  
Upon th' accursed tree.

2. Of his complete salvation  
I'll witness here below,  
And gladly make confession,  
Resolv'd nought else to know.  
God in his wisdom did ordain,  
That poor repenting sinners  
His righteousness should gain.

3. No holiness availeth  
With God, but this alone ;  
The Holy Spirit sealeth  
This truth, that in the Son  
By faith we're freely justify'd,  
And gain sanctification,  
Because for us he dy'd.

*Count* 423.\* *Linzendorf*  
(T. 58.)

1. **THE** Lamb of God, who saves us  
by his death,  
Is unto us made holiness by faith ;  
None besides availeth, since our Crea-  
tor  
Became a man, assuming our frail na-  
ture

To ransom us.

2. To Jesus Christ is due eternal praise  
For our high calling in these gospel-  
days ;

What divine enjoyment and consol-  
ation  
Do we not gain from Jesu's incarna-  
tion

And bitter death ?

3. If we in Jesu's saving name believe,  
And pardon of our sins from him re-  
ceive ;

With his blood besprinkled, and  
cleansed truly,  
In soul and body we are render'd holy,  
And have his mind.

4. And thus by faith we live, howe'er  
not we,  
But Christ lives in us so effectually,  
That by him we always are actuated,  
Thus we in him unto good works  
created,

Can grow in grace.

*En Euseb* 424.\* *Schmidt*  
(T. 102.)

1. **CHRIST** crucify'd, my soul by  
faith

With thee desires to be united ;  
For, as the purchase of thy death,  
To thy communion I'm invited.

O hear my petition, and let me with  
thee  
Be crucify'd, Jesus, with all that's in  
me.

2. O that I might still more enjoy  
The blessed fruits of all thy passion ;  
Thy merits to my soul apply,  
And let me share thy great salvation ;  
O hear my petition, &c.

3. As well in joy as in affliction,  
Preserve me in thy sacred love ;  
Deliver me from sin's infection ;  
Let me in all things conqu'ror prove.  
O hear my petition, &c.

425.

(T. 583.)

1. **LOVE** God with all thy heart,  
and soul, and mind ;  
To friend and foe be just, and true, and  
kind.

Obey thy Parent's, and thy Ruler's laws ;

Never rebel, but suffer in God's cause.

2. Be meek and patient, humble, sober, chaste ;

In these good ways be constant to the last.

And when thou hast done all, then humbly cry :

"An useless, sinful servant, Lord, am I !

3. "My strength and grace come from the Holy Ghost,

"My Saviour's merits are my only boast :

"Lord, whilst I'm here ~~me~~ never help-  
less leave,

"And when I hence depart, my soul receive."

426.\* *Gregor*  
(T. 14.)

1. **How** can a sinner here below  
Be pleasing unto God ?

By his own righteousness ?—O no :  
Alone through Jesu's blood.

2. If any thing in us appears  
Unlike to Jesu's mind,  
To own it with repenting tears  
Ah, may we be inclin'd.

3. A child of God for ever pants  
More like his Lord to be,  
Tho' with conviction still he grants,  
That none is good, but HE.

4. Oft as in spirit Christ he views  
This is his humble cry,  
Which he continually renews :  
"As thou wast, O were I !

5. "Whate'er is carnal, through thy  
grace,

"In me be mortify'd ;

"Thus clothed in thy righteousness  
"I shall in thee abide."

*Chr Ron* 427.\* *Longendal*  
(T. 244.)

**LORD** Jesus, thy atonement  
Be all in all to us ;

Grant we may ev'ry moment  
In spirit view thy cross :

Thus shall we run our race

In truth and holiness ;

Be this our fav'rite object,

Till we shall see thy face.

428.\* *Nyberg*

(T. 586.)

**How** could I bear to be partaker

Of sinful frail humanity,

Had not my great almighty Maker

Become a sinless man for me ?

But since my God assum'd my nature

I gladly am a human creature ;

For now he takes a part,

With sympathizing heart,

In all my smart.

429.\* *Gregor*

(T. 11.)

1. **JESUS** Christ, thou Son of God,  
Who assum'dst our flesh and blood,

Who for us hast death endur'd,

And eternal life procur'd :

2. O receive our thanks and praise,  
For thy boundless love and grace,  
For thy having on the cross  
Suffer'd to retrieve our loss.

3. When we see our names enroll'd  
'Mongst the sheep of Jesu's fold,  
Wond'ring, we ourselves confess  
Undeserving of such grace ;

4. And when we explore the end,  
Why our Lord would condescend  
To assume humanity,  
Us thereby to sanctify :

5. Then, midst failings numberless,  
We rejoice that we are his ;  
And if we his word obey,  
Each of us may cleanse his way.

6. Tho' the outward mark and scar  
Of the fall doth still appear,  
Yet we're freed from sin's hard yoke,  
Since our bonds and chains he broke.

7. **Mighty God**, we humbly pray,  
Carry thy victorious sway  
In the flesh to such a length,  
That we gain thy godlike strength :



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8. Grant that every one in truth  
May, in all he speaks or doth,  
Give clear evidence thereof,  
By obedience, faith, and love.

430 \*  
(T. 580.)

O Let me always think thou'rt near,  
Yea, nearer to me than the air  
Which constantly I breathe;  
That thus, from all I think or do,  
To thee may cordial praises flow;  
For thine I am in life and death.

431. \*  
(T. 96.)

A Single mind impart to me,  
That thus, in all my works and ways,  
The love of money I may flee,  
And shun all worldly-mindedness;  
Yea, that desiring thee to please,  
I may in love to thee increase.

*Unizendof* 432. \*  
(T. 4.)

1. LORD Jesus, be near  
To us who are here;  
Unite us in heart:  
Dear Lord, come and bless us; our  
brother thou art.
2. Soon make us to be  
Well-pleasing to thee;  
'Tis time, and 'tis right,  
To bring forth some fruit, which  
may yield thee delight.

*Unizendof* 433. \*  
(T. 96.)

THrice happy are the feeble souls,  
Whose strength is only in their God;  
Since each the fiercest pow'rs repells,  
By faith in Jesu's precious blood;  
In combat they maintain the field,  
Because Jehovah is their shield.

## XXVII. Of Humility, Simplicity, and Growth in Grace.

*G.* 434. \* *Arnold*  
(T. 22.)

1. MEEK, patient Lamb of God,  
impart  
Thy meekness to my stubborn heart:  
Grant me to keep thee full in view,  
And thy example to pursue.
2. Thy blood preserve my garments  
clean  
From ev'ry spot and stain of sin:  
As a wise virgin, to prepare  
For meeting thee, be all my care.
3. Bestow on me a simple mind,  
To ev'ry hurtful fancy blind;  
Thy meekness, true sincerity,  
And needful wisdom, grant to me.
4. Thou holy, spotless Lamb of God,  
My worthless heart make thy abode:  
O may I in thy image grow,  
And honor thee in all I do.

*M. Y.* 435. *Taylor*  
(T. 590.)

1. O LORD, the contrite sinner's  
friend,  
Most wretched should I be,  
Did I not know thy precious blood  
Was shed for worthless me.  
Nought could console me in distress,  
Or give my soul relief,  
When troubles seize my anxious  
breast,  
Nought could appease my grief.
2. O give me, Jesus, give me still  
My poverty to know;  
Increase my faith; may I in grace  
And knowledge ever grow:  
More clearly to me manifest  
The myst'ry of thy cross;  
And for this precious Pearl may I  
Count all things else but dross.

Count 436. \* *Spurgeon*  
(T. 141.)

GO, ye flatt'ring visions,  
Honors, wealth and lusts:  
Who, with deep contrition,  
In our Saviour trusts,  
May, amidst affliction,  
Truly cheerful be,  
And abound in riches,  
Though in poverty.

Count 437. \* *Spurgeon*  
(T. 185.)

IN thy love and knowledge, gra-  
cious Saviour,  
May we more and more abound:  
Thy complete atonement shall for  
ever,  
Of our doctrine be the ground.  
Grant that all may, (in thy word be-  
lieving  
And to thee, the Vine, as branches  
cleaving)  
Through thy Father's nursing care,  
Fruit unto thy honor bear.

G. 438. \* *Muhlman*  
(T. 22.)

1. CHRIST is the vine, we branches  
are;  
Without him, we no fruit can bear:  
For of ourselves we cannot thrive,  
'Tis he who gives us pow'r and life.  
2. Lord, thou'lt appointed us, that we  
Should bear well pleasing fruit to thee.  
O make us fruitful to thy praise;  
Preserve us all from barrenness.

439.

(T. 11.)

1. JESUS, who for me hast dy'd,  
Grant I may in thee abide;  
Set me, Lord, unto thy praise;  
Water me with show'rs of grace.  
2. Make my heart a garden fair,  
Which such pleasant fruit may bear,

As affords true joy to thee,  
And thy Father constantly.  
3. In thy garden, here below,  
Water me, that I may grow;  
When all grace to me is giv'n,  
Then transplant me into heav'n.

440 \* *Spurgeon*  
(T. 16.)

1. WHEN simplicity we cherish,  
Then the soul is full of light;  
But that light will quickly vanish,  
When of Jesus we lose sight.  
2. He who nought but Christ de-  
sireth,  
He whom nothing else can cheer,  
But the joy which he inspireth,  
Lending to his voice an ear;  
3. Who sincerely loveth Jesus,  
And upon his grace depends,  
Who but willet what him pleases,  
Simply foll'wing his commands;  
4. Who to Jesus humbly cleaveth,  
And for him can all things leave,  
Yea, in closest union liveth  
With our Saviour, Lord, and Chief;  
5. Who in Jesus Christ abideth,  
And from self-dependence free,  
In nought else but him confideth,  
Walks in true simplicity.  
6. He who is by Christ directed,  
And who trusts his Shepherd's care,  
He is graciously protected,  
And no danger needs to fear.

G. 441. \* *Arnold*  
(T. 184.)

1. O Blest condition, happy living,  
Which true simplicity imparts,  
When we to God are wholly given,  
And Jesu's mind rules in our hearts.  
This ev'ry vain imagination  
Casts down and subjects us to grace.  
The only ground of our salvation  
Is Jesu's blood and righteousness.  
2. That which is by the world esteemed,  
A single mind counts vanity;

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What's innocent by others deemed,  
Is shunn'd by true simplicity :  
And why ? because the things terref-  
trial

We must forsake through Jesu's  
grace,  
And to obtain the prize celestial  
Cast off what'er impedes our race.

3. The simple heart no care perplexeth,  
That robs the world of all content ;  
Of envy, which so many vexeth,  
Simplicity is ignorant ;  
And carefully preserves its treasure  
Unruffled by the worldling's spite ;  
If others ask to share this pleasure,  
Simplicity tastes true delight.

4. O Jesus, God of my salvation,  
Thy single mind to me impart ;  
Root out the world's infatuation,  
Tho' it be done with keenest smart :  
Thrice happy they who tread un-  
wearied

The path of true simplicity,  
They as wise virgins are prepared  
To meet the Bridegroom cheerfully.

442.\* *Gregor*  
(T. 14.)

1. **HAPPY** the man whose highest  
good

Is Christ invariably :  
He shows his love and gratitude  
By true humility.

2. In weakness pow'r divine he gains,  
His heart feels peace and rest ;  
He owns with filial confidence :  
" Lord, what thou dost is best.

3. " For thou art gracious, wise and  
good,  
" Thou know'st how help t' afford,  
" And time when it should be bestow'd :  
" Thy goodness be ador'd."

*Sus.* 443. *Blagget*  
(T. 14.)

1. **BELOVED** Saviour, Prince of life,  
To us thy Spirit give ;  
We pant to hear that sacred voice  
Which bids poor sinners live.

2. Open to us those living springs,  
Which from thy wounds do flow :  
Dart down thy bright retrething  
beams,

To us thy goodness show.

3. 'Tis thy desire to save the lost ;  
To ease them of their pain ;  
Therefore we cry to thee, O Christ,  
Who for our sins wast slain.

4. O'erstream our souls with thy rich  
grace,

To us reveal thy will ;  
O be thou our Immanuel,  
Thy work in us fulfil.

*Wesley* 444.  
(T. 22.)

1. **FROM** my own works at last I  
cease,

God only can procure me peace,  
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,  
Of my own strength I must despair.

2. Lord, I despair myself to heal,  
I see my sin, but cannot feel  
True sorrow, till thy Spirit show  
My unbelief, the source of woe.

3. 'Tis thine alone to change the heart,  
Thou only canst good gifts impart,  
I therefore will my heart resign  
To thee, O cleanse and seal it thine.

4. With humble faith on thee I call,  
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All ;  
I wait, O Lord, to hear thee say,  
" My blood hath wash'd thy sins away."

5. Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness  
cure,

Make my infected nature pure ;  
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,  
And give thyself unto my heart.

*Gregor* 445.\*  
(T. 10.)

1. **SHALL** we by our behavior  
Show that we love our Saviour ?  
He only can instruct us,  
And in the way conduct us.

2. Through his atonement's powers  
O may we bloom like flowers,  
And thro' his grace and blessing  
Bear fruits to him well-pleasing.

446.\* *Gregor*

(T. 167.)

AS the branches are connected  
With the vine, ev'n so thro' grace,  
A close union is effected  
'Twixt the Lord our righteousness  
And believers, who, tho' feeble,  
Of his pow'r and virtue share,  
And thereby are render'd able  
Pleasing fruit to him to bear.

*Count* 447.\* *Linjendorf*  
(T. 14.)

1. NONE God the Father's favor  
share,

Or heaven's kingdom win,  
But such as little children are,  
And as such enter in.

2. The high and mighty ones the Lord  
Doth from their seats put down;  
But to the poor doth grace afford,  
And them with blessings crown.

3. O may I with submissiveness,  
Dear Lord, be taught by thee;  
To thee obedience show thro' grace,  
And learn humility.

4. Jesus, I humbly thee implore,  
Grant me thy Spirit's light,  
That he may teach me evermore,  
And guide my steps aright.

5. A lowly mind impart to me,  
According to my pray'r;  
Since those, who know their poverty,  
To the most high are near.

6. Thou, who'rt in heav'n above  
ador'd,  
Dost with the contrite dwell,  
Revive the humble by thy word,  
The broken-hearted heal.

7. Therefore, my soul, delight no  
more

In this world's vanity;  
Look forward; Jesus hath in store  
Unfading joys for thee.

8. Lord Jesus Christ, O may I grow  
In knowledge and in grace!  
Grant that in me, while here below,  
Thy likeness each may trace.

K

*Fred de* 448.\* *Walterville*

(T. 583.)

1. THOSE are partakers of our Sa-  
viour's grace,  
Who, whilst his gifts they share with  
thankfulness,  
Glory in their infirmities, and boast  
Of nothing but his grace, wherein  
they trust.

2. His loving-kindness those shall  
richly share,  
Who at a loss and ready to despair,  
Retire in secret, pray him for relief,  
And consolation to assuage their grief.

3. To those the Lord will deign his  
teaching mild,  
Who gladly listen to the meanest  
child,  
And from experience cheerfully al-  
low,  
That they are learners, and but lit-  
tle know.

*Count* 449.\* *Linjendorf*  
(T. 22.)

1. WHoe'er in Jesus doth believe,  
To soaring thoughts no room can  
give;  
The blessed fellowship with Christ,  
And nothing else by him is priz'd.

2. Reflecting how our Lord and Head,  
When ris'n, his foll'wers visited,  
He prays to share that happiness  
Which, without fight, we may possess.

3. Communing with the Lamb of God,  
With heartfelt gratitude he's bow'd:  
And walks in true humility,  
As Christ's disciple constantly.

450.\* *Gregor*

(T. 22.)

1. MY Saviour, that I without thee  
Can nothing do, rejoiceth me:  
For all the grace thou dost bestow,  
I fain my gratitude would show.



*A. Nicholson*

2. Though weak and poor, I am thine  
own;

All praise is due to thee alone,  
That thou, when humbly I appear  
'Fore thee, in mercy drawest near!

3. When pride would stir within my  
breast,

I found no happiness nor rest;  
But, walking in humility,  
I've perfect peace and joy in thee.

4. O keep me contrite, low and poor!  
Thus shall I praise thee evermore.  
Myself thrice blessed I can call,  
When I am nought, and thou my All.

5. In mercy, Lord, this grace bestow,  
That in thy service I may do,  
With gladness and a willing mind,  
Whatever is for me assign'd.

*G. 451. \* Arnold*

(T. 580.)

THY law, O Lord, be my delight,  
My gracious King, thy statutes write  
In my untoward heart;  
Thy pow'r divine afford me grace  
To love thee and to walk thy ways,  
And never from thee to depart.

## XXVIII. Of Resignation, Confidence, and Patience in Tribulation.

452.

(T. 14.)

1. GOD is my Saviour and my Light,  
Why should I be dismay'd?  
'Tis he defends my life; of whom  
Then need I be afraid?

2. Hear my requests, O Lord, and give  
An answer full of grace:  
Thy face thou badst me seek, and I  
Reply, "I'll seek thy face."

3. Lord, do not in displeasure hide  
Thyself, nor me reject;  
The aid which I have had before,  
From thee I still expect.

4. Wait still on God, my soul! from him  
All needful strength derive:  
Though he delay, he will at length  
Thy fainting heart revive.

*No 453. \* Frank*  
(T. 208.)

1. JESUS, source of gladness,  
Comfort in all sadness,  
Thou canst end my grief;  
I for thee am waiting,  
Ardent intreating  
Thee for thy relief:  
Slaughter'd Lamb,—thy saving name!

Yields to me far greater pleasure  
Than all worldly treasure.

2. God is my salvation,  
Joy and consolation;  
With the world I've done;  
To pride's vain pretension  
I'll pay no attention,  
As vice I disown;

Perils, loss, shame, death and cross,  
Suff'rings e'er so keen shall never  
Me from Jesus sever.

3. If the Lord protect me,  
Sin cannot infect me,  
Nought can do me harm;  
Although Satan rageth,  
Christ the storm assuageth  
By his mighty arm:  
Would the foe—his malice show,  
I, since he's my strength and tower,  
Need not fear his power.

4. Gloomy thoughts must vanish,  
Since he doth replenish  
Me with heav'nly peace;  
Each who Jesus loveth,  
By experience proveth  
Grief is chang'd to bliss.  
Though I here-reproach must bear,  
Yet he turneth all my sadness  
Into joy and gladness.

M 454. \* Möller

(T. 22.)

1. JESUS, my all, my highest good!  
Who hast redeem'd me with thy blood,  
When confidence in thee I place,  
My soul is fill'd with joy and peace.

2. Where should I turn, or how thee  
leave?

Jesus, to thee my mind doth cleave;  
With thee my heart hath always found  
True counsel, comfort, help abound.

3. All, who're possess'd of faith and  
love,

This daily by experience prove,  
That they who simply put their trust  
In Jesus Christ, can ne'er be lost.

4. None can be so o'erwhelm'd with  
grief,

But he in Christ may find relief;  
All misery, however great,  
His comforts can alleviate,

5. Jesus, my only God and Lord,  
What comfort doth thy name afford!  
No friend on earth can ever be  
Compar'd for faithfulness with thee.

6. Were health, and strength, and  
friends withdrawn,

Were ev'ry earthly comfort gone,  
If I have thee, I have howe'er  
What me eternally can cheer.

7. O Lord, preserve me sound in faith,  
Thine let me be in life and death;

Hear my request, I ardently  
Desire to be at home with thee.

Gr 455. \* Herrnschmidt

(T. 16.)

1. Storms and winds may blow and  
batter,

Nay, life's vessel overwhelm;  
Deem these trials no great matter,  
If our Saviour guides the helm.

2. If with willing resignation,  
Free from care, we acquiesce

In his ways, his consolation  
Will alleviate our distress.

K 2

3. God is mighty to deliver,  
None his power can withstand;  
In all trials whatsoever  
He will be our gracious friend.

4. When his hour strikes for relieving,  
Help breaks forth amazingly,  
And, to shame our anxious grieving,  
Often unexpectedly.

V 144 456.

H. B. Foster (T. 22.)

1. WHEN by adversity I'm tried,  
In God, my rock, I will confide,  
'Midst trials, whatsoe'er they be,  
Rely on his fidelity.

2. I'll trust my great Physician's skill,  
Resignedly obey his will;  
For each disease he knows what's fit,  
He's wise and good, and I submit.

3. Although his med'cine cause me  
smart,  
And wound me in the tend'rest part,  
'Tis but with a design to cure,  
I must and will his touch endure.

4. Lord Jesus Christ, afford me grace,  
In ev'ry trial thee to praise:  
O let thy sacred will be mine,  
To thee myself I now resign.

Counless 457. \* Dingwall

(T. 234.)

JESUS, my all, my soul's best friend,  
To thee myself I now deliver;  
Whate'er comes from thy faithful  
hand,

How hard it be, how strange soever,  
I'll take it with a passive heart:

And tho' I cannot shout for gladness,  
Yet it shall never cause me smart,  
Nor fill my soul with anxious sadness.

May I with cheerfulness  
In thy ways acquiesce,  
Nor murmur at thy dispensation,  
But simply trusting thee,  
On thy fidelity

Depend with humble resignation.

458.

(r. 580.)

1. **THAT** I am thine, my Lord and  
God,  
Sprinkled and ransom'd with thy  
blood,

Repeat that word once more,  
With such an energy and light,  
That this world's flattery nor spite  
To shake me ever may have pow'r.

2. From various cares my heart retires.  
Though deep and boundless its desires,  
I'm now to please but one,  
Him, before whom the elders bow;  
With him I am engag'd now,  
And with the souls that are his own.

3. This is my joy, which ne'er can fail,  
To see my Saviour's arm prevail,  
To mark the steps of grace;  
How new-born souls, convinc'd of sin,  
Yet through his precious blood made  
clean,  
Extol his name in ev'ry place.

4. With these my happy lot is cast,  
Thro' the world's deserts rude and  
waste,

Or through its gardens fair:  
Whether the storm of malice sweeps,  
Or all in dead supineness sleeps,  
Still to go on, be all my care.

5. See the dear sheep, by Jesus drawn,  
In blest simplicity move on,  
They trust his Shepherd's crook;  
Beholders many faults will find,  
But they can guess at Jesu's mind;  
Content, if written in his book.

6. O all ye wise, ye rich, ye just,  
Who Jesu's doctrine have discuss'd,  
And judge it weak and slight,  
Grant but I may (there rests your own),  
In shame and poverty sit down  
At this one well-spring of delight.

7. Indeed had Jesus ne'er been slain,  
Or could ought make his ransom vain,  
That it avail'd no more;  
Were his unbounded mercy fled,  
Were he no more the churches' head,  
Nor Lord of all, as heretofore;

8. Then, so refers my state to him,  
Unwarranted I must esteem,  
And wretched all I do;  
Ah! my heart throbs, and seizeth fast  
That cov'nant, which will ever last,  
It knows, it knows these things are  
true.

9. Yes, my dear Lord, in foll'wing  
thee,  
Not in the dark uncertainly,  
This foot obedient moves;  
'Tis with a Brother and a King,  
Who many to his yoke will bring,  
Who ever lives and ever loves.

10. Now then my Way, my Truth,  
my Life,  
Henceforth let sorrow, doubt and strife,  
Drop off like autumn leaves;  
Henceforth, as privileg'd by thee,  
Simple and undistracted be  
My soul, which to thy mercy cleaves.

11. Let me my weary mind recline  
On that eternal love of thine,  
And human thoughts forget;  
Childlike attend what thou wilt say,  
Go forth and do it, while 'tis day,  
Yet never leave my safe retreat.

12. At all times to my spirit bear  
An inward witness, soft and clear,  
Of thy redeeming pow'r;  
Thus will thy child enabled be  
In all things to yield joy to thee,  
And live unto thy praise each hour.

13. Now then the sequel is well  
weigh'd,  
I cast myself upon thy aid,  
A sea where none can sink;  
Yea, thereon I depend, poor worm,  
Believing that thou wilt perform  
Beyond whate'er I ask or think.

459\*.

(r. 83.)

1. **MY** Redeemer knoweth me,  
Both in joy and in affliction;  
O my soul, now joyful be,  
Trust thy Shepherd's kind direction.  
His own sheep he knows by name,  
And to bless them is his aim.

2. Unexampled is that love  
By which we're with him connected,  
If we ought distressing prove,  
Jesus is thereby affected;  
We his watchful love and care,  
In all trials, richly share.

*Count 460. \* Kingdon*  
(r. 195.)

**DOTH** our gracious Saviour,  
In so many evils,  
Which the foe at christians levels,  
Kindly guard and keep us?  
Ah! how should we praise him,  
Ev'ry where extol and bless him?  
Love should so-ardent glow,  
As to make us ever  
Cleave to Christ our Saviour.

*Mary 461. \* Taylor*  
(T. 22.)

1. **WHO** can condemn, since Christ  
hath dy'd?  
I, by his blood, am justify'd:  
He ever lives to intercede,  
And send me help in time of need.  
2. What can from Christ me separate?  
Shall trials howsoever great,  
Shall tribulation or distress,  
Shall peril, sword, or nakedness?  
3. O no, in all things I shall prove  
Conq'r through him, who me did  
love;  
My Lord obtain'd the victory,  
Sufficient is his grace for me.  
4. O love unbounded! refuge sure!  
My helpless soul now lives secure;  
In thee, O Lord, alone I trust,  
I know I never shall be lost.

*Paul 462. \* Gerhard*  
(T. 151.)

1. **IS** God my strong salvation?  
No enemy I fear;  
He hears my supplication,  
Dispelling all my care:

If he, my Head and Master,  
Defends me from above;  
What pain or what disaster  
Can part me from his love?

2. Of this I am persuaded,  
And boast now openly,  
That he, whose love ne'er faded,  
Is always kind to me;  
In changes and in chances  
He stands at my right-hand;  
Yea, when a storm advances,  
'Tis calm at his command.

3. The ground of my profession  
Is Jesus and his blood;  
He gives me the possession  
Of everlasting good;  
Myself, and whatsoever  
Is mine, I cannot trust;  
The gifts of Christ my Saviour  
Remain my only boast.

4. My Jesus and his merit  
Are all my aim and care;  
Were he not with my spirit,  
Ah! I should soon despair;  
T' appear 'fore my Creator  
I never could desire,  
He'd to my sinful nature  
Prove a consuming fire.

5. 'Tis Jesus Christ who taketh  
Away sin, death and woe,  
And by his blood he maketh  
Each spot as white as snow;  
Free from that condemnation,  
Which sinners else must find,  
I joy in his salvation  
With an embolden'd mind.

6. His Spirit is the sov'reign  
Possessor of my heart;  
Nought else dares there to govern,  
And he dispels all smart;  
He gives his benediction,  
Yea, helpeth me to cry  
Abba, when in affliction,  
With childlike fervency.

7. His Spirit cheers my spirit  
With many a precious word,  
That I shall joy inherit,  
If trusting in the Lord;



Since after tribulation,  
All those who Jesus love,  
Have that blest expectation  
To live with him above.

6. Should earth lose its foundation,  
He stands my lasting Rock;  
No temp'ral desolation  
Shall give my love a shock;  
I'll cleave to Christ my Saviour,  
No object, small or great,  
Nor height, nor depth shall ever  
Me from him separate.

*Joachim* 463.\* *Stander*  
(T. 68.)

1. GOD and man indeed!  
Comfort in all need!  
Thou becom'st a man of sorrows,  
To gain life eternal for us,  
By thy precious blood:  
Jesus, man and God!

2. Thanks for ever be,  
Jesus, unto thee,  
For thy strengthening us when feeble,  
Bearing us when we're not able;  
Granting constantly  
What we ask of thee.

464.\* *Gregor*  
(T. 228.)

THIS one thing needful grant to us,  
To view thee, Jesus, on the cross,  
Bleeding for our salvation,  
Then 'midst all weakness, we indeed  
Shall still from grace to grace proceed,  
Lord, in thy congregation:  
May none-ground on  
Empty notions,—or good motions,  
His religion,  
Without pow'r and life's fruition.

2. 465. *Bennick*  
(T. 9.)

1. WHAT, my soul, should bow  
thee down,  
Perils or temptation?  
Is not Christ upon the throne  
Still thy strong salvation?

2. Cast thy burthen on the Lord,  
Thy almighty Saviour;  
He, who death for thee endur'd,  
Surely will deliver.

3. Mention to him all thy wants,  
Yea, whate'er doth grieve thee,  
If thy soul for comfort pants,  
Jesus will relieve thee.

4. Turn, my soul, unto thy rest,  
Quickly turn to Jesus,  
He will do for thee what's best,  
Heal all thy diseases.

5. Mourn, because thou hast forgot  
Him, whose great compassion  
Never fails, whose blood hath bought  
Thy complete salvation.

6. Earthly trifles don't regard,  
Trust in Jesu's favor,  
He will be thy great reward,  
And thy shield for ever.

466.

(T. 14.)

1. WHILE we at honest labour toil,  
Our hearts may be at ease;  
For if our Saviour on us smile,  
'Midst trouble we have peace.

2. Sick outwardly or in distress  
We may be, 'tis confess'd:  
But the believer nevertheless  
In trials finds he's blest'd.

*Sam* 467.\* *Rodigast*  
(T. 212.)

1. THE will of God is always best,  
His will be done for ever;  
Those who confide in him are blest,  
And prove his love and favor.  
He helps indeed,—in time of need,  
'Midst chastisements he saveth;  
Those who depend—on God their  
friend,  
Such souls he never leaveth.

2. His comforts daily me sustain,  
He lends me his assistance;  
To what he doth for me ordain  
I'll yield without resistance:

True is his word,—my hairs the Lord  
Himself in mercy numbers;  
He guards and wakes,—care of me  
takes,  
And all my wants remembers.

*J. 468. Gambold*

(T. 590.) *Sw*

1. **No** more with trembling heart I  
try

A multitude of things,  
Still wishing to find out that point  
From whence salvation springs;  
My anchor's cast, cast on a ground,  
Where I shall ever rest  
From all the labor of my thoughts,  
And workings of my breast.

2. What is my anchor, if you ask?

A hungry, helpless mind,  
Diving, with mis'ry for its weight,  
Till firmest grace it find:

What is my ground? 'Tis Jesus  
Christ,

Whom faithless eyes pass o'er,  
Yet there the humble sinner may  
Ride safe, though tempests roar.

*J. 469. Sweetner*

(T. 590.)

**By** Christ we're screen'd with ten-  
der care,

From vain and worldly noise;  
Ye who God's happy children are,  
Can in the Lord rejoice,  
And walk in union with your God,  
Who is your nearest friend,  
Upon life's rough and dang'rous road,  
In safety to the end.

*Adm. 470. \*Brayberg*

(T. 189.)

**Who** overcometh, shall abide forever  
A pillar in God's temple, through his  
grace,

Adorned with the name of God his  
Saviour,

And of Jerusalem his chosen place;

Lord, make the feeble

Watchful and able,

That they be stable,

And vict'ry gain.

K 4

471.

(T. 149.)

1. **Christ** I love with all my pow'r,  
But still not sufficient;  
If without him but one hour,  
I'm in joy deficient.  
Might his grace—but always,  
And his constant nearness,  
Keep my soul in clearness!

2. 'Midst all trials may I cleave *Sweetner*  
Unto thee my Saviour;  
Ah, my inmost soul doth grieve  
When I miss that favor:  
Lord, with thee—constantly  
Be my blessed station,  
Till my consummation,

472\*.

(T. 79.)

**I'LL** spare all needless thinking,  
Nor shall my mind be shrinking,  
Concerning what may be,  
I'll follow thy kind leading,  
Dear Lord, in each proceeding;  
That thou'rt my all, sufficeth me.

*Chr Andr 473\* Bernstein*

(T. 34.)

1. **AT** last he's blest, who by the  
blood of Jesus  
Was cleansed and an heir of God  
while here;

At last draws nigh the acceptable year;  
The wish'd-for day, on which all  
sorrow ceases.

2. At last God's servants, joys eternal  
reaping,

Will be refresh'd, according to his  
word,

In heav'n made like the angels of the  
Lord,

But here on earth we must sow seed  
'midst weeping.

3. My soul, with patience wait for  
that blest season,

Knowing, that tho' by various trials  
prov'd,

Thou'rt by thy Saviour car'd for and  
belov'd,

Therefore unto God's will submit thy  
reason.

# XXIX. Of the Christian Church in general, and the Brethren's Congregations in particular.

*Matth.* 474. \* *Hehl*  
(r. 166.)

1. **U**Nfathom'd wisdom of our King!  
In stillness he collects his flock,  
Leads on, doth to perfection bring,  
And grounds it on himself, the Rock;  
With little hurry, noise, or show,  
He safely guideth ev'ry soul;  
No more the blinded world can do,  
Than scorn and ridicule the whole.

2. Thy church, great Saviour, bought  
with blood,  
Despis'd of men, but dear to thee,  
Esteems thy cross a pleasant load,  
An easy yoke; thrice happy she!  
When, bearing thy reproach below,  
She still partakes of thy free grace,  
Which thou so richly dost bestow,  
And which affliction's load outweighs.

3. Thou hast, with shepherd's faith-  
fulness,  
Brought many souls to thy blest fold,  
Made them partakers of thy grace,  
And 'mongst thy foll'wers them en-  
roll'd:  
They yield thee pleasure and delight,  
When they thy shepherd's voice obey,  
And whilst they in thy love unite,  
Thou guid'st them thro' life's narrow  
way.

4. We humbly pray, support the weak,  
Support thy little ones thro' grace.  
Thou know'st for thee a thirst we seek,  
Kind Master of thy chosen race!  
We know thy faithfulness and love,  
Thy mercy all our wants supplies,  
May spirit, soul, and body prove  
To thee a pleasing sacrifice.

5. By thee protected, gracious Lord,  
O may we ever live secure;  
Let by thy Spirit, grace and word,  
Thy cov'nant with thy church stand  
sure;

Thy work O prosper and defend,  
We're feeble, but confide in thee;  
Let thy true foll'wers to the end  
Beneath oppression conqu'rors be.

*J.* 475. \* *Newton*  
(r. 167.)

1. **G**Lorious things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God!  
He whose words can ne'er be broken,  
Form'd thee for his own abode:  
On the Rock of ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2. See! the streams of living waters  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove:  
Who can taint while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?  
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

3. Round each habitation hov'ring  
See the cloud and fire appear!  
For a glory and a cov'ring,  
Showing that the Lord is near:  
Thus deriving from their banner  
Light by night and shade by day,  
Safe they feed upon the manna  
Which he gives them when they pray.

4. Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!  
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,  
Makes them kings and priests to God:  
'Tis his love his people raises  
Over self to reign as kings,  
And as priests, his solemn praises  
Each for a thank-off'ring brings,

5. Saviour, if of Zion's city  
I through grace a member am;  
Let the world deride or pity,  
I will glory in thy name;

Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
All his boasted pomp and show;  
Solid joys and lasting treasure,  
None but Zion's children know.

*Count 476.\* Singendorf*  
(T. 26.)

1. **R**Edeemed souls, adore and praise  
Our merciful and gracious God,  
For all the blessings he bestow'd,  
For all the wonders of his grace.

2. The Lord for us great things hath  
done,

Our warmest thanks to him are due,  
We trace his goodness when we view  
His church, where he erects his throne.

3. We humbly take what he'll bestow,  
Who would refuse his boundless  
grace?

O may his church in ev'ry place  
His blessed views more fully know.

4. We all in spirit are agreed,  
To follow Jesus as his flock,  
To build on him, our only Rock,  
And on the path of life proceed.

5. And though a rugged path it be,  
On which we oft with trials meet,  
And many dangers us beset;  
It leads to true felicity.

6. The Father's garden here below  
With patience must be watch'd in-  
deed,

For as in nature 'tis, the seed  
Must die before the plant can grow.

7. Here is our hand, us, Lord, assist,  
To serve thee midst reproach and  
shame,

And thy atonement to proclaim,  
Until we in thy presence rest.

*J. 477.\* Sweetser*  
(T. 161.)

1. **H**ighly favor'd congregation,  
Founded firm on Christ the Rock!  
Own with thanks and adoration,  
He's the Shepherd, we his flock;  
He's our Saviour, whose great favor  
We've midst many trials proved,  
We are needy, yet beloved.

2. Most who've enter'd your blest  
borders

View with awe your Master's aim;  
And your government and orders  
Prompt them to revere his name.  
Lord most holy!—may we truly  
Prize our great predestination  
In thy chosen congregation.

3. Think, my soul, how great the favor  
In Jehovah's courts to dwell!  
There poor sinners meet their Saviour;  
There the sin-sick souls grow well.  
Was not Jesus—always gracious,  
When we, conscious how we failed,  
To his loving heart appealed?

4. Here by faith we're humbly eying  
Our Redeemer on the cross;  
We behold him bleeding, dying,  
To gain endless bliss for us.  
Here is ready—for the needy,  
Meat and drink at Jesu's table,  
Which t' explain we are not able.

5. In thy family, O Jesus,  
Love should more and more abound;  
This thy word and Spirit teach us,  
As its mark and only ground.  
May we, learning—and discerning  
Both thy doctrine and example,  
Be in truth thy holy temple.

6. Grant that 'mongst thy chosen  
people  
Each may serve thee evermore,  
Foll'wing thee as thy disciple,  
And in spirit thee adore,  
Gracious Saviour—with heart's fervor;  
May we walk as thine anointed,  
In the path thou hast appointed.

*Count 478.\* Singendorf*  
(T. 22.)

1. **A**S long as Jesus Lord remains  
Each day new rising glory gains,  
It was, it is, and will be so  
With his church militant below!

2. Our only stay is Jesu's grace,  
In ev'ry time and ev'ry place;  
And Jesu's blood-bought righteouf-  
ness  
Remains his church's glorious dress.



3. All self-dependence is but vain,  
Christ doth our Corner-stone remain,  
Our Rock, which will unshaken stay  
When heav'n and earth are fled away.

4. The Spirit which anointed Christ,  
By which th' apostles were baptiz'd,  
Is giv'n to us, and makes us glad,  
Proceeding from the church's Head.

5. That cause shall never suffer harm  
Which rests on Jesu's mighty arm :  
What men can do, we need not fear,  
No foe shall even touch a hair.

6. For these our God hath number'd all,  
Without his leave not one can fall :  
If in the least he is so true,  
What won't he in the greater do ?

7. He is and shall remain our Lord,  
Our confidence is in his word :  
And whilst our Jesus reigns above  
His church will more than conqu'ror  
prove.

479.\*

(T. 146.)

**LORD**, teach me how to prize  
My great predetermination ;  
And thankful to rejoice  
With thy dear congregation,  
Redeemed with thy blood ;  
Grant me a childlike faith  
Among thy folk, O God !  
Until my latest breath.

P. 480.\* Böhrer

(T. 26.)

1. **WHO** can the love of Christ express

To those who by his blood redeemed,  
Are as the heirs of life esteemed ?  
They're own'd as his peculiar race.

2. With thanks before his throne  
appear,

And praise His name, dear congregation,

For ev'ry proof and demonstration,  
That you his favor'd people are.

3. We know his boundless love and  
grace,

Enjoy his goodness, care and favor,

He keeps his covenant for ever,  
Can ought exceed his faithfulness ?

4. O may the church of Christ always  
Be to the world a bright example,  
How by the Holy Ghost, his temple  
Should be constructed to his praise,

Gregor 481.\*

(T. 155.)

1. **CHURCH** of Christ, sing and rejoice,  
Bring the Lord through all thy classes  
Thanks and praises,  
Glory, honor, might and pow'r,  
Evermore ;

Since he is your Head and Saviour,  
And his mercy, grace and favor  
Richly doth on you bestow.

2. When we on his faithfulness,  
Love and mercy duly ponder,  
Lost in wonder,  
We desire his name to praise ;  
For his grace,

Love and goodness never ceaseth,  
He the number still increaseth  
Of the church in which he rules.

3. Highly favor'd church, thou art  
Still beyond all contradiction,  
Midst affliction,

By the Lord, who thee redeem'd,  
Much esteem'd ;

Therefore may thy whole behavior  
Be an honor to thy Saviour,  
Whose great mercy never ends.

4. Tho' thou hast but little strength,  
Yet thy faith be manifested,  
And attested

By unfeigned love to him ;  
Serve his name

With true zeal in ev'ry station,  
As his feeble congregation,  
Which relies on his support.

482.

(T. 341.)

1. **OUR** souls with inmost shame  
Address thy holy name,  
Jesus in our midst appear

Present to each waiting soul,  
Ev'ry drooping sinner cheer,

Breathe thy Spirit thro' the whole.

2. We sinners humbly crave  
Thy presence here to have,  
In this place to find thee true  
To thy promises of grace;  
Still to own the gather'd few,  
Giving them thy life and peace.

3. From thy majestic throne  
In mercy, Lord, look down;  
View the souls a-thirst for thee,  
Turn to them thy cheering face;  
Each adores, with bended knee,  
Thee, O Jesus, for thy grace,

*Court* 483. \* *Singendorf*  
(T. 121.)

LORD Jesus, by thy death,  
Whereon we trust by faith,  
Thy wounds, thy pierced side,  
Thy agony and sweat,  
Preserve the church, thy bride,  
Till thou com'st again,  
Prince of life once slain. :||:

*Tr.* 484. \* *Neiser*  
(T. 583.)

How bold and vain th' attempt to  
overthrow  
The blessed church of Jesus Christ  
below,  
For Salem's bulwarks, holy walls and  
tow'rs,  
Shall stand in spite of all opposing  
pow'rs.

*In.* 485. \* *Nitchman*  
(T. 30.) *Scripta*

LIFT up thy pierc'd hands, most  
gracious Saviour,  
On thy church, and pour out all that  
favor,  
Which in thy loving  
And kind heart for us is ever moving.

*Court* 486. \* *Singendorf*  
(T. 121.)

1. YE people of the Lord,  
Be still and trust his word,

Bring your supplications  
'Fore him with one accord,  
That many heathen nations,  
Bought by Jesu's blood,  
May yet turn to God. :||:

2. O might we clearly trace  
In these blest times of grace,  
'Mongst the brethren's people,  
In each a willingness  
To be the Lord's disciple,  
To spend life and blood  
In the cause of God. :||:

*C.* 487. \* *Singendorf*  
(T. 151.)

O Jesus Christ, most holy,  
Head of the church, thy bride,  
Each day in us more fully  
Thy name be magnify'd;  
O may in each believer  
Thy love its pow'r display,  
And none amongst us, ever  
From thee our Shepherd stray.

488. \* *Gregor*  
(T. 590.)

O Thou whose mercies far exceed  
All we can think or say,  
As in thy people thou indeed  
Dost daily more display:  
Let for our happiness, O God,  
On us, whilst here below,  
By virtue of thy death and blood,  
Still thousand blessings flow.

*C.* 489. \* *Singendorf*  
(T. 114.)

1. THOU God of love, we pray im-  
part thy favor  
Each day unto thy house and family,  
Who as one man united are in thee,  
O grant that ev'ry one thy grace may  
favor,  
And that thy church for ever may re-  
joice  
In thee, and praise thy name with  
heart and voice.

2. O thou whose love extends beyond  
all measure,  
Thou hearest us already ere we cry;  
No soul that calls on thee thou passest  
by,  
But to relieve thy children is thy  
pleasure,  
Thou art our Light, our Strength, our  
Shield and Rock,  
Our faithful Shepherd, and we are  
thy flock.

*Count* 490. \* *Promnitz*  
(T. 68.)

1. CHURCH of Christ be glad,  
Praise thy Lord and Head,  
Grounded on thy Saviour's merit,  
That thou'rt filled with his Spirit  
Is perceiv'd, and this  
Proves that thou art his.

2. For the Lamb of God  
Fixeth his abode.  
In his ransom'd congregation,  
And true joy and consolation,  
Grace and truth abound  
Where the Lord is found.

3. All thy strength and life  
From Christ's death derive,  
And proclaim his bitter passion  
As the cause of man's salvation,  
Showing forth his praise  
Till the end of days.

*Bohe.* 491. \* *Brn*  
(T. 520.)

1. PRAISE God for ever!  
Boundless is his favor  
To his church and chosen flock,  
Founded on Christ the Rock,  
His almighty Son,  
On fair mount Zion,  
By his Spirit, grace and word:  
Bless'd city of the Lord!  
Thou in spite of ev'ry pow'rful foe  
Shalt unshaken stand, and prospering  
grow,  
Midst disgrace—to God's praise,  
Both in love and unity,  
To all eternity.

2. It plain appeareth,  
As God's word declareth,  
That the Lord his folk defends,  
Through mercy which ne'er ends;  
As he was of old  
With his chosen fold,  
Thus his pow'r and faithfulness  
We in the church may trace,  
For our God his people still protects  
And'mongst them his righteous throne  
erects.

Praises be—giv'n to thee,  
Mighty God Immanuel,  
That with us thou wilt dwell.

3. God our salvation  
Feeds his congregation  
With his word and sacrament,  
All evil doth prevent,  
That the weak and poor  
Here may dwell secure;  
Order is herein maintain'd  
By discipline unshain'd,  
And God's servants watch with faith-  
ful care.

O'er his flock, and offer fervent pray'r.  
God our Lord—will afford  
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,  
Until the end of days.

*Bohe.* 492 \* *Brn*  
(T. 69.)

1. HOW amiable  
Thy habitations are!  
Wherein assemble  
Thy christian people dear,  
O Lord,  
Thy praises to record.

2. My heart with fervor  
And inward longing, pants  
Thy grace and favor  
To tell there with thy saints,  
Boldly  
The truth to testify.

3. For there thou choos'est  
To dwell, my living Tow'r;  
Sweet rest diffus'est  
From that place evermore,  
Which thou  
Ordnain'd hast thereto.

4. There is asserted  
The new birth spiritual;  
And souls converted  
By thy pure gospel's call,  
And there  
In Christ's church grafted are.

5. For this I'm longing,  
(Great gladness it doth raise)  
Thereto belonging  
To be throughout my days,  
And thee  
To serve incessantly.

6. All those are blessed  
That come into thine house,  
With awe expressed,  
Which deep conviction shows;  
And pray,  
And to thee homage pay.

7. Thou dost deliver  
Thy church in all distress;  
Thou art our Saviour,  
Whate'er may us oppress,  
Vict'ry  
We may obtain through thee.

8. One day is better  
Spent in the christian church;  
Thy praise to utter,  
Than thousands spent in search  
Of joy  
In the broad worldly way.

9. This territory  
The Lord, as sun, doth light,  
Gives grace and glory,  
And sanctify'd delight  
To all  
Who for his mercy call.

10. Yea, his condition,  
How splendid 'tis, O Lord,  
Whom thou admitt'st  
Dost to thy church afford,  
And so  
The heav'nly kingdom too.

11. Through grace afford us,  
Dear Lord, church-liberty,  
To each good purpose,  
That we our days employ  
With care  
Thy holy word to hear.

*Gregor & 493. Hen. Bruiningk*  
(Reception-Liturgy. A.)

(T. 22.)

1. IN th' name of Jesus Christ our  
Lord,

The church's Head, by us ador'd,  
His brethren's congregation now  
Into her fold receiveth you;

2. With us in Jesus to be one,  
To follow him, and him alone;  
T' enjoy his faithful shepherd's care,  
And his reproach and joy to share.

3. O may our Lord, the God of grace,  
When you receive the kiss of peace,  
Own you his blood-bought property,  
And lead and bless you constantly.

4. With heart and hand you now we  
own,  
The Lord, to whom your heart is  
known,  
Cause your whole walk 'mongst us  
to be

His joy and your felicity.

5. The God of peace you sanctify,  
With us to yield him praise and joy;  
That spirit, soul, and body may  
Be blameless till his perfect day.

494. \* *B.*  
(Reception-Liturgy. B.)

(T. 22.)

1. THIS flock of Christ receiveth  
thee,

Whilst conscious of her poverty,  
She weepeth often contrite tears,  
When 'fore her Saviour she appears.

2. But yet she can in truth rejoice,  
Because she hears his shepherd's voice,  
And owns that he, her Lord and Head,  
Her gently govern'd, train'd and led.

3. While we the kiss of peace impart  
We own thee one with us in heart,  
In Jesus, who's the only ground  
That in one cov'nant we are found.

4. Enjoy then with the church, Christ's  
spouse,  
The privileges of his house;



And in our joy, and grief, and care,  
With us take thy allotted share.

5. As his redeem'd from this world's  
thrall,

Seek to make sure thy blessed call :  
That when the Bridegroom comes we  
may

Be found wise virgins in that day.

*J. 495. Bennet*  
(T. 14.)

1. BRide of the Lamb, I'm one in  
heart

With thee, thro' boundless grace,  
And I shall ne'er from thee depart,  
This bond shall never cease.

2. Closely I'll follow Christ with thee,  
I'll go thy safest road,  
Thy people shall my people be,  
And thine shall be my God.\*

\* Ruth i. 16.

*Count. 496. \* Lenzendorf*  
(T. 155.)

FIT us for thy service, Lord,  
Each one in thy congregation,  
In his station,  
May we be in ev'ry place  
To thy praise,  
And in all thy service stable,  
Willing, lively, faithful, able,  
Till in thee we end our race.

497.\*

(T. 208.)

LORD, thy body's Saviour,  
Shepherd and Preserver,  
If times numberless,  
We, thy congregation,  
Paid our adoration  
For electing grace,  
Yet should we  
Great debtors be :  
Take us all as an oblation  
For thy bitter passion,

498.\*

(T. 132.)

THE spirit of the witnesses  
Rests on the congregation,

Excites her to proclaim free grace  
In Christ's propitiation ;  
And teacheth her when to rejoice,  
When to lift up her cheerful voice,  
And when to weep in silence.

499.\*

(T. 582.)

LORD Jesus, when we trace  
Thy gracious call and aim  
With us thy flock, we render praise  
Unto thy holy name ;  
Thou'st open'd us a door,  
Our little strength thou know'st,  
Assist us, Lord, we thee implore,  
To call to thee what's lost.

*Count 500. \* Lenzendorf*  
(T. 58.)

HOLD o'er thy church thy pro-  
tecting hand,  
And in thy truth may she ever stand;  
Render her more blessed and to thy  
glory,  
May all her members serve and adore  
thee

As Lord and Head.

*Gregor 501.\**  
(T. 114.)

1. BRide of the Lamb, thou favor'd  
congregation,  
Thou fruit of Jesu's cross, dear  
cov'nant flock,  
Securely built on him, th' eternal  
Rock,  
Rejoice in him, the God of thy sal-  
vation,  
Reap all the blessings he design'd for  
thee,  
Grow in his grace and knowledge con-  
stantly.

2. Thy glory be to all the world dis-  
played,  
To all mankind his dying love pro-  
claim,  
Awake, put on thy strength, Jeru-  
salem,  
And in thy beauteous garments be  
arrayed,

## Hymns for the New Year and other solemn Days. 159

Break forth, extend thyself both far  
and near,  
That thousands still thy happiness  
may share.

*Count 502. \* Singing*  
(T. 79.)

THOU know'st the congregation  
Hath thee for her foundation,  
Whate'er the world may say;  
Grant us to cleave for ever  
To thee, our gracious Saviour,  
May love amongst us bear the  
iway.

*G. A. 503. \* Oldendorf*  
(T. 221.)

O Lord, let thy countenance friendly  
and gracious  
Shine clearly on thy chosen race,  
To thee we commend ourselves jointly,  
to bless us,  
Let ev'ry member feel thy peace:  
Thy servants protest, O most gracious  
Lord,  
And always direct by thy holy word,  
Yea, grant them with boldness thy  
death to proclaim,  
And life and remission of sins thro' thy  
name.

## XXX. Hymns for the New Year and other solemn Days.

*I. 504. Swartner*  
(T. 184.)

1. AGAIN another year is ended,  
In which we've prov'd that Christ  
our Head,

Whom we, alas! too oft offended,  
Unkindly own'd, and lov'd, and led;  
Yet when we, conscious of transgres-

sion,  
Bow'd in the dust 'fore him appear'd,  
His pardon follow'd our confession,  
His smiles our drooping spirits  
cheer'd. *B. La Roche*

2. Thou God of love! thy great sal-  
vation

Remain'd throughout this year our  
stay;

Thy care of us, thy congregation,  
Was manifested ev'ry day:

Nay, even trials and afflictions  
Prov'd thee our gracious God and  
Lord;

In all we felt thy benediction:

Thee, Lord, we praise with one  
accord!

3. O gracious Lord, thy name be  
blessed

By us, for all thy proofs of grace!

For all the gifts by us possessed.

Thou crownest all our years and days.

Tho' we with shame and pain are  
sighing

That we so basely thee requite:  
Yet Hallelujahs we'll be crying,  
For thou'rt our Lord, and Help, and  
Light.

*B. 505. La Roche*  
(T. 584.)

1. THOU God of love, Lord our sal-  
vation,

Grant us a year of jubilation,  
Though fill'd with humble shame;  
Seal with thy pardon our confession;  
Preserve us, Lord, from all transgres-  
sion;

Thus we shall praise thy name.

2. Saviour and Lord, our only  
Sov'reign,

Thy people in this year so govern,  
That we may give thee praise.

O Father, give Christ's flock thy blef-  
sing!

O Spirit, we, thy aid possessing,  
Shall daily grow in grace!

506.

(T. 14.)

1. AGAIN another fleeting year  
Of my short life is past;

160 Hymns for the New Year and other solemn Days.

I cannot long continue here,  
And this may be my last.

2. Much of my dubious life is gone,  
Nor will return again;  
And swift my passing moments run,  
The few that yet remain.
3. Now a new scene of time begins,  
Set out afresh for heav'n;  
Seek pardon for thy former sins,  
By Christ it will be giv'n.
4. Devoutly yield thyself to God,  
And on his grace depend;  
With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,  
Nor doubt a happy end.

*Paul* 507.\* *Gerhard*  
(T. 10.)

1. YEAR after year commenceth,  
And as our life advanceth,  
We through God's grace are thriving  
Each year that we are living.
2. As in tempestuous weather,  
A kind and tender mother  
Her babe from harm protecteth,  
And safely home conducteth;
3. So shelters Christ our Saviour  
His children by his favor,  
And proves in each temptation  
Their refuge and salvation.
4. Lord, grant thy benediction  
To ev'ry thought and action,  
On youth, and age declining,  
Thou Sun of grace be shining.
5. O keep our souls and senses  
Under the influences  
Of thy most holy Spirit,  
Until we heav'n inherit.
6. O God of our salvation,  
Withhold no kind donation  
From us, but let us favor  
In this new year thy favor.

*I.* 508. *Muston*  
(T. 582.)

1. LET hearts and tongues unite  
And loud thanksgivings raise;  
'Tis duty, mingled with delight,  
The Saviour's name to praise.

2. To him we owe our breath,  
He took us from the womb,  
Which else had shut us up in death,  
And prov'd an early tomb.
3. When on the breast we hung,  
Our help was in the Lord;  
'Twas he first taught our infant  
tongue  
To form the lisping word.
4. When in our blood we lay,  
He would not let us die;  
Because his love had fix'd a day  
To bring salvation nigh.
5. In childhood and in youth  
His eye was on us still;  
Though stranger to his love and truth,  
And prone to cross his will.
6. And since his name we knew,  
How gracious hath he been!  
What dangers hath he led us through,  
What mercies have we seen!
7. Now through another year,  
Supported by his care,  
We raise our \*Ebenezer here,  
"The Lord hath help'd thus far."
8. Our lot in future years  
Unable to foresee,  
He kindly, to prevent our fears,  
Saith, "Leave it all to me."
9. Yea, Lord, we wish to cast  
Our cares upon thy breast;  
Help us to praise thee for the past,  
And trust thee for the rest.

\* 1 Sam. vii. 12.

*Countess* 509.\* *Longwood*  
(T. 141.)

1. OWN thy congregation,  
O thou slaughter'd Lamb,  
Who are here assembled  
In thy holy name,  
Look upon thy people,  
Whom thou by thy blood  
Hast in love redeemed,  
And brought nigh to God.
2. Thou hast kindly led us  
For these many years,  
Ah! accept our praises,  
And our grateful tears;

Grant us all the favor  
To obey thy voice,  
Yea, what thou directest  
Be our only choice.

3. Church, who art arrayed  
In the glorious dress  
Of thy Lord and Saviour's  
Spotless righteousness,  
Be both now and ever  
By his blood kept clean,  
And in all thy members  
May his grace be seen.

*J. 510. Swinton*  
(T. 97.)

1. WHO can rehearse, most gracious  
Lord,  
The mercy which thou dost afford  
Unto thy people ev'ry year?  
We thy poor congregation here  
Desire to thank and praise thee ever-  
more,  
And humbly in the dust thy name t'  
adore.

2. For we, unworthy as we are,  
Enjoy'd thy faithful Shepherd's care;  
Thou always comfort didst impart  
To ev'ry needy contrite heart;  
Thou didst to us thy dying love dis-  
play,  
And wast our help and refuge ev'ry  
day.

3. The hearing of thy precious word,  
Thy gracious presence, holy Lord,  
Have cheer'd our hearts abundantly,  
When met in fellowship 'fore thee:  
But, O what choice-st blessings thou'lt  
bestow'd,  
When we enjoy'd thy body and thy  
blood.

4. Lord Jesus, we would fain express  
To thee our cordial thankfulness,  
For all thy boundless love and grace;  
But how imperfect are our lays!  
O take our hearts, to thee ourselves  
we give,  
In future more unto thy praise to  
live.

L

511.

(T. 166.)

LORD Jesus, 'mongst thy flock ap-  
pear,  
And thy poor congregation bless;  
We're met to close another year,  
Accept the thanks our hearts express.  
We are not able to record  
Thy boundless favors which we've  
prov'd,  
They show that we, most gracious  
Lord,  
'Midst our defects by thee'relov'd.

*Cowley 512. \*Singmaster*  
(T. 230.)

1. JESUS, God of our salvation,  
Behold thy church with supplication  
Humbly appear before thy face;  
She by fervent love constrained,  
Since from thy death she life obtained,  
Gives unto thee due thanks and praise,  
O listen to our pray'r,  
To meet thee us prepare,  
With due reverence,  
No tongue can tell  
What joy we feel,  
When thou, Lord, dost thyself reveal.

2. Thee t' approach with awe we ven-  
ture,  
Intreating thee our gates to enter,  
Our souls and bodies are thine own,  
Speak to ev'ry church division,  
We'll hear thy voice with deep im-  
pression,  
For we are bound to thee alone.  
To thee in each concern  
We'll always humbly turn,  
Want we insight,  
May we by thee  
Instructed be,  
Then in thy light the light we'll see.

3. Be especially intreated  
To own thy servants, who are seated  
Before thy face, tho' poor they are;  
And in all their conferences  
Grant them thy Spirit's influences,  
Be present with them ev'ry where;



162 Hymns for the New Year and other solemn Days.

This we request of thee,  
O let us constantly  
Do thy pleasure,  
All our distress,  
O Lord, redress,  
For without thee there's no success.

4. Ruler of the congregations,  
Which thou hast gather'd from all  
nations,

We thee implore thy church to  
lead;

Shepherd, who so kindly guidest  
Thy flock, and over them presideest,  
Thy sheep for ever tend and feed:

O what a happiness  
Will still in future days

Be displayed,

When our good Lord,

Who keeps his word,

To those who've stray'd will help  
afford!

5. In the dust we sink before thee,  
And for thy boundless love adore  
thee,

Thee, Lord, our all in all we own;

We thy people must confess it,

Thy love's so great we can't express  
it,

Tho' to the world it be unknown;

The pow'r which doth abound

In thee, we've always found

Efficacious,

We will proclaim

Thy saving name,

O Lord, who ever art the same.

6. Thus our bliss will last for ever,  
While we enjoy thy love and favor,  
Led by thy shepherd's crook, we're  
blest;

We with joyful acclamation

Adore thee in the congregation,

Whose Head and Elder thou'rt con-  
fess'd:

To th' Ancient of all days

Might, honor, pow'r and praise

Be for ever,

Lord, grant that we

Eternally

May place our confidence in thee.

*Luther* 513.\*

(T. 26.)

1. O Lord, lift up thy countenance,  
Upon the church, and own us thine;  
Impart to us thy peace divine,  
And blessings unto all dispense.

2. 'Tis our desire to follow thee,  
And from experience to proclaim  
Salvation in thy Jesu's name:

O take us as thy property.

3. Thy mercy is our only stay,  
Direct us by thy holy word,  
Thy Spirit's light to us afford,  
Preserve us, lest we go astray.

4. O Well of life, we pant for thee,  
In copious streams thy thirsty flock  
Desires to drink of thee, the Rock,  
And thirst no more eternally.

5. Thy grace thou freely dost bestow,  
This is our only plea and claim,  
We blush 'fore thee with conscious  
shame,

Our many faults and wants we know.

6. To thee, O Lord our righteousness,  
Whobythy blood hast wash'd us clean  
From ev'ry spot and stain of sin,  
We give unfeigned thanks and praise.

*M. Duke* 514.\* *Saxe Weimar*

(T. 27.)

1. LORD Christ, reveal thy holy face,  
And send the Spirit of thy grace,  
To fill our hearts with fervent zeal,  
To learn thy truth, and do thy will.

2. Lord, lead us in thy holy ways,  
And teach our lips to tell thy praise:  
Increase our faith, and raise the same  
To taste the sweetness of thy name.

3. Till we with angels join to sing  
Eternal praise to thee, our King;  
Till we behold thy face most bright  
In joy and everlasting light.

4. To God the Father, and the Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Be honor, praise and glory giv'n  
By all on earth and all in heav'n.

515. *Schlicht*

(T. 583.)

1. LORD Jesus, in thy presence we  
are blest,  
And thou art even now our wish'd-for  
Guest.

Without thee all our meetings would  
be cold,  
And soon become a custom dead and  
old.

2. Thou canst alone to us true life  
impart,  
Canst comfort, bless and cheer each  
needy heart:

We are assembled here before thy face  
To take out of thy fulness grace for  
grace.

3. Lord Jesus, be for evermore ador'd,  
We thee confess our Master, Head and  
Lord;

Thy faithfulness each day and hour  
we prove;

Grant us to live for thee, constrain'd  
by love.

*Gregory* 516. *Hingender*  
(T. 155.)

1. Slaughter'd Lamb, Immanuel,  
Who hast gained our salvation,  
By thy passion,  
Ah! we give thee thanks and praise  
For thy grace;

Grant, that we may all inherit  
The anointing of thy Spirit,  
Which instructs us what to do.

2. Let thy Spirit, which is truth,  
Raise our grov'ling thoughts to hea-  
ven.

Us enliven,  
Thus adorn'd and beautify'd  
As thy bride,

May our walk and conversation  
Be a striking demonstration  
That thou dwell'st and walk'st in us.

3. Lord, for grace we thee intreat,  
Grace, the anchor firm and stable  
Of the feeble;

Grace, whereon we must depend  
To the end;

Grace, the sinner's consolation,  
Sure support in each temptation,  
Confidence in life and death.

4. God with us, we vow to thee  
Due allegiance now and ever,  
Gracious Saviour,  
We to serve thee ready stand,  
Take the hand,  
As a pledge and declaration  
Of the grateful heart's sensation,  
Which thy dying love excites.

*J.* 517. *Switzer*  
(T. 151.)

1. HEAD of thy congregation,  
Kind Shepherd, gracious Lord,  
Look on us with compassion,  
Who're here with one accord;  
Accept our thanks and praises  
For all thy love and care,  
Which we in various cases  
Repeatedly did share.

2. Our lips would gladly mention  
Thy patience, love and grace,  
Our hearts with due attention  
Thy loving kindness trace,  
Which under thy protection  
'Midst trials we have prov'd;  
Thy fatherly correction  
Show'd us that we're behov'd.

*Mm* 518. *Hornedew*  
(T. 97.)

1. THOU who so graciously didst  
lead

Israel of old from bondage freed,  
And by thy own almighty hand  
Didst guide them to the promis'd land,  
A cloud thy brightness veiling in the  
day,  
At night thy pillar'd fire did mark  
their way.

2. That mighty pow'r thou then didst  
show,

We are assur'd attends us now,  
We still thy tender watchful care,  
Tho' undeserving, richly share,  
If we thy leadings faithfully pursue,  
Foll'wing thy Spirit's teaching, as 'tis  
due.

164 Hymns for the New Year and other solemn Days.

3. May we to thee, our Shepherd,  
cleave,  
Thy holy Spirit never grieve,  
And love each other heartily,  
Thereby the scorning world will see,  
That we're the temple of the living  
God,  
A chosen people bought by Jesu's  
blood.

*Count.* 519.\* *Linzendorf*  
(T. 9.)

1. CHRIST our Saviour look on thee,  
Ransom'd congregation;  
Thou art his, because that he  
Purchas'd thy salvation.
2. Yea, his sympathizing heart  
Yields thee consolation;  
Ne'er from Christ thy Head depart,  
Till thy consummation.
3. To his voice attentive be,  
Thankfully adore him,  
And with heart's fidelity  
Humbly walk before him.
4. Thus in number and in grace,  
Thou'lt yet be increasing,  
Showing forth thy Saviour's praise,  
And to him be pleasing.

520.\*

(T. 166.)

LORD Jesus, for our call of grace,  
To praise thy name in fellowship,  
We're humbly met before thy face,  
And in thy presence love-feast keep.  
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad,  
Thy Spirit's unction now impart;  
Grant that we all, O Lamb of God,  
May love each other from the heart.

*J.* 521.\* *Swartmer*  
(T. 185.)

1. GRACIOUS Lord, our Shepherd and  
salvation,  
In thy presence we appear,  
Own us as thy flock and congregation,  
Let us feel that thou art here;

May we all enjoy thy grace and favor,  
And obey thee as our Head and Sa-  
viour;

Who by thy most precious blood  
Mad'st us, sinners, heirs to God.

2. Lord, receive our thanks and ado-  
ration,

Which to thee we humbly pay,  
For our calling and predestination,  
Gracious Saviour, on this day.

Give us grace to walk as thine  
anointed,

In the path thou hast for us appointed;  
We devote most heartily,  
Soul and body unto thee.

*Count* 522.\* *Linzendorf*  
(T. 10.)

1. WHEN we rejoice that Jesus  
From year to year doth bless us,  
And that his grace and favor  
Towards us never waver;

2. Or he that consolation  
Grants to his congregation,  
That we shall rest for ever  
With him, our gracious Saviour;

3. We think not, in such cases,  
Of troubles and distresses;  
A soul with Christ connected  
Can't always be dejected.

*Fr* 523.\* *Neipser*  
(T. 116.)

1. THOU ransom'd church of Jesus,  
The Saviour's happy bride,  
Arise, show forth his praises,  
Who for thee bled and dy'd;  
Ye, though a people poor and mean,  
By God are highly honor'd,  
Because the Lamb was slain.

2. To God our great Creator,  
The Lord of earth and heav'n,  
Who rules all things in nature,  
Eternal praise be giv'n:  
That blessed Lamb, which John once  
saw,  
As if it had been slaughter'd,  
We now revere with awe.

# Hymns for the New Year and other solemn Days. 165

3. In our degree and measure  
His love we will proclaim,  
In lowliness with pleasure  
Yield service to his name;  
The church with tender care he'll  
guide,  
And will in ev'ry trial  
Our sure support abide.

*Countess L. 524.\* Matt Nehl*  
(T. 205.)

1. **RISE**, exalt our Head and King;  
Praise the Lord who ever lives:  
Glad we are his praise to sing;  
He his people's praise receives.  
On his pow'rful day they rise,  
Off'ring free-will sacrifice †;  
His victorious triumph this,  
Since hell's host defeated is.

† Psalm 110. 3.

2. Ye who Jesu's death proclaim,  
Service yield to him with joy,  
Praise with ev'ry breath his name,  
Grace t' extol be your employ:  
Grace supports us ev'ry day,  
Leads us in the narrow way;  
'Tis through grace alone that we  
Can obtain the victory.

3. Gracious Lord, may we believe,  
Venture all on thy free grace,  
Boldly things not seen achieve,  
Trusting in thy promises;  
Faith thy people's strong hold is,  
Their employment daily this,  
To proceed on paths unknown,  
Leaning on thy grace alone.

4. Christ, thy all-atoning death  
Is our life whilst here below;  
Strengthen thou our feeble faith,  
Constantly thy aid bestow;  
In thy mercy we confide,  
Safely to the end us guide;  
Zion, if thy Head depart,  
Void of life and strength thou art.

5. Lord, thy body ne'er forsake,  
'Ne'er thy congregation leave;  
We to thee our refuge take,  
Of thy fulness we receive:  
Ev'ry other help be gone,  
Thou art our support alone,

L 3

For, on thy supreme commands,  
All the universe depends.

525.\* *Schlicht*

(T. 166.)

1. **THY** church, O Lamb of God,  
appears

Before thee, fill'd with humble  
shame;  
Our eyes o'erflow with grateful tears,  
With melted hearts we praise thy  
name.

For the discoveries of thy grace,  
And proofs of all thy faithful care,  
Experienc'd in so various ways,  
Of which each soul can witness bear.

2. With thanks we call to mind the  
day

On which the power of thy blood  
We felt, when chain'd by sin we lay,  
As sinners dead and void of good;  
The willing slaves of sin and death  
We were, and enemies to thee;  
But granting us a living faith,  
Thou from the curse didst set us free.

3. Is there a thing that warms the  
heart,

That stirs up gratitude and love,  
It is the grace thou dost impart,  
Thy blood, the pow'r of which we  
prove:

Thee to adore we feel inclin'd,  
Thy mercy is an endless sea,  
How can we fit expressions find,  
Who but so lately loved thee?

4. The word of Jesu's bloody sweat,  
Of his dire passion, death and wounds,  
A blessed feeling doth create,  
Therein our happiness abounds;  
The pow'rs of hell this vanquishes,  
This doth the church of Christ main-  
tain,

Though Satan to the threshold press,  
Christ's blood won't let him entrance  
gain.

5. Who in the Spirit's light can trace  
The church of God, he must declare,  
It is alone through Jesu's grace,  
That she such pleasant fruit can bear:



166 Hymns for the New Year and other solemn Days.

To him all honor doth pertain,  
Who by his blood made her his own,  
Her choirs repeat in cheerful strain:  
"The Lord for us great things hath  
done."

6. The church of Christ who views  
aright,

He sees a glorious master-piece,  
And must with wonder and delight  
Adore him, who the author is:  
The beauty of her parts appears  
Quite plain to the discerning eye,  
The ear her songs delighted hears,  
What's felt, creates celestial joy.

7. She Christ, her faithful Shepherd,  
knows,

Attends to his instructive voice,  
Amidst adversity she grows,  
In her election doth rejoice,  
Is by the holy Spirit led:

The blood of cov'nant doth maintain  
Her union in the Lord her head,  
In whom the vict'ry she shall gain.

526.\* *Gregor*  
(T. 155.)

1. MY soul waiteth on the Lord,  
And shall never be ashamed,  
He is named

God our sun, our shield and rock,  
By his flock;  
He is merciful and gracious,  
And his goodness doth refresh us,  
When we long and pant for him.

2. His enliv'ning countenance  
To lift up on all the needy  
He is ready,

And enricheth evermore  
Those who're poor;  
In our peaceful habitations,  
O how many demonstrations  
Of his favors do we prove.

3. We reply, Amen thereto,  
For his bounty never ceaseth,  
Yea increaseth;  
And are filled with amaze  
At his grace;

Each himself unworthy deemeth  
Of his love; his goodness claimeth  
Our unfeigned gratitude.

† The first congregation of the renewed Brethren's Church.

*Count 527.\** *Gregor*  
(T. 161.)

1. Chosen souls, who now assemble  
Under Christ's protecting care;  
Though you're weak, your foes must  
tremble,

If by him you guarded are.  
Of his goodness—bear ye witness:  
Know ye not your high vocation,  
As the Lord's own congregation.

2. To his name give thanks and praises,  
Him with deepest awe adore;  
May his people in all places  
Join t' exalt him evermore.

Christ, our Saviour,—be for ever  
Of your building the foundation,  
And the God of your salvation.

3. Herrnhuth†, the most High's own  
structure,

Built upon the grace of God.  
May thy walls be without fracture,  
Sprinkled be thy gates with blood;  
God's election—and protection  
Founded and maintains our union,  
Christ's the ground of our commu-  
nion.

4. May this place exist no longer  
Than, Lord Jesus, thine own hand,  
Uncontrol'd, rules in its border,  
And be love its sacred band.  
May we by thee,—be found worthy,  
As a good salt to be used,  
That some fruit may be produced.

5. Bless our cov'nanting together,  
Make us like a burning torch,  
Kindled by our heav'nly Father,  
In these last days of the church.  
To thee joined,—and resigned,  
May by each of us be further'd,  
What thy holy will hath order'd.

6. Now, dear Brethren, know ye  
Jesus?

Happy who him truly knows:  
He's the head and we're the members,  
And from him all blessing flows.  
Who believeth,—to Christ cleaveth,  
Doth rejoice in ev'ry station,  
Midst reproach and tribulation.

*Court* 528. \* *Longwood*  
(r. 185.)

1. **HEAD** and ruler of thy congregation,  
Whom thou lov'st unspeakably,  
whom thou often a sensation  
Giv'st of thy complacency,  
Graciously regard the inward glowing  
Of our hearts, and tears our cheeks  
bedewing,  
Lord, we blush with humble shame,  
And adore thy holy name.
2. Jesus, great High Priest of our profession,  
We in confidence draw near,  
Condescend in mercy the confession  
Of our grateful hearts to hear!  
Thee we gladly own in ev'ry nation,  
Head and Master of thy congregation,  
Conscious that in ev'ry place  
Thou dispens'st life and grace!
3. Thy blest people trusting in thy merit  
On the earth's extended face,  
From each other far, but one in spirit,  
Sound with one accord thy praise!  
May we never cease to make confession,  
That thy death's the cause of our salvation;  
We to thee, our Head and King,  
Joyful hallelujahs sing!

*Do* 529. \*

(r. 166.)

1. **W**elcome among thy flock of grace  
With joyful acclamation!  
Thou whom our Shepherd we confess,  
Come, feed thy congregation,  
Who owns the doctrine of thy cross  
To be her sole foundation,  
Accept from ev'ry one of us  
The deepest adoration.
2. Lord Jesus, to our hearts reveal  
Thy grace and love unceasing,

L 4

- Thy hand, once pierced with the nail  
Bestow on us a blessing,  
That hand, which to thy family,  
With tender love's affection,  
Ere thou ascendedst up on high,  
Imparted benediction.
3. Though thou'rt unseen, yet we  
by sight  
Should not be more assured,  
As yet thy glorious heav'nly light  
Can't be by man endured;  
The time will come, when these our  
eyes  
Shall see thy face for ever,  
Faith here the want of sight supplies  
In ev'ry true believer.
  4. Ye who from Jesus Christ have  
stray'd,  
And his communion slighted,  
To him return, be not afraid,  
You're graciously invited;  
Come all, whatever be your case,  
Come without hesitation,  
He'll now impart to you thro' grace,  
Peace, pardon and salvation.
  5. O thou, who always dost abide  
Thy body's Head and Saviour,  
Who art the pilgrim's constant guide,  
Direct thy servants ever:  
O may they an example be  
Unto thy congregation,  
And in thy temple faithfully  
Perform their ministrations.
  6. Thy statutes to thy church declare,  
Thy truth be our confession;  
Take of each member special care,  
Bless pilgrims in their station:  
In danger constantly defend,  
And aid thy chosen people,  
Of all contention make an end,  
Support the weak and feeble.
  7. O thou the church's Head and  
Lord,  
Who as a shepherd leadest  
Thy flock, and richly with thy word  
And sacrament them feedest:  
What shall we say? we can't express  
In words our heart's sensation;  
None thee sufficiently can praise,  
Thou God of our salvation.

8. Our Father who in heaven art,  
For th' sake of Jesu's passion,  
Thy grace unto us all impart,  
And bring into completion  
The hidden counsel of thy love,  
Its depth still more unravel,  
May we without exception prove  
The fruit of thy Son's travail,  
9. O Spirit in the Godhead's throne,  
Accept our adoration,  
Thou ever didst attend the Son,  
And aid his ministration;  
Thou teachest us the way to bliss,  
Keep under thy protection  
That church of which he ruler is,  
We'll follow thy direction.

*Ch. Cow.* 530. \**Singunder*  
(T. 185.)

WE who heretofore are assembled,  
Joining hearts and hands in one,  
Bind ourselves with love that's undis-  
sembled,  
Christ to love and serve alone.  
O may our imperfect songs and praises  
Be well pleasing unto thee, Lord Je-  
sus,  
Say: "My peace I leave with you."  
Amen, Amen. Be it so.

*J.* 531. \**Sweetner*  
(T. 68.)

LORD, thy church's rock,  
Who dost rule thy flock,  
Elder of this congregation,  
We with humble adoration,  
Thee and thee alone  
Our chief Shepherd own.

*C.* 532. \**Singunder*  
(T. 166.)

1. WHEN our great Sov'reign from  
on high,  
Our Lord and Saviour, was aware,  
That he his chosen family,  
O'er whom he watch'd with tender  
care,

Would be compelled soon to leave;  
He, fill'd with love and grief intense,  
To them his farewell blessing gave,  
Before his suff'rings did commence.

2. Feeling beforehand all the weight  
Of those dire scenes of pain and woe,  
Which he well knew did him await,  
His love towards his own to show,  
He water in a basin pour'd,  
And washed his disciples' feet,  
Their souls already by his word,  
Save one, were cleansed ev'ry whit,

3. When he this act of love had done,  
He unto his disciples said:  
"To you I've an example shown:  
"Ye call me Master, Lord, and Head,  
"If I as such have wash'd your feet,  
"To one another do the same."  
This solemn act to celebrate,  
We're now assembled in his name.

4. Arise then, and with due respect,  
With humble shame and willingness,  
Do what our Saviour doth direct,  
Endowed with disciple's grace!  
Since Jesus to release from sin  
Unto his people power gave,  
We in his name are now wash'd clean,  
And with our Lord a part may have.

5. Lord Jesus Christ, we pray, be near,  
Forgive us all our trespasses;  
With joy divine our spirits cheer,  
Absolve and grant us pard'ning  
grace!

As our High-priest lift up thy hand,  
That hand the nail once pierced  
through,

Thy mercy unto us extend,  
Rich blessings upon all bestow.

6. Inspire our hearts with mutual love,  
O may we truly humble be,  
Thy faithful servants ever prove,  
Who yield in all things joy to thee:  
In due obedience to thy word,  
We now have wash'd each other's  
feet,

Thy blest example, gracious Lord,  
To follow, we find always meet.

7. Sure as thou art the church's Head,  
Sure as we dust and ashes are,

# Hymns for the New Year and other solemn Days. 169

Saſure we by thy blood, once ſhed,  
Are now, through grace, abſolv'd  
and clear ;

Sure as thy croſs's church remains  
To the blind world a ſpectacle,  
So ſure in her thy ſpirit reigns,  
And thou doſt in thy temple dwell.

*J.* 533. *Newton*  
(T. 167.)

1. SAVIOUR, viſit thy plantation,  
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !  
All will come to deſolation,  
Unleſs thou return again :  
Keep no longer at a diſtance,  
Shine upon us from on high ;  
Leſt, for want of thine aſſiſtance,  
Ev'ry plant ſhould droop and die.

2. Surely once thy garden flouriſh'd,  
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green ;  
Then thy word our ſpirits nourish'd,  
Happy ſeaſons we have ſeen !  
But a drought hath ſince ſucceeded,  
And a ſad decline we ſee ;  
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,  
Help can only come from thee.

3. Where are thoſe we counted leaders,  
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth ?  
Old profeſſors, tall as cedars,  
Bright examples to our youth !  
Some, in whom we once delighted,  
We ſhall meet no more below ;  
Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,  
Scarce a ſingle leaf they ſhow.

4. Younger plants—the ſight how  
pleaſant—  
Cover'd thick with bloſſoms ſtood ;  
But they cauſe us grief at preſent,  
Froſts have nipp'd them in the bud !  
Deareſt Saviour, haſten hither,  
Thou canſt make them bloom again ;  
Oh, permit them not to wither,  
Let not all our hopes be vain !

5. Let our mutual love be ſervent,  
Make us prevalent in pray'rs ;  
Let each one eſteem'd thy ſervant,  
Shun the world's bewitching ſnares :  
Break the tempter's fatal power,  
Turn the ſtoney heart to fleſh,

And begin from this good hour  
To revive thy work afreſh.

*Geo.* 534. *Stonehouse*  
(T. 590.)

JESUS, knit all our hearts to thee,  
Unite us all in one,  
And in our meetings ev'ry where  
Be thou our aim alone ;  
Reign thou ſole monarch of our hearts,  
May all of us, who here  
Are waiting for thy grace, O Lord,  
Thy richeſt bleſſings ſhare.

*J.* 535. *Hart*  
(T. 14.)

1. FATHER, before we hence de-  
part,

Send thy good Spirit down,  
Let him reſide in ev'ry heart,  
And bleſs the ſeed that's ſown.

2. Thou fountain of eternal love,  
Who gav'ſt thy Son to die,  
O let thy Spirit from above  
Enlighten and apply.

*C.* 536. *Lingen*  
(T. 46.)

O Maker of my ſoul,  
My ev'ry hair's Creator,  
Who turn'ſt my tears to joy,  
And heal'ſt my fin-ſick nature ;  
Chief Shepherd of thy flock,  
Thy ſervant's only Guide,  
The church's Lord and Head  
Thou ever doſt abide.

*Cp.* 537. *Kitchman*  
(T. 79.)

O Thou our firſt-born Brother  
Thou Maſter at the rudder,  
Who guid'ſt thy church, to thee  
We hearts and hands deliver,  
And promiſe thee for ever,  
That we thy faithful ſouls will be.



*I. 538. Hart*  
(T. 582.)

ONCE more, before we part,  
We'll bless the Saviour's name,  
Record his mercies ev'ry heart,  
Sing ev'ry tongue the same,  
Hoard up his sacred word,  
And feed thereon and grow,  
Go on to seek to know the Lord,  
And practice what ye know.

*I. 539. Hart*  
(T. 590.)

LORD, help us on thy word to feed,  
In peace dismiss us hence;  
Be thou, in ev'ry time of need,  
Our refuge and defence:  
We now desire to bless thy name,  
Thy praises to record,  
And with our thankful tongues pre-  
claim  
The goodness of the Lord.

## XXXI. OF HOLY BAPTISM.

*I. 540. Hart*  
(T. 14.)

1. FATHER of Jesus Christ our Lord!  
(In him OUR Father too)  
O bless, we pray, with one accord,  
The work we have to do.  
2. Jesus! as water well applied  
Will make the body clean;  
So in the fountain of thy side  
Wash thou this soul from sin.  
3. O Holy Ghost! with pow'r apply  
The Saviour's cleansing blood;  
Own thou this babe, and testify:  
"It is a child of God."

*Schlicht 541.*  
(T. 590.)

1. BABES truly have not yet the use  
Of reason like a man:  
Yet none can e'er by reason's strength  
To faith in Christ attain.  
Bare arguments without God's grace  
Have never faith instill'd;  
As soon as any one believes,  
He is a little child.  
2. He who to John, still in the womb,  
Could heav'nly joy impart,  
Is and remains the very same,  
And hath our good at heart,  
He sure can bless the little ones,  
Who ate to him so dear,  
When they, baptized in his name,  
To him devoted are.

3. Heav'n's kingdom none shall enter  
in  
But he who is a child:  
Therefore the children are by God  
Heirs of his kingdom styl'd.  
Is heaven theirs? none shall forbid  
A child to come to him!  
Who shall forbid the water-flood  
A babe to overstream?  
4. O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Be present with us here:  
We trust in Jesu's saving name,  
To us his words are dear.  
We now baptize a little child  
Into the Saviour's death;  
We have no scruple, we perform  
This solemn act in faith.  
5. The heav'nly hosts rejoice with us!  
An infant here they see,  
Whom Jesus by his precious blood,  
Hath sav'd from misery.  
The children's angels, who behold  
The Father on his throne,  
For Jesu's sake will surely tend,  
And guard this little one.

*Schlicht 542.*  
(T. 58.)

1. WHEN we baptize a sinner in  
Christ's death,  
Then is the blood and water his true  
bath:

Not with water only came the Lord  
Jesus;  
He came with water and blood to  
bless us.

Praise be to God.

2. The water is in baptism seen by  
eyes;  
On Jesu's blood not seen our faith  
relies;

We are well persuaded it truly cleanseth

Polluted sinners, and grace dispenseth  
To live to him.

3. This precious blood is full of  
energy,

It washeth clean and cures effectually.  
And the holy Spirit unto us tender'd  
Bears pow'rful witness that we are  
render'd

Children of God.

4. So come then Father, Son and  
Holy Ghost!

While we of Jesu's bitter passion  
boast;

Whilst on him relying, we are baptizing

This sinner in Christ's death, that he  
be rising

With Jesus too.

5. Besprinkle him, O Jesus Son of  
God,

This moment with thy all-atoning  
blood;

Cleanse both soul and body from all  
pollution,

And grant to him the seal of absolution,  
Thy peace divine.

*S. 542. Sweetner*  
(r. 590.)

1. LORD Jesus, from thy pierced  
side

Both blood and water stream'd,  
A cleansing laver to provide

For man, from sin redeem'd;  
Thou spak'st: "Preach pardon to the

lost,  
"Baptize them in the name

"Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"  
We now will do the same.

2. Be present with us, Lord our God;  
This water can't make clean,  
But whilst we pour it, cleanse by blood  
This infant from all sin.

Accept this child we now baptize,  
We give it, Lord, to thee;  
Its soul be precious in thine eyes,  
Now and eternally.

*S. 544. Hart*  
(r. 22.)

1. Buried in baptism with our Lord,  
We rise with him, to life restor'd:  
Not the bare life in Adam lost,  
But richer far, for more it cost.

2. Water can cleanse the flesh, we  
own;

But Christ well knows, and Christ  
alone,

How dear to him our cleansing stood,  
Baptiz'd with fire, and bath'd in  
blood.

3. He by his blood aton'd for sin,  
This precious blood can wash us clean,  
And he arrays us in the dress  
Of his unspotted righteousness.

*S. 545. Cannick*  
(r. 39.)

1. THOU who in the days of thy flesh  
didst receive

The children, and to them thy blessing  
didst give;

Most gracious Redeemer, thy favors  
bestow

On him we present thee, we pray  
bless him now.

2. Receive him, O Christ, as a lamb  
thou hadst lost,

And think what a price his redemption  
hath cost!

Thy name on his forehead, thy seal  
on his heart,

O merciful Shepherd and Bishop impart.

3. Vouchsafe to be present, thou Father  
ador'd,

And thou our Redeemer and merciful  
Lord;

O Holy Ghost, come with thy unction and fire,  
And all with thy love and salvation inspire.

*I 546. Hart*

(T. 582.)

1. OUR baptism first declares  
That we have need to cleanse,  
Then shows that Christ to all God's heirs  
Can purity dispense.

2. Water the body laves;  
And, if 'tis done by faith,  
The blood of Jesus surely saves  
The sinful soul from death.

3. Baptiz'd into his death,  
We rise to life divine;  
The holy Spirit works the faith,  
And water is the sign.

*L 547. Luther*  
(T. 201.)

THE eye sees water, nothing more,  
How it is poured out by men;  
But faith alone conceives the pow'r  
Of Jesu's blood to make us clean:  
Faith sees it as a cleansing flood,  
Replete with Jesu's blood and grace,  
Which heals each wound and makes  
all good,  
What Adam brought on us his race,  
And all that we ourselves have done.

548.

(T. 22.)

1. O Blest Redeemer! in thy side  
Upon the cross was made a wound:  
The fountain by which we are purg'd,  
Wherein our sin and guilt is drown'd.

2. Water and blood in streams hence ran,  
And on the earth were freely spilt;  
Water to sanctify and cleanse;  
Blood to atone for heinous guilt.

3. This wondrous grace to represent  
Baptismal waters were design'd,  
In which thou, Lord, wast bury'd  
too,  
To thy great Father's will resign'd.

4. Thus penitents, who die to sin,  
With thee are bury'd in thy grave,  
Thus quicken'd to a life divine,  
Their souls a resurrection have.

5. And though their bodies turn to dust,  
This holy symbol doth assure:  
The resurrection of the just  
Shall render them all bright and pure.

549.

(T. 582.)

COME, lowly souls, that mourn,  
Depress'd with grief and shame,  
Wash'd in your Saviour's cleansing blood,  
And call upon his name.

2. Rejoice, ye contrite hearts,  
The blood which Jesus spilt,  
Whilst we with water you baptize,  
Will wash away your guilt.

3. Bath'd in repenting tears,  
The sins which you deplore,  
Dead in your Saviour's grave shall lie,  
And shall be seen no more.

4. Ye who in Christ believe,  
And to his sceptre bow,  
Sing your Redeemer's love, and tell  
What he hath done for you.

5. Unspotted robes you wear,  
Your sighs to songs are turn'd:  
Garments of praise adorn you now,  
Who late in ashes mourn'd.

6. Ye with your Lord are ris'n,  
Aspire to things above,  
Mansions for you your Lord pre-  
pares,  
In realms of light and love.

## XXXII. Of the HOLY SUPPER of the LORD.

550.

(T. 166.)

1. IN that important, doleful night,  
In which our Saviour was betray'd,  
Before his suff'rings, he took bread,  
Bless'd it, and brake it, and then said:  
"Take, eat; this is my body giv'n  
For you, and broken on the tree.  
"Perform this ord'nance as I do,  
"And, doing it, remember ME."

2. Then after supper took the cup,  
And having given thanks, he said:  
"'Tis the New Test'ment in my  
blood,  
"The blood for you and many shed.  
Take this, and drink ye all of it,  
"Your sins remission here you see;  
"Oft as this ord'nance ye perform,  
"It in remembrance do of ME"

3. Yes, Lord, we will remember thee,  
We'll ne'er forget thy love divine:  
Thy cross we'll ever bear in mind,  
Which made thee ours, and made us  
thine.

We'll thus commemorate thy death,  
Till thou shalt once again appear:  
Mean while remember, gracious Lord,  
Us thy poor, feeble members here.

*Sung* 551. \* *Sing in song*  
(T. 205.)

1. HAPPY race-of witnesses!  
Whom God's Spirit doth ordain  
To make known-what God hath  
done;

Ye can only vict'ry gain  
By that sacred cov'nant blood,  
Which th' old fathers, bold in God,  
Wrote in faith on ev'ry door,  
That the slayer might pass o'er.

2. Israel's seed-from slav'ry freed,  
Eat with joy their paschal Lamb;  
But the bride-of Christ, who dy'd,  
Her from bondage to redeem;

Hath another passover,  
Of which these but shadows were:  
She enjoys the flesh and blood  
Of the slaughter'd Lamb of God.

3. And we now-most humbly bow,  
Being met in Jesu's name,  
Who for us-dy'd on the cross,  
Bearing our reproach and shame,  
'Fore the Father, 'fore the Son,  
And the Spirit, three in one,  
With the countless heav'nly host,  
And th' assembly of the just.

4. Ere we taste-the rich repast,  
Which he offers graciously,  
On our food,-his flesh and blood,  
Feasting in the sanctuary,  
Ere the sacrament t'enjoy,  
We with awe to him draw nigh:  
We in love and fellowship  
This communion love-feast keep.

5. Eat and rest-at this great feast;  
Then to serve him freely go,  
As it is-for pilgrims fit,  
As disciples ought to do;  
We, when Jesus once we see,  
Coming in his majesty,  
Shall the marriage-supper share,  
If we his true foll'wers are.

6. Then will be-of ransom'd souls  
An innumerable throng:  
"Lamb, once slain,-to thee pertain  
"Thanks, and praise will be their  
song.

"Hallelujah will they cry  
"Singing in sweet harmony,  
"Thou hast brought us nigh to  
God,  
"And redeemed by thy blood!"

*Sung* 552. \* *Sing in song*  
(T. 146.)

WHERE my Redeemer's blood  
And sweat the earth did cover,  
May ev'ry sinful thought  
Be now interr'd for ever;



174 Of the HOLY SUPPER of the LORD.

Lord Jesus, grant my wish,  
That I may thine abide,  
And by thy holy flesh  
And blood be sanctify'd.

*James 553. Hutton*  
(T. 151.)

1. **DEAR** Lord! this congregation  
Is poor, despise her not;  
She's taken with thy passion,  
As were she on the spot,  
When earning her election,  
Thy heart-strings broke in death;  
That stirs up her affection,  
And gives her life and breath.
2. Shouldst thou desire her beauty,  
For shame she hides her face;  
And shouldst thou look for duty,  
Her only plea is grace:  
Though we are poor and needy,  
Yet we're thy property;  
When we enjoy thy body  
And blood, how blest are we!

*J. 554. Hart*  
(T. 9.)

1. **SUFF'ring** Saviour, Lamb of God,  
How hast thou been used!  
With God's sin-avenging rod  
Soul and body bruised!
2. We, for whom thou once wast slain,  
We, whose sins did pierce thee,  
Now commemorate thy pain,  
And implore thy mercy.
3. What can we poor sinners do,  
When temptations seize us!  
Nought have we to look unto,  
But the blood of Jesus.
4. Pardon all our sins, O Lord;  
All our weakness pity.  
Guide us safely by thy word  
To the heav'nly city.
5. **O** sustain us on the road,  
Through this desert dreary.  
Feed us with thy flesh and blood,  
When we're faint and weary.

6. Bid us call to mind thy cross,  
Our hard hearts to soften.  
Often, Saviour, feast us thus,  
For we need it often.

*W. 555. \*Laroc*  
(T. 141.)

1. **CHRIST**, thy flock doth hunger  
For thy flesh, our food,  
Thirsts with ardent longing  
For thy precious blood,  
Which thou hast bequeathed  
As thy testament,  
To thy congregation  
In the sacrament.
2. Like the king of Salem †,  
Thou with wine and bread,  
Com'st to meet thy people,  
Them to cheer and feed.  
O preserve th' enjoyment  
Of thy blood and death  
To thy congregation,  
Whilst we live by faith.

† Gen. xiv. 18.

*Court 556. \*Laroc*  
(T. 23.)

1. **COME**, approach to Jesu's table,  
Taste that food incomparable,  
Which to us is freely given,  
As an antepast of heaven.
2. Jesu's bride, his congregation,  
Calls to mind her Saviour's passion,  
With his body she is nourish'd,  
By his blood refresh'd and cherish'd.
3. Far be gone all carnal reason,  
At this awful blessed season,  
Slaughter'd Lamb, we now desire it,  
By thy love to be inspired.
4. This mysterious heav'nly blessing  
Is all thought by far surpassing,  
Deeply bow'd, may we adore thee,  
Soul and body sink before thee.
5. Now is come our time sabbatic,  
Lord, we feel thy pow'r emphatic;  
Ah, draw near to us, dear Saviour,  
Let us taste thy grace and favor.

*S.* 557. • *Thap*  
(T. 581.)

1. TO avert from men God's wrath  
Jesus suffer'd in our stead;  
By an ignominious death  
He a full atonement made:  
And by his most precious blood,  
Brought us sinners nigh to God.
2. That we never should forget  
This great love on us bestow'd,  
He gave us his flesh to eat,  
And to drink, his precious blood:  
All who sick and needy are  
May receive in him their share.
3. Hither each afflicted soul  
May repair, tho' fill'd with grief;  
To the sick, not to the whole,  
The Physician brings relief:  
Fear not, therefore, but draw nigh,  
He will all your wants supply.
4. Whoe'er in self-righteousness  
Fixeth any hope on stay,  
Hath not on a wedding dress,  
And with shame is sent away.  
To the hungry, weary heart,  
He will food and rest impart.
5. But examine first your case,  
Whether you be in the faith;  
Do you mourn for pard'ning grace?  
Is your only hope his death?  
Then, howe'er your soul's oppress'd,  
Come, for you're a worthy guest.
6. He who Jesu's mercy knows,  
Is from wrath and envy freed;  
Love unto our neighbors shows  
That we are his flock indeed:  
Thus we may in all our ways  
Show forth our Redeemer's praise.

*Sol.* 558. • *Frank*  
(T. 231.)

1. SOUL, at this most awful season,  
Soar above your scanty reason;  
To the light approach, where clearest;  
Duly mind what dress thou wearest.
2. Jesus, Lord of the creation,  
Gives thee now an invitation,  
His unbounded love revealing.  
He'll take up in thee his dwelling.

3. Hasten, as for brides is fitting,  
Give thy bridegroom soon the meeting.  
Say, "Dear Lord, let me receive thee,  
"Hold thee fast, and never leave thee."

4. Thou thro' love incomparable  
Didst from heav'n stoop to a stable,  
Didst thy life for us surrender,  
Us blest heirs of life to render.

5. Shed'st thy blood us to deliver,  
And redeem from curse for ever,  
Which stirs in us exultation  
At thy love's commemoration.

6. How do I, with spirit's hunger,  
Lord, to taste thy goodness linger;  
Oft I pant with inward sighing,  
This blest food to be enjoying.

7. O how crave I the fruition  
Of thy blood, my soul's nutrition,  
Since by sharing this communion,  
I'm with God in closest union.

8. Heav'nly joy and holy trembling  
I feel in me, past dissembling,  
For the food to which I'm bidden,  
Is a myst'ry deep and hidden.

9. Human reason is too shallow,  
In this wonder thee to follow,  
How thou hast unto us given  
Thy own flesh, the bread of heaven.

10. How the blood, which from thee  
flowed,

Is in wine on us bestowed;  
O the wonders deep and blessed,  
By God's Spir't alone expressed.

11. Thy communion's celebration  
Bows me down to deep prostration;  
May I never unprepared,  
To my condemnation share it.

*A.* 559. • *Schindler*  
(T. 590.)

1. O Thou who'rt present with thy  
church

According to thy word,  
When to enjoy thy flesh and blood,  
We're met with one accord;

O grant us to show forth thy death,  
Until thou shalt appear;

And may it in our walk be seen,  
That worthy foll'wers are.

2. May we so captivated be  
With thy redeeming love,  
As to be wean'd from earthly things,  
And fix our thoughts above;  
May all that's carnal be subdu'd,  
And mortify'd in us,  
That we may glory in thy name,  
And count all else but loss.

*Dr 560. Watts*

(T. 14.)

1. LORD, how divine thy comforts  
are!

How heav'nly is the place,  
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast  
Of his redeeming grace!

2. There the rich bounties of our  
God,

And heav'nly glories shine;  
There Jesus saith, that "I am his,  
"And my Beloved's mine."

3. "Here," (saith our kind redeeming  
Lord,

And shows his wounded side)  
"Behold the spring of all your joys,  
"That open'd when I dy'd."

4. What shall we pay our heav'nly  
King

For grace so vast as this?  
He brings our pardon to our eyes,  
And seals it with a kiss.

561.

(T. 14.)

1. Together with these symbols,  
Lord,

Thy blessed self impart;  
And let thy holy flesh and blood  
Feed the believing heart.

2. Let us from all our sins be wash'd  
In thy atoning blood;  
And let thy Spirit be the seal  
That we are sons of God.

3. Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesu's love,  
Prepare us for this feast;  
And let us banquet with our Lord,  
And lean upon his breast.

562.\*

(T. 184.)

1. JESUS, how great was thy desire,  
Once more to eat the paschal lamb  
With thy dear flock! O what love's  
fire

Did here thy forr'wing soul inflame!  
Each precious word thy kindness  
showeth,

Thereby we are divinely blest:  
The love that in thy bosom gloweth  
Is herein render'd manifest.

2. Thy love is great beyond all mea-  
sure,

Thence we derive eternal good;  
Thou grantest us, O what a treasure!  
Thy holy body, and thy blood:  
Lord Jesus, was it not sufficient  
That thou should'st die for our of-  
fence,

But out of love thou ev'ry patient  
Would'st heal, and make thy resi-  
dence?

3. O love divine! most strong, most ar-  
dent!

More strong than death! our life to  
gain;

Th' incarnate God, thro' love most  
fervent,

Was as a Lamb for sinners slain.  
Love urg'd the sov'reign great Crea-  
tor,

'Fore whom the universe doth shake,  
By whom all things subsist in nature,  
Once in the earth his grave to make.

*Layritz* 563.\*

(T. 9.)

1. TILL the hour shall come, with  
tears

By the church desired,  
When our Lord again appears,  
Now from sight retired;

2. He hath with a pledge of grace  
His dear flock supplied,  
Whereby his own witness race  
Shows forth that he died.

3. 'Tis his body and his blood  
Which the soul refreshes;  
Church of Christ, this highest good  
Claims thy thanks and praises!

4. By this sacrament we are  
To our Lord united;  
To due watchfulness and pray'r,  
And good works excited.

5. With deep rev'rence we draw nigh,  
Falling down before thee;  
Whilst we this repast enjoy,  
We with awe adore thee.

6. Us thy congregation own,  
Let us taste thy favor,  
And by faith recline, like John,  
On thy breast, dear Saviour.

*Count 554. \*Luzindorf*  
(T. 119.)

BREAD of life, :||:  
Christ, by whom alone we live,  
Bread, that came to us from heaven,  
My poor soul can never thrive,  
Unless thou appease its craving,  
O it hungers only after thee,  
Feed thou me. :||:

*555. \*Gregor*  
(T. 83.)

1. MORE than shepherd's faithful-  
ness

To his flock our Saviour sheweth;  
From the treasures of his grace  
He the choicest gifts bestoweth;  
As his sheep by him we're own'd,  
Since his blood for us aton'd.

2. They who feel their want and need,  
Thirsting for his great salvation,  
On the richest pastures feed,  
With true joy and delectation;  
Till they shall, when perfected,  
With celestial joys be fed.

*6. Luzindorf 566. \*Gregor*  
(T. 242.)

AS oft as we expect the favor,  
That in the sacrament our Saviour  
M

Himself will unto his people give,  
We weep for joy and grief:  
For joy, that we're thus brought nigh  
to God

By Jesu's blood;  
For grief that we so little honor  
Afford to him in word and in de-  
meanor;

Yea, sometimes frustrate his gracious  
views

And purposes with us:

Ah then in faith we sigh,

And to our Saviour cry:

O that thy hand, for us once pierced  
through,

Might bleis all of us now,

And give absolving grace:

Lord, leave with us thy peace!

*Count 567. \*Luzindorf*  
(T. 22.)

1. THE congregation while below,  
Being imperfect, tears must sow,  
But we expect once joy to reap,  
Since we for Jesu's mercy weep.

2. Meanwhile that we might bear in  
mind

His dying love to lost mankind,

He hath, as his last testament,

To us bequeath'd the sacrament.

3. He, when this feast was first ordain'd,  
Its solemn import thus explain'd:

"This is my body, take and eat,

"That ye may never me forget.

4. "This is my blood, of which when-  
e'er

"Ye drink, my death in mem'ry bear."

The church believes, and thus in faith

Partakes, and sheweth forth Christ's  
death.

5. But words can never rightly tell

What in our melted hearts we feel:

We taste, experience, and possess

True joy, and weep for thankfulness.

*Dr 568. \*Luther*  
(T. 22.)

1. FOR that amazing love and grace,  
Which doth our thoughts by far sur-  
pass,



To eat thy flesh and drink thy blood,  
Thanks be to thee, O Lamb of God.

2. Thy sacred body thou didst give  
For us, that we thereby might live;  
No pledge of love could be so great:  
O may we ne'er thy love forget.

3. Thy precious blood for sinners spilt,  
Cleanseth our hearts, removes our  
guilt,

The debt is paid which we incurr'd,  
And we're to happiness restor'd.

4. Thy Holy Spirit with us leave,  
So that we rightly may conceive,  
What thou for all believers hast  
Prepared in this blest repast.

*Barnt 569. \* Longwood*  
(T. 151.)

1. IF feeling and fruition  
No further went than sight,  
Our present frail condition  
Might various doubts excite:  
But what is still denied  
To fight, whilst here below,  
Is by the soul enjoyed,  
And makes the heart to glow.

2. Faith on Christ's declaration  
Relies continually;  
A bunch each congregation,  
The members grapes should be:  
The church as branch should flourish  
On Jesus, the true Vine;  
His blood our souls must nourish,  
Else they would droop and pine.

3. Draw near to Jesu's table,  
Ye contrite souls draw near;  
The hungry, sick and feeble  
His choicest dainties share.

Let Jesu's death engraven  
Upon your hearts remain;  
Thus here, and there in heaven,  
Eternal life you gain.

*Gr. 370. \* Rambach*  
(T. 71.)

1. MY soul, prepare to meet  
Thy Saviour; at his feet  
Fall down adoring;  
The Lord of earth and skies  
A feast for thee supplies,  
Past thy exploring.

2. How vast is here display'd,  
In brightest form array'd,  
His love's dimension!  
O grace! beyond the ken  
Of angels or of men,  
Past comprehension.

3. How should I, slaughter'd Lamb,  
Who dust and ashes am,  
A worm, and earthy,  
To taste such boundless grace,  
And have so high a place  
Be counted worthy?

4. Ah, why am I thus blest,  
That such an heav'nly Guest  
My house will enter;  
Dare I, thou highest Good,  
To taste thy flesh and blood,  
A sinner, venture?

5. Upon thy call I'm here,  
I venture to draw near,  
Because thou'rt gracious:  
I on thy word rely  
That thou'lt my soul supply  
With food delicious.

6. Grant me but this firm faith,  
That with thee through thy death  
I am united.  
To cure and make me whole,  
Thou hast my sin-sick soul  
Freely invited.

7. Thy body, slain for me,  
My food, through mercy free,  
Is heav'n's fruition:  
And by its pow'r may I,  
Whilst I the world deny,  
Gain there admission.

8. Pervade, thou precious flood  
Of Christ's all-healing blood,  
My soul and senses:  
And to my needy heart  
Life, peace and health impart,  
Thus heav'n's commences.

9. Lord, of thy wond'rous love  
That brought thee from above  
Thou gav'st this token:  
O may it constantly  
Unite my heart to thee  
In bonds unbroken.

10. Didst thou thyself devise  
To be my sacrifice,  
My Lord, my Treasure!  
Grant that continually  
To live alone for thee  
May be my pleasure.

11. Cause me, who now am thine,  
As branch, to thee the Vine  
To cleave unceasing;  
Receiving strength and juice,  
That I may fruit produce  
To thee well pleasing.

12. Such grace on me thou'st spent,  
That none hath its extent  
Aright explained;  
Grant now that I may show  
To fellow-sinners too  
A love unfeigned.

13. May ev'ry drop of blood  
In me, O Lord my God,  
Be sanctified:  
Oft as my heart doth bear,  
May I his praise repeat,  
Who for me died.

*Sount 571. Synonym*  
(T. 22.)

1. O Church of Jesus, now draw  
near  
With humble joy and filial fear,  
And after his last testament,  
Enjoy the holy sacrament.

2. In this our wants are well supply'd,  
And we show forth that Jesus dy'd:  
May we abide in him by faith,  
And cleave to him in life and death.

3. Th' enjoyment of the flesh and blood  
Of Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God,  
Endoweth us with strength and grace  
To love and serve him all our days.

*S. 571. Hart*  
(T. 590.)

1. THAT doleful night before his  
death,  
The Lamb, for sinners slain,  
Did almost with his latest breath  
This solemn feast ordain.

M 2

To keep thy feast, Lord, are we met,  
And to remember thee:

Help each poor sinner to repeat,  
"For me he dy'd; for me."

2. Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sacred  
sign

To our remembrance brings;  
We eat the bread; and drink the wine,  
But think on nobler things.

O tune our voices, and inflame  
Our hearts with love to thee,  
That each may gratefully proclaim,  
"My Saviour dy'd for me."

*S. 573. Sweetness*  
(T. 232.)

1. THE holy bread which we now  
break,

The cup of which we all partake,  
Is the participation

Of Jesu's flesh and blood, for us  
A ransom giv'n upon the cross,  
To purchase our salvation:

He said, "My flesh is truly meat;

"This is my body, take and eat:"

He also took the cup, and said,

"This is my blood, for you 'tis shed."

Lord, we draw near

Thy table here

With childlike fear:

Dear Jesus, to our hearts appear.

2. Most holy Lord, thou know'st our  
wants,

And how each hungry sinner pants

For thee, our Lord and Saviour:

May all our needy souls be fed

With thee, the true life-giving Bread,

And taste thy matchless favor:

O may thy blood, the stream of life,

Now all our thirsty souls revive.

Thou living Vine, each branch sup-  
ply;

Our souls and bodies sanctify:

And grant that we

Abide in thee

Continually;

Yea, bear such fruit as pleaseth thee.

3. O Lord, who dost thyself impart,

In mercy to each contrite heart,

Enjoying the communion:

Grant that we may be one in thee,  
And love each other heartily,  
And thus abide in union.  
Let nothing 'mongst thy flock take  
place,  
Which tends thy doctrine to disgrace;  
May all of us by faith and love  
Unto thy honor clearly prove  
In all our ways  
The boundless grace,  
Thy love displays,  
Which in the sacrament we trace.

4. Now bless and praise the slaughter'd  
Lamb,  
Extol his saving Jesu's name,  
'Thou favor'd congregation!  
Which at the table of our Lord  
Hast eat and drank with one accord;  
'Thou know'st thy destination  
Is to abide in Christ by faith,  
And to show forth our Saviour's death.  
Walk then as children of the light,  
Live to his praise by day and night;  
O Lamb once slain,  
We vow again  
Thine to remain:  
Confirm our promises. Amen.

*Dr. Watts* 574.  
(T. 14.)

1. WHEN we before our Saviour's  
face  
Appear with contrite hearts,  
He soothes our griefs, and pard'ning  
grace  
To ev'ry one imparts.
2. When we commemorate his love,  
'He saith: "For you I dy'd:  
"Behold my hands, behold my feet,  
"And view my wounded side.
3. "These are the wounds I bore for  
you,  
"The tokens of my pain;  
"By which I for your guilty souls  
"Eternal life did gain."
4. Our thirsting hearts drink Jesu's  
blood,  
That precious ransom-price;  
We eat his body broke for us,  
And giv'n a sacrifice.

5. Ah then we feel that life divine  
In Jesu's death abounds,  
Eternal blessings from his cross,  
And healing from his wounds.

*Watts* 575.

(T. 582.)

1. FOR food he gave his flesh;  
He bids us drink his blood;  
Amazing favor, matchless grace,  
Of our incarnate God!
2. This holy bread and wine  
Confirms us in the faith,  
In love and union with our Lord,  
And we show forth his death.

*Louisa* 576. *Keiper*  
(T. 82.)

1. JESUS makes my heart rejoice,  
I'm his sheep and know his voice:  
He's a Shepherd kind and gracious,  
And his pastures are delicious.  
Constant love to me he shows,  
Yea my worthless name he knows!
2. Trusting his mild staff always,  
I go in and out in peace;  
He will feed me with the treasure  
Of his grace in richest measure,  
When athirst to him I cry,  
Living water he'll supply.
3. Should not I for gladness leap,  
Led by Jesus as his sheep!  
For when these blest days are over,  
To the arms of my dear Saviour  
I shall be convey'd to rest:  
Amen, yea my lot is blest!

*Th.* 577. *Keiper*  
(T. 58.)

1. CHRIST was reveal'd in the  
flesh for us,  
To suffer death on the shameful cross;  
Now his holy body, for sinners given,  
Is our souls food, till we shall in  
heaven  
Adore his name.

# Of the HOLY SUPPER of the LORD: 181

1. Our thirsty souls drink the sacred blood,  
Which flow'd from Jesus, the Lamb of God,  
To procure for sinners complete salvation,  
When he became the propitiation  
For all our sins.  
3. Thereof partaking in humble faith,  
We show forth Jesu's atoning death,  
And with deep abasement the congregation  
Gives glory, honor, and adoration,  
Unto the Lamb.

*Count 578.\* Lingard*  
(T. 126.)

1. IS that my dearest Brother  
(Saith one of low degree,)   
Who t' be the Father's equal  
Did not think robbery \*;  
And who became a man like me,  
'To die for my transgressions?  
'Tis he most certainly.  
\* Phil. ii. 6.  
2. Ye who believe on Jesus,  
And on account of sin  
Have mourn'd with pungent sorrow,  
But now feel joy within,  
What think ye, that to him on high,  
'Fore whom ev'n John did tremble,  
Ye dare approach so nigh?  
3. He show'rs his choicest blessings  
This day upon each heart,  
And thus to soul and body  
Salvation doth impart.  
That blood which on the cross he shed  
Our drink is, and his body  
Is our true heav'nly bread.  
4. He said, " My flesh is truly  
" Meat, and my blood is drink :"  
So did, unto his glory,  
The Lord's disciples think.  
We from our hearts believe it too,  
And can from heart's experience  
Declare it to be true.  
5. In spirit we behold him  
As dying in our stead ;

M 3

We may approach with boldness  
To him in all our need.  
Th' enjoyment of this heav'nly feast  
Make us his congregation  
In soul and body chaste.  
6. Thou ransom'd church of Jesus,  
Increase in love and faith,  
United to thy Saviour;  
Be faithful unto death,  
And own him God for evermore,  
Who took our human nature;  
Him in the dust adore.

*C. 579.\* Lingard*  
(T. 22.)

1. O That in Jesu's church, his bride,  
Sin might henceforth be mortify'd  
By him, who her to save was slain,  
And underwent such racking pain.  
2. O might our souls and bodies be  
From sinful stirrings wholly free,  
Might we, whilst still on earth we live,  
To him the Vine, as branches cleave.  
3. O were we free from strange desire,  
Void of all foreign strength and fire,  
As dead to all corruption base,  
As formerly to righteousness.  
4. Lord, by the power of thy death,  
Renew in us a living faith,  
Whate'er is carnal, quite erase,  
And sanctify us by thy grace.  
5. O church, now tremble awfully,  
The Lord's death now pervadeth thee,  
O may his sacred body cure,  
And make our souls and bodies pure.

*C. 580. Sweetner*  
(T. 97.)

GRant us, most gracious Lamb of God,  
To eat thy flesh and drink thy blood,  
That thy wound's healing virtue may  
Itself in each of us display;  
Thy dying love on ev'ry heart impress,  
That we may serve thy cause with  
cheerfulness.



*Longinow* 581. *Sweetman*  
(T. 582.)

**WHEN** in the sanctuary  
We thee approach by faith,  
And thee our God and Saviour see  
Recline thy head in death;  
Or when we eat and drink  
Thy body and thy blood,  
With deepest awe 'fore thee we sink,  
Thou slaughter'd Lamb of God.

*Gregor* 582 \*

(T. 99.)

**ACT**, full of godlike majesty!  
O Love's abyss! I'm lost in thee,  
O myl'ry, all our thoughts surpassing!  
Now all our wants are well supply'd,  
And we show forth that Jesus dy'd,  
As oft as we enjoy this blessing.

*Abb.* 583. *Stack*

(T. 166.)

**YE** foll'wers of the slaughter'd  
Lamb,

Draw near and take the cup of God:  
Approach unto the healing stream,  
And drink of that atoning blood;  
That blood which flow'd from Jesu's  
head,

His back, his hands, and feet and  
side,

Which was for our redemption shed,  
When on th' accursed cross he dy'd.

*Dr.* 584. *Doddridge*

(T. 97.)

**JESUS**, thou Source of life, impart  
Thy blood unto my thirsting heart,  
Panting I seek that fountain-head,  
Whence waters so divine proceed,  
Still near this living stream may I  
abide.

By which my needy soul is satisfy'd.

*Count* 589. *Longinow*  
(T. 97.)

1. **THE** breath, which can the dead  
bones raise,  
And to Christ's members life conveys,  
Pervadeth thee, thou church of God,  
And Jesu's sanctifying blood  
Is now imparted to each thirsty soul,  
It cheers the mourners, makes the  
wounded whole.

2. O church of God, lift up thy heart,  
The vine its power doth impart;  
Take, drink the blood so freely spilt  
For thine and ev'ry sinner's guilt;  
Take, drink the blood, the blood so  
freely spilt

For mine, for thine, and ev'ry sinner's  
guilt.

*Do* 586.\*  
(T. 146.)

1. **BY** thy sweat mix'd with blood,  
Which flow'd in thy soul's anguish,  
From thee, O Lamb of God,  
When thou for us didst languish  
In sad Gethsemane;

And with our sins oppress'd,  
Didst weep, and groan, and pray,  
That sinners might be bless'd;

2. Yea by the blood thou'st shed  
For us, when scourges wounded  
Thy back, and when thy head  
A thorny crown surrounded,  
O by that blood which flow'd

When nails thy body tore:  
Bless us, O Lord our God,  
Who humbly thee adore.

3. Lord Jesus, may the blood  
Thou shed'st for our salvation,  
Which is our highest good,  
Refresh this congregation,  
When in the sacrament

We drink, in humble faith,  
And by this testament  
Show forth thy bitter death.

*Dr.* 587. *Harris*  
(T. 582.)

1. **MY** Saviour's pierced side  
Pour'd out a double flood;

By water we are purify'd,  
And pardon'd by his blood.

2. Look up, my soul, to him,  
Whose death was thy desert,  
And humbly view the living stream  
Flow from his wounded heart.

3. There, on the curst tree,  
He bows his head and dies,  
Fulfills his Father's great decree,  
And all our wants supplies.

*I. 588. Swertm*

(T. 124.)

STream which flow'd from thee the  
rock,

Gracious Jesus!  
Us thy needy thirsting flock  
Now refreshes;  
Thou'rt the source of lasting life  
And salvation,  
To this congregation.

*Louisa 589. \* Heyn*

(T. 23.)

1. JESU'S wounds, springs of salva-  
tion,

Are a source of consolation,  
Raise within us an emotion  
Of unfeigned heart's devotion.

2. May to Jesus, while we're living,  
From our works redound thank-  
giving,

And our lowly, meek behavior  
Clearly show we love our Saviour.

*C. A. 590. \* Sober*

(T. 580.)

THY wounds and all-atoning blood  
Are to this hour, O Lamb of God,  
An ocean of free grace.

All those who venture to draw nigh  
To thee, can witness bear with joy,  
They ne'er go empty from thy fact.

M 4

*Louisa 591. \* & Gregor*  
(T. 184.)

THAT sacred blood, from Jesus  
bursting,

Who by his stripes sooths ev'ry smart,  
And hailes to us, when for him thirst-  
ing,

His choicest favors to impart;  
That precious blood, life's fountain  
blessed,

Which flows to me from Jesus's  
wounds,

Hath often cheer'd me when distressed,  
For there eternal life abounds.

*Louisa 592. \* de Heyn*

(T. 185.)

PRaise be giv'n to Christ, our soul's  
beloved,

By us sinners; what are we?  
Feeble human creatures far removed  
From angelic purity:

Yet when he to his rich pastures leads  
us,

Or he with his broken body feeds us,  
And we drink his blood once shed,

We are richly comforted.

*Louisa 593. \* Heyn*

(T. 22.)

1. HAPPY, thrice happy hour of  
grace,

I've seen by faith my Saviour's face,  
He did himself to me impart,  
And made a cov'nant with my heart.

2. Ah might in my behavior shine  
The pow'r of Jesu's love divine,  
His conflict and his victory,  
His seeking, and his finding me.

*Gregor 594. \**  
(T. 26.)

1. THOU slaughter'd Lamb, thy  
flesh and blood,

Which thou didst sacrifice for us,  
Upon the altar of the cross,  
Proves to our souls delicious food.

2. It makes us all of one accord  
To love each other fervently,  
Yea, to be wholly one with thee,  
And all that love thee, gracious Lord.

*Count 595. \* Singend*  
(T. 11.)

1. Could we sinners fully tell  
How our hearts with rapture swell,  
We'd not scruple to declare  
Fore the angels, what we share.

2. But since words the happiness  
Which we feel, can ne'er express,  
We adoring 'fore him lie,  
And what he bestows enjoy.

3. Angels sing before his throne,  
Whilst we at his feet sink down,  
Gracious Jesus, man and God,  
What hast thou on us bestow'd!

*596. \* Greger*  
(T. 1.)

1. Heav'n's foretaste I may here  
already have,

Since Jesus dy'd my guilty soul to save;

2. When I, a needy sheep of his blest  
flock,

Drink of that stream that flows from  
Christ, the Rock:

3. When heav'nly bread he gives my  
soul to eat,

That I may henceforth never him for-  
get:

4. O how unutterably blest am I,  
Partaking of him sacramentally.

5. I live now, and to God myself will  
give,

But yet not I, but Christ in me shall  
live.

6. O dwell within my heart, that each  
may see

What heav'nly blessing I enjoy with  
thee.

7. Thy mercy and thy goodness I  
shall taste

Both here below, and when with thee  
at rest.

*Count 597. \* Singend*  
(T. 11.)

1. JESUS, who to save hast pow'r,  
And who livest evermore,  
For thy flock to intercede,  
Helping us in time of need;

2. Thou who a divine repast  
For the poor prepared hast,  
Giving thy own flesh and blood  
As the hungry sinner's food;

3. Let thy pow'r divine, we pray,  
Be our strength and only stay,  
Till we drop this mortal vest,  
And the Spirit goes to rest.

*598. \* Kibbels*  
(T. 151.)

LORD Christ, I give thee praises;  
Thy hand ne'er intermits

To show'r, as each day passes,  
On me thy benefits;

Thy name, all names exceeding,  
I'll praise, for thou art good,

Art with thy flesh me feeding,  
To drink giv'st me thy blood.

599.

(T. 582.)

1. COME, O my soul, and sing  
How Jesus thee hath fed;

How Jesus gave himself for thee,  
The true and living Bread.

2. I love thee, O my Lord;

I gladly thee adore;

O may I never turn again!

But love thee more and more.

3. O raise my feeble flame,

My wav'ring faith improve;

Increase my ardor day by day,

And fire me with thy love.

*600. \* Pfeffercorn*  
(T. 96.)

SINCE Jesu's body I have eat,

And drank the blood he shed for me,

O may I never him forget,

I know he will remember me;

And I shall, when this life is o'er,

Live in his presence evermore.

# XXXIII. Hymns for different Ages, Sexes, and Stations in Life: or, Choir Hymns.

*Ch. 601. La Trabe*  
(T. 83.)

1. EACH division 'mongst thy fold,  
Freed from this world's vain tradi-  
tion,

Male or female, young or old,  
In thee hath true joy's fruition,  
And in its allotted place  
Should walk worthy of thy grace.

2. Grant us a contented mind,  
That in their peculiar station  
Each may be to thee resign'd;  
Seeking only thy salvation;  
By thy staff we're safely led,  
Till in thee we're perfected.

## A. FOR CHILDREN.

*S. 602. bennick*  
(T. 22.)

1. THOUGH but a little child I am,  
Yet I may praise the slaughter'd  
Lamb,

He loves the children tenderly,  
And also loveth sinful me.

2. Yes, gracious Saviour, I believe,  
Thou canst a little child receive;  
For thou didst bless them formerly,  
And say, "Let children come to me."

3. Lord Jesus, unto me impart  
A humble, meek and docile heart.  
O cleanse me in thy precious blood,  
Shed in my heart thy love abroad.

4. Save me from liking what is ill,  
Teach me to do thy holy will;  
Each day prepare me, through thy  
grace,  
To meet thee, and behold thy face.

*S. 603. bennick*  
(T. 58.)

1. O Come and view the greatest  
mystery!

He who made all the world, the seas  
and sky,

Now is born an infant: The virgin  
Mary,

Upon her arms, the Lord of hosts  
doth carry,

A feeble child.

2. He who prepar'd for ev'ry bird a  
nest,

And gave the foxes holes wherein to  
rest,

Poverty endured, became a stranger  
In his own world, and was laid in a  
manger,

When he was born.

3. But why was Jesus born in po-  
verty?

Why did our Maker in a manger lie?  
'Twas that he might purchase life  
and salvation,

And gain for us a glorious habitation  
In heav'nly bliss.

4. O Jesus Christ, thou only holy  
child,

How canst thou show such love to sin-  
ners spoil'd?

But since thou thus lovest, we now  
adore thee,

We children praise thy name and  
kneel before thee,

Hallelujah.

5. Thy sacred meritorious infancy  
Our crown and everlasting glory be.

From world, sin and satan, keep us  
estranged,

Till we shall once about thy throne  
be ranged

For evermore,



*I. 604. Lennick*

(T. 587.)

1. **COME**, children, and trace  
The mercy and grace,  
Which God's incarnation to mankind  
displays.

2. In Bethle'm, a town  
Of no great renown,  
There Mary the virgin brought forth  
God's dear Son.

3. God evermore blest  
Chose meanly to rest  
For us in a manger, in swaddling-  
clothes dreit.

4. On straw or on hay  
The lovely Child lay,  
Who came down from heaven to show  
us the way.

5. His being so mean  
Hath certainly been  
To exalt his poor children, and save  
them from sin.

6. Lord, teach us thy ways,  
And thee all our days  
Sincerely to follow, to love, and to  
praise.

*Count 605. Lützendorf*

(T. 22.)

To ev'ry child the grace impart  
O Lord, to give to thee his heart,  
To live to thee its future days  
To love thee and thy name to praise.

*I. 606. Sweetner*

(T. 14.)

1. **THOUGH** Christ was God, and  
all things made,  
Himself he humbled thus:  
That he, a servant in our stead,  
Might minister to us.

2. Our Saviour was a lovely boy,  
His parent's chief delight,  
His heav'nly Father's constant joy,  
And always acted right.

3. A blessed pattern Christ our Lord  
Unto the children gave,  
That they to him might joy afford,  
And never misbehave.

4. A child true happiness may find,  
And humbly ought to pray:  
"Lord Jesus, make my heart inclin'd  
"To love and to obey.

5. "I'm often stubborn, vain and  
wild,  
"Self-will'd and hard in heart;  
"O Lord, to me thy chaste, thy mild,  
"Thy holy mind impart."

*I. 607. Lennick*

(T. 159.)

1. **HOW** heart-affecting Christ to  
see,  
Some days before he bled,  
Go to Jerus'lem willingly  
To suffer in our stead,  
When he approach'd, the multitude  
Their garments spread and branches  
strew'd,  
Crying hosanna to his praise,  
With joy and thankfulness.

2. 'Twas then the children join'd the  
rest,  
And tun'd to him a song;  
With one accord his name confess'd,  
Amidst the joyful throng;  
O may we, little children, now  
Attempt the same, and worship too  
The Lamb of God, who dy'd for us  
Upon the shameful cross.

608.

(T. 243.)

1. **THE** holy child Jesus,  
Our God and our Saviour,  
Who died to save us,  
We'll worship for ever,  
God's holy Lamb,—the Lord's  
name.

2. In liveliest manner  
O let us before him  
With joy sing hosanna,  
And praise and adore him;  
Our childlike cries—he won't despise

3. We have an example  
In children, who prais'd him  
Of old in the temple,  
Which very much pleas'd him,  
And he in grace—accepts our praise.

4. Although some complained,  
Offended to hear it;  
They were not restrained,  
Nor did they forbear it;  
Our Lord them lov'd,—and it approv'd.

5. Come then let us follow  
Our Master with praises;  
His name let us hallow,  
Whose blood us releases:  
O Christ, to thee—all glory be.

6. Hosanna! Hosanna!  
Thou Son of king David:  
Hosanna! Hosanna!  
For thou hast us saved:  
For ever reign,—thou Lamb once slain.

609.

(T. 39.)

1. COME hither, dear children, and  
learn that your sin  
The reason of Jesu's affliction hath  
been,  
For you he sweat blood, falling down  
on his face,  
And vented in crying and tears his  
distress.

2. In this dreadful anguish our Sa-  
viour was seen,  
When Judas betray'd him to barba-  
rous men,  
Who led him away and made at him  
their game,  
But Jesus was patient and meek as a  
Lamb.

3. They spit in his face and then  
pluck'd off his hair,  
The scourges his body did mangle  
and tear;  
They platted a crown of sharp thorns  
on his head,  
Thus he 'fore the crowd who revil'd  
him was led.

4. They laid on his shoulders, already  
in pain,

The cross, on which he was con-  
demn'd to be slain.

In his sacred body our sins on the  
tree

He bare and expired for you and for  
me.

5. Ye children, fall down and adore  
at his feet,

Nor ever his suff'rings and dying  
forget;

For now in his blood, if in him ye  
believe,

Ye all may redemption and pardon  
receive.

610.

(T. 582.)

1. I Humbly will rejoice,  
To Jesus will I sing;  
I (tho' a child) can raise my voice  
To praise our risen King.

2. The Lord is ris'n again,  
Who on the cross did bleed:  
He lives to die no more, Amen!  
The Lord is ris'n indeed.

3. He truly tasted death  
For wretched fallen men;  
In bitter pangs resign'd his breath;  
But now he's ris'n again.

4. He hath himself the keys  
Of death, the grave and hell,  
His is the victory and praise,  
And he rules all things well.

5. Death now no more I dread,  
But cheerful close mine eyes:  
Death is a sleep, the grave a bed;  
With Jesus I shall rise.

611.

(T. 14.)

1. COME, Holy Ghost, dear Come;  
forter,

Whom Jesus sends from heav'n:

O comfort us thy children here,  
And show our sins forgiv'n.

3. Thou didst in form of fiery tongues  
On God's apostles rest;  
Our lips inspire to sing new songs,  
And dwell within each breast.

3. 'Tis through thy grace we're born  
again,  
And thou our Teacher art;  
Thou of that heav'n we shall obtain,  
A foretaste dost impart.

4. O come and in our hearts reside,  
Thy temples in us make;  
Nor let our naughtiness or pride  
Make thee the place forsake.

5. Delight to make us thine abode  
Till heav'n shall be our home,  
Where we shall see our Lord and  
God;  
Come, holy Spirit, come.

*I.* 612. *Cennick*  
(T. 14.)

1. O What a wretched heart have I,  
How full of sin and shame,  
How obstinate continually,  
How day by day to blame!

2. Lord, look on me midst all my  
faults;  
And, when thou seest my guilt,  
My wicked words and foolish  
thoughts,  
Think why thy blood was spilt.

3. In that most precious river cleanse  
And wash my crimes away,  
My selfishness and that offence  
Which I have done to-day.

4. When thou, dear Jesus, wast a  
child,  
Thou didst not sin like me;  
No sinful words thy lips desil'd,  
No faults appear'd in thee.

5. Thou wast more spotless than a  
dove,  
More harmless than a lamb,  
Obedient, humble, full of love,  
And never once to blame.

6. But I am proud and headstrong too,  
Oft sadly misbehave;  
I am not meek, like thee, and low;  
Me, Lord, in mercy save.

7. O might I but resemble thee,  
That ev'ry one might know,  
I love the Saviour, and will be  
His foll'wer here below.

8. Imprint thine image in my heart,  
Bestow thy Holy Ghost,  
And an obedient mind impart,  
Then I shall not be lost.

613.

(T. 39.)

1. DEAR children, assembled to  
hear of the Lord,

You're here to be taught by his Spi-  
rit and word;

O think, what great favors on you  
are conferr'd,

A. For this may his name by us all  
be rever'd.

2. The Father in heav'n you as  
children will own,

And you are beloved by Jesus, his  
son,

The Spirit of truth will instruct you  
to pray,

A. And he will direct us throughout  
our whole way.

3. Ah! should not the mercies you  
daily may prove

Excite you our Saviour to praise and  
to love?

A. Yes, we are desirous to value his  
grace,

To love and adore him, and live to  
his praise.

4. Pray what do you do when ill hu-  
mors get strong,

Or when you perceive you have done  
something wrong?

A. We weep, and our Saviour's for-  
giveness we crave,

And though we are sinful, he's able  
to save.

5. But, dear little children, since he  
is so good,

O give him your hearts, they were  
bought with his blood,

He loves you unspeakably, love him again,

A. O yes, we will love him, and with him remain.

6. Be watchful, and you shall perceive and be sure

He loves you, although you are sinful and poor;

At all times he'll blefs you; his love you will feel;

And in all your meetings, he'll meet with you still.

7. Don't grieve him by sinning, and then from your heart

He ne'er will be absent, he ne'er will depart,

Till you shall go to him, when this life is o'er,

And love him and praise him above evermore.

8. A. O merciful Saviour, so grant it to be,

Nor suffer us ever to wander from thee;

We're poor little children, preserve us, we pray,

And may we our love by obedience display.

614. *Schlicht*

(T. 11.)

1. **OUT** of love and boundless grace,  
Thou hast brought us to a place,  
Jesus, where we oft may hear  
Of the suff'rings thou didst bear.

2. Be our Shepherd ev'ry day,  
That we little lambs ne'er stray;  
Whensoever we hear thy voice,  
To obey may we rejoice.

3. Thanks to thee for all the care  
That's bestow'd upon us here;  
May we evermore to thee  
For thy goodness grateful be.

615. *Gennick*

(T. 22.)

1. **I** Love the Lord, who dy'd for me,  
I love his grace divine and free;

I love the scriptures, there I read,  
Christ loved me and for me bled.

2. I love his tears and suff'rings great,  
I love his precious bloody sweat,  
I love his blood, was that not spilt,  
I could not have been freed from guilt.

3. I love to hear that he was slain,  
I love his ev'ry grief and pain,  
I love to contemplate by faith  
Upon his meritorious death.

4. I love mount Calv'ry, where his love

Stronger than death itself did prove;  
I love to walk his dolorous way,  
I love the grave where Jesus lay.

5. I love his people and their ways,  
I love with them to pray and praise;  
I love the Father and the Son,  
I love the Spirit he sent down.

6. I love to think the time will come  
When I shall be with him at home,  
And praise him in eternity:  
Then shall my love completed be.

*Ch. 616. West*

(T. 22.)

1. **THOU** Guardian of thy lambs,  
behold

These tender ones of thy dear fold;  
Take them in thy peculiar care,  
Secure their souls from ev'ry snare.

2. Let nothing in their minds take place,  
But what comes from thy blood and grace;

May that sink deep into each heart,  
And let nought else have any part.

3. Set on their breasts thy Spirit's seal,  
Within their hearts thy love reveal,  
And their poor souls securely keep  
Among thy flock of little sheep.

617. *Gennick*

(T. 22.)

1. **Q. DEAR** children, whom the Sa-  
viour loves,

Tell me what each one most approves,



In heav'n and earth what prize ye  
most?

A. Jesus, who saved us when lost.

2. Q. How was it that you needed  
him?

For what did he your souls redeem?

A. We all like sheep had gone astray,  
And were by nature Satan's prey.

3. Q. How did our Lord accomplish  
this?

A. He left his throne and heav'nly  
bliss.

A man of sorrows he became,  
And dy'd that he our souls might  
claim.

4. Q. And can the children Jesus  
find?

A. To children he reveals his mind.

Q. Do children feel his love within?

A. O yes, and he forgiveth sin.

5. Q. And will you always Jesus  
love?

A. Yes, till we are with him above,  
Till death our souls and bodies part,  
Him we will love with all our heart.

*Sount* 618. *Longwood*  
(T. 14.)

1. THOU, gracious Saviour, for my  
good

Wait pleas'd a child to be,  
And thou didst shed thy precious blood  
Upon the cross for me.

2. Come then, and take this heart of  
mine,

Come take me as I am;  
I know that I by right am thine,  
Thy love my heart doth claim.

3. Low at thy feet still may I bow,  
Be thine, my Saviour, still;  
In nothing bad myself allow,  
Nor ever show self-will.

4. Preserve, I pray, my heart se-  
cure

From ev'ry hurt and stain;  
First make it, and then keep it pure,  
And shut to all that's vain.

5. If early thou wilt take me hence,  
O that no harm will be:

Since endless bliss will then com-  
mence,

When I shall live with thee.

6. If thou wilt have me longer stay,  
In years and stature grow;

Help me to serve thee night and day,  
While I am here below.

7. Then, after walking in thy ways,  
And serving thee in love,

Receive me to thyself in peace,  
To sing thy praise above.

*I* 619. *Cennick*  
(T. 39.)

1. WHO, who have such reason, as  
we to be glad?

What children such means of salva-  
tion have had?

Such meetings to hear and consider  
God's word,

How many poor children don't know  
of our Lord.

2. We sing and we hear, how our  
Maker came down

From heaven and willingly left his  
blest throne,

And taking our nature became a poor  
child,

And us by his suff'rings to God re-  
concil'd.

3. O myst'ry of godliness! wonder  
of grace!

May we without ceasing adore him  
and praise;

May all of us know what a Saviour  
we have,

Yea love him sincerely and in him  
believe.

4. We'll now, with the angels, unite  
to declare

The praises of him, who our sorrows  
did bear,

With hearts and with voices exalting  
the Lamb,

Who dy'd on the cross our poor souls  
to redeem.

*Cumt* 620 *Longindaf*  
(T. 22.)

1. THOU mine and all poor children's friend,

Who dost to all our wants attend,  
Who, tho' th' almighty Lord of all,  
Dost not despise us, children small;

2. But our most faithful Saviour art,  
And bearest us upon thy heart.

Since thou as man on earth didst dwell,  
Thou know'st our wants and ailments well.

3. Grant unto us continually  
The blessings of thy infancy;  
Let us through each succeeding year,  
The merits of thy childhood share.

4. Thee gracious Lord we now implore,  
To manifest thyself still more,  
And thus to teach us by degrees  
To live a life of happiness.

5. May we thy mind still better know;  
May we in grace and knowledge grow,  
And learn all that whereby we may  
Adorn thy doctrine ev'ry way.

6. O may we ever feel thee near,  
And be employ'd in praise and pray'r,  
May we in thy blest fellowship  
Wake, do our daily work and sleep.

7. Thus will our infant tongues record  
Thy birth and passion, gracious Lord,  
That thou who didst in our stead,  
Art God by whom all things were made.

*S.* 621. *Cumt*  
(T. 22.)

1. I Will a little pilgrim be,  
Resolv'd alone to follow thee,  
Thou Lamb of God, who now art  
gone,  
Up to thy everlasting throne.

2. I will my heart to thee resign,  
Thine only be, O be thou mine!  
The world I leave and foolish play,  
To happiness to find the way.

3. My lips shall be employ'd to bless  
The Lord who is my righteousness:  
My pleasure only to pursue  
His mind, and him my Saviour know.

4. So long I'll pray below to live,  
Till I my pardon seal'd receive;  
And then, when Jesus calls, I'll die,  
Or rather live eternally.

*S.* 622. *Cumt*  
(T. 390.)

O Thou, before whose Father's face

The children's angels stand,  
Grant me, a helpless child, the grace  
That thy angelic band  
May watch my ways and guard my bed,

And minister to me,  
Till I in death shall bow my head,  
And go to live with thee.

*S.* 623.  
(T. 14.)

1. Happy the children who are gone  
To Jesus Christ in peace,  
Who stand around his glorious throne,  
Clad in his righteousness.

2. The Saviour, whom they lov'd  
when here,  
Hath wip'd their tears away;  
They never more can grieve or fear,  
Nor sin, nor go astray.

3. In ceaseless happiness they view  
Our Saviour's smiling face;  
That face once bruise'd, in which be-  
low  
Men saw no comeliness.

4. Methinks I see them kneeling  
(Ten thousands do the same.)  
Salvation to th' immortal King!  
To God and to the Lamb!

5. O that I might so favor'd be,  
With them above to join:  
O that, like them, I Christ might see,  
And he be ever mine.

6. Grant me but this, thou great High-priest,  
And when I'm here no more,  
Convey me safe to endless rest,  
Where thou art gone before.

*I* 624. *Bennech*  
(T. 587.)

1. **H**OW sweet the child rests,  
Whom nothing molests,  
Received in mercy among the Lamb's  
guests?

2. He ne'er shall weep more,  
His sighing is o'er,  
His travel and dangers, he's got safe  
on shore.

3. His body behold,  
It sleeps pale and cold,  
And shall till the Shepherd completeth  
his fold.

4. His Spirit is gone,  
In peace to God's throne,  
To praise God our Saviour, where  
we shall be soon.

5. He sings now above,  
Made perfect in love,  
And never, O never, he thence shall  
remove.

6. He rests now in peace,  
Beholds the Lord's face,  
Hath finished early and happy his race.

7. For that blessed day  
We earnestly pray,  
Lord Jesus, come quickly, and make  
no delay.

*Go* 625.  
(T. 14.)

1. **H**APPY the children who be-  
times.

Have learn'd to know the Lord,  
Who, through his grace, escape the  
crimes  
Forbidden in his word.

2. Who early, by a living faith,  
Have deep foundation laid  
In Jesu's meritorious death,  
Such need not be afraid.

3. Should they be early hence re-  
mov'd,  
He will their souls receive;  
For those who Jesus here have lov'd,  
With him shall ever live.

*Do* 626.  
(T. 39.)

1. **L**ORD Jesus, we bless thee for  
being a child,  
And having us thereby to God re-  
concil'd:

We thank thee for suff'ring and dy-  
ing in pain,  
For thy being buried and rising again.

2. We thank thee that thou wilt the  
children permit  
To offer their praises and songs at  
thy feet,

That thou, Lord, their pray'rs art in-  
clined to hear,  
And always to help them and save  
them art near.

3. Thou wilt be our Saviour, Re-  
deemer and Friend,  
Grant we may abide in thy love to  
the end:

O render us truly obedient to thee,  
That we thy dear children for ever  
may be.

#### B. For Boys.

*Gregor* 627.\*  
(T. 164.)

1. **B**ELOVED youths, if 'tis your aim  
To be like Christ your Saviour.

And to extol his saving name  
In word and in behavior,

Be with a willing mind  
Unto his will resign'd,  
He by his blood will wash you clean,  
And free you from the pow'r of sin.

2. Then will it be your heart's delight,  
Amidst his flock with pleasure  
T'obey him, walk as in his sight,  
And serve him in your measure,

For ev'ry thing that's good  
And just, flows from his blood,  
A mind that's virtuous, chaste, un-  
stain'd,

May be by faith in him obtain'd.

3. Yea, an obedient, simple mind,  
Faithful in ev'ry station,  
To true humility inclin'd,  
And perfect resignation,

The blest effect will prove  
Of that unfeigned love  
To Christ, which is produc'd by faith  
In him, and his atoning death.

628.\*

(T. 37.)

1. Shall our youth grow in grace,  
Wisdom and favor;  
As truly was the case  
With Christ our Saviour:  
Let them continually  
View him in spirit,  
To them he will apply  
His precious merit.

2. When once the sin-sick soul  
For grace hath panted,  
By Christ we're render'd whole,  
To us is granted,  
That we a heav'nly life  
May here be leading;  
In union with our Lord  
Each step proceeding.

3. He, who without delay  
To Jesus turneth,  
With confidence doth pray,  
And humbly mourneth;  
Doth certainly receive  
(O boundless favor!)  
Forgiveness of his sins  
From Christ our Saviour!

4. Come, then, with uprightness  
'Fore him discover  
Your wants; then your distress  
Will soon be over.  
He'll heal most graciously  
Your worst diseases,  
And fill you constantly  
With thanks and praises.

N

629.

(T. 79.)

DEAR boys, unto the Saviour  
Lift up your Hearts with fervor,  
Each day, and pray for grace  
T'obtain a true sensation  
Of Jesu's great salvation,  
And of your fall and sinfulness.

630.

(T. 185.)

ALL of you, dear youths, not one  
excepted,  
Are by nature, vile and base;  
If you feel it not that you're cor-  
rupted  
And quite spoil'd, the worse your  
case;  
But doth sin, in thought or deed com-  
mitted,  
Make you mourn and pray to be ac-  
quitted?  
You, because the Lamb was slain,  
Pardon in his blood may gain.

631.

(T. 23.)

1. LOOK to Christ your pattern  
blessed,  
When you are with sin oppress'd,  
Ask, and you shall be directed,  
And by Jesu's grace protected.  
2. Jesus hath procur'd salvation  
For poor man in ev'ry station,  
Ev'ry boy that loves our Saviour,  
Imitates his chaste behavior.

632.

(T. 22.)

1. DEAR boys! O that ye all but  
knew  
How Jesus burns in love to you,  
Is deeply mov'd by your distress,  
And pities your great sinfulness.  
2. His ears are open night and day,  
He hears whene'er to him you pray:



He watcheth closely all you do ;  
Yea all your thoughts and reasonings  
too.

3. If but a boy bemoans his case,  
And weeps to him for saving grace,  
He's wash'd in Jesu's precious blood,  
And made a happy child of God.

4. O if your hearts but upright are,  
Not one amongst you need despair,  
Your sinfulness is great, 'tis true,  
But grace can conquer sin in you.

633.

(T. 166.)

O Might our youth Christ's name  
confess

In all their conversation,  
And each one, through our Saviour's  
grace,

Be faithful in his station ;  
Might in their very looks be seen,  
That they through Jesu's merit  
Are humble, steady, chaste and clean,  
And guided by his spirit.

*Gregor*

634.

(T. 23.)

1. To that Lord, who unconstrained  
Death's dire pangs for us sustained,  
May we all in our small measure  
Willingly give joy and pleasure.

2. May our mind and whole behavior  
Bear resemblance to our Saviour,  
And his sanctifying merit  
Hallow body, soul and spirit.

*Adam*635. \* *Brueningh*

(T. 58.)

WHAT glorious pattern for heart  
and mind

Doth each believer, O Jesus, find,  
In thy words and actions, and whole  
behavior !

We pray thee, grant to our youth,  
that favor,

To follow thee.

## C. FOR UNMARRIED MEN;

*M. 636. Home*

(T. 590.)

1. How shall a young man cleanse  
his way ?

By foll'wing close his word,  
Who once on earth a young man was,  
Jesu our God and Lord :  
His word is spirit, and is pow'r ;  
True life doth flow from him ;  
Our food his sacred flesh, our drink  
His blood, that healing stream.

2. We now no longer need remain  
Fast bound in chains of sin ;  
Whoe'er believes, is free indeed,  
And through his word made clean ;  
Since Jesus on th' accursed cross  
The pow'r of sin did quell,  
When sin disorders us, we look  
To him and soon grow well.

3. Ye chosen people of the Lord,  
Which Jesu's pow'r displays,  
If in obedience to his word  
You're render'd clean, thro' grace ;  
His dying love be yet impress'd  
More clearly on each heart ;  
And whether you're at work or rest,  
To love him be your part.

4. Ye purchas'd souls, ye brethren's  
flock,  
To Jesus be resign'd ;  
And to our Saviour offer up  
Your body, soul and mind.  
O, if the bleeding Lamb of God,  
Who dy'd us to redeem,  
But calls, who can his call withstand ?  
Who would not follow him ?

*Pratt* 637.

(T. 185.)

1. Whoe'er striveth for sanctifica-  
tion,

Having not a ransom'd heart,  
Feeling still a secret condemnation,  
And for sin no inward smart ;

Whoe'er hath not yet in Christ be-  
lieved,

Pardon in his blood and peace re-  
ceived;

Hath not found that holiness  
That adorns a child of grace.

2. But how happy is the soul that  
cleaveth

To the Friend of all the poor;  
And with humble confidence be-  
lieveth

My diseases he can cure;  
Such a one, though e'er so vile by  
nature,

Though throughout a spoil'd and  
wretched creature,

Mourning on account of sin,  
Is by Jesu's blood made clean.

*S. 638. Miller*  
(T. 132.)

1. SING praises unto God on high,  
To him who us created;

Sing praises to the Lord, so nigh  
To sinful man related.

Rejoicing Hallelujah sing,  
Jesús Jehovah is our King,  
And gracious Mediator.

2. He calls us brethren, not ashamed  
To bear our human nature!

Yea, heirs of life we now are nam'd,  
Joint heirs with our Creator!

He ever lives to intercede  
For us, and help in time of need  
To each of us dispense.

*Gregat 639. \* Miller*  
(T. 217.) *Chr. Seed.*

1. THOU flock of single men beloved,  
When with attention you have  
weighed,

Whether Christ's mind yours always  
prov'd,

And how your conduct this dis-  
played;

Whether you have in thought and  
word,

Shown forth the praises of your  
Lord:—

N 2

If countless gifts from him received  
So undeserv'd, have this achieved,  
That in the world you know of none  
To cheer your hearts, but him alone:

2. Then forward press this very day,  
T'wards the high mark before you  
placed:

With tears beseech him that he may  
Imprint in you his image blessed;

His gracious looks must constantly  
Your souls' and bodies' comfort be!

May his death's pow'r you so re-  
plenish,

That sin and its allurements vanish;  
That both in joy and pain you find  
In him alone, true peace of mind!

*G. 640. Hancock*  
(T. 166.)

1. LORD Jesus, more than thirty  
years

Thou'st liv'd in our poor station,  
And by thy cries and bitter tears

Hast purchas'd our salvation;  
Thou hast, till yielding up thy breath,

Unheard of pains sustained,  
In soul and body felt our death,  
And life for us regained.

2. O what a happiness is this,  
That each, though fall'n by nature,

Can thro' thy grace know what it is  
To be a happy creature;

Heal'd by thy stripes and wounds, from  
sin

And Satan's pow'r released,  
Fill'd with thy love and peace within,  
And thus to glory raised!

3. Thou'st chosen us to show thy praise  
In all our conversation,

As witnesses of thy great grace,  
Each in his proper station:

This is our cov'nant's only ground  
To yield thee soul and body,

In life and death to thee we're bound,  
And for thy service ready.

4. How precious are thy thoughts of  
peace

O'er us, if but attained,  
O may we steadfast run our race,

Till we the crown have gained.

Grant we may never fall asleep,  
But in faith persevering,  
With burning lamps the watch may  
keep,  
Until thy blest appearing.

*S.* 641. *Sweetener*  
(T. 126.)

1. LOOK up to Christ, your Brother,  
Let no distrust take place;  
He's lovely as none other,  
Look up, and feel the grace,  
Which flows from his humanity,  
To all who are desirous,  
As Jesus was, to be.

2. He's yours, with all his merit,  
If you'll be truly his;  
Become with him one spirit,  
Who chaste and holy is,  
Who spirit, soul and body heals,  
And is that kind Physician  
Who for his patients feels.

3. Bless'd truth! which no man  
knoweth,  
Unless to Christ he turns,  
Whoe'er this truth avoweth,  
His heart is struck and burns.  
O lovely Jesus! grant us grace  
To grow into thy likeness,  
To live unto thy praise.

*Cammerhoff* 642\*.  
(T. 166.)

TO Jesus now deliver we  
Our body, soul, and spirit,  
Who grants to us prosperity,  
Thro' his blood's pow'rful merit.  
In thought and deed we wish to be  
Like him, that each who sees us,  
May in us a resemblance see  
Of our great Pattern Jesus.

643.

(T. 185.)

1. Brethren, 'tis but meet to ren-  
der praises  
To Immanuel, our Lord;

Who to bless his children never  
ceases,

Since to favor they're restor'd:  
Midst a sense of your own imperfec-  
tion,

You can magnify that free election  
Of his grace, by which you stand  
'Mongst his flock, his chosen band.

2. Yes, we feel indeed our own de-  
merit

And our imperfections great;  
Had we not been led by Jesu's Spi-  
rit,

Never could we thus have met:  
We deserv'd eternal condemnation,  
Yet his death procured our salvation:  
And since we've experienc'd this,  
We're determin'd to be his.

*In* 644.\* *Arbo*

(T. 221.)

1. WHAT is for our dear single  
brethren allotted,

Besides their own heart's happiness?  
'Tis that they with body and soul  
be devoted

To Jesus Christ in ev'ry case:  
For when they are cleansed and freed  
from sin,

And peace and salvation enjoy with-  
in,

Of Christ the true vine living bran-  
ches they are,

To grow and bear fruit is their plea-  
sure and care.

2. With fire and with spirit endow'd,  
ev'ry moment,

Thou flock of Jesus highly blest,  
Go forth and proclaim ye the word  
of atonement

Both far and near, and when oppress'd  
By hardships and trials, be bold in  
God,

And gladly for him spend your life  
and blood;

Midst tempests at sea and wild deserts  
then go,

The seed of the gospel 'mongst hea-  
then to sow.

645. \* *Cammehof*  
(T. 166.)

DEAR brethren, duly take to heart  
The teaching of the Spirit;  
He'll ev'ry grace to you impart  
Which Jesus Christ did merit:  
Who, by all he hath done and said  
In his humiliation,  
Hath boundless blessings merited,  
And sanctify'd your station.

*S. 646. Sweetman*  
(T. 97.)

1. YE brethren, fav'd by Jesu's  
blood!  
Be soon prepar'd to serve your God,  
Remember your Redeemer's toil,  
Supply your lamps of faith with oil;  
To him devote yourselves each day  
anew  
With soul and body, for they are his  
due.

2. And then arise and serve the Lord,  
Go when he calls, proclaim the word  
Of his atonement far and near,  
Count not your lives for him too dear;  
Go, tell the negros, savages and  
slaves,  
That Jesu's blood the vilest sinners  
saves.

*S. 647. Haller*  
(T. 45.)

1. THEE God's own Son—with joy  
we own  
To be our dearest Brother;  
Heav'n and earth do not afford  
Like to thee another.

2. But, oh! might we—such brethren  
be,  
Of whom thou'rt not ashamed;  
Might, by all we do, thy grace  
Loudly be proclaimed.

*S. 648. Sweetman*  
(T. 185.)

TO the single brethren be propi-  
tious,  
In their hearts thy love reveal.

Grant that they may follow thee,  
Lord Jesus,  
Fill their souls with ardent zeal,  
To proclaim to many a heathen na-  
tion  
What thou'lt done to purchase our  
salvation:  
Jesus, grant them to increase  
Both in number and in grace.

D. FOR GIRLS.

649. \* *Gregor*  
(T. 168.)

1. UNTO thee, most gracious Sa-  
viour,  
All the maidens we commend!  
Look on them in grace and favor,  
To their pray'rs and wants attend;  
Grant them all a tender feeling  
Of thy love and gracious dealing,  
That their hearts may truly be  
Fill'd with fervent love to thee.

2. This alone can keep them steady  
In their simple path of grace,  
And when any thing seems ready  
To disturb their happiness;  
Lord, in mercy them deliver,  
Keep their feeble souls for ever  
From the world and sin secure,  
And in soul and body pure!

*S. 650. Sweetman*  
(T. 14.)

1. OUR Lord and Saviour doth at-  
tend  
To all our tears and sighs,  
And us his maidens will defend  
From vain perplexities.

2. Blest Mary, with a cheerful voice,  
To all around declar'd:  
"In God my Saviour I rejoice,  
"For he my sighs hath heard.  
3. "The Lord hath highly favor'd me;  
"His handmaid's low estate  
"He hath regarded graciously,  
"The poor he doth elate."



4. Thus all who wait upon the Lord,  
And seek for peace and rest,  
In him, according to his word,  
Shall be consol'd and blest.
5. We're poor and needy; but thro'  
grace,  
His Spirit teacheth us  
To look, with all ourfulness,  
In faith to Jesu's cross.
6. When simply we obey his voice,  
And to our Lord appeal,  
In God our Saviour we rejoice,  
Since pard'ning grace we feel.
7. Most gracious Saviour! to confide  
In thee, O grant us grace;  
Preserve us all from self and pride,  
That bane of happiness.
8. Meekness and true humility  
Unto us all impart;  
Yea, by thy merits sanctify  
And render pure each heart.

*G. 651. Trunker*  
(T. 16.)

1. Bless'd are they, who have the  
favor  
Rightly to consider this,  
That their Maker is their Saviour,  
And that therefore they are his.
2. Bless'd are they, who in each sta-  
tion,  
Often meditate by faith  
On their Saviour's incarnation,  
Human life and painful death.
3. Bless'd are they, who as poor sin-  
ners,  
Gain from Jesus life and grace,  
Tho' they be but young beginners,  
And by nature e'er so base.
4. Bless'd are they, who're ever ready  
Him to follow cheerfully,  
Who took, in a virgin's body,  
For our sake, humanity.
5. Bless'd are then our maiden's  
classes,  
Truly happy is their lot,  
If they live alone to Jesu,  
And to him their hearts devote.

*G. 652. Trunker*  
(T. 185.)

1. WHEN a maiden feels her lost  
condition,  
Weeping for redeeming grace,  
And with heart-felt and sincere con-  
trition  
Pants for peace and happiness,  
Which is only found by faith in Je-  
sus,  
Who was slain, from sorrow to release  
us,  
Then she finds most certainly  
Grace and true felicity.
2. This renews the heart and all de-  
sires,  
'Tis then our propensity,  
Since our Saviour us with love in-  
spires,  
Him to love in some degree:  
We remain his maidens poor and  
needy,  
Yet to give him joy are ever ready,  
Thinking always, how we may  
Pleaze him both by night and day.

*G. 653. Trunker*  
(T. 168.)

1. WHEN a maiden's heart be-  
lieveth  
In the Lord our righteousness,  
And in lowliness receiveth  
From his fulness grace for grace;  
When she finds in him salvation,  
Happiness and consolation,  
And obeys his faithful voice,  
She believing can rejoice.
2. Though she feels that soul and  
body  
Are corrupt and void of good,  
Yet the Lord is ever ready  
To apply his cleansing blood;  
With her weaknesses he beareth,  
All her pray'rs he kindly heareth,  
And she daily doth increase  
In his knowledge and in grace.

E. FOR UNMARRIED WOMEN.

*Court* 654. \* *Longwood*

(T. 1.)

1. THE virgins, who enjoy our Saviour's grace,  
Are happier far than words can e'er express.

2. Jesus, the Bridegroom of their souls, supplies  
Their wants, and soul and body sanctifies.

3. His love produceth love; constrain'd thereby,  
Their sole intention is to yield him joy.

4. When in their hearts his love is shed abroad,  
They then, like Mary, favor find with God.

5. Lord, may thy love with gratitude inspire  
Our souls, and to thy name be our desire.

6. We thee intreat to form us to thy praise,  
And all that's carnal wholly to erase.

7. If we thy rich forgiveness daily prove,  
This will unite us, Lord, to thee in love.

8. May the enjoyment of thy flesh and blood  
At all times be to us refreshing food.

9. O make us all devoted unto thee;  
Let us thy chaste and faithful virgins be.

*N. H.* 655. *Foster*

(T. 26.)

1. THY virgins, Lord, 'fore thee appear,  
Conscious of their depravity,  
Yet longing to be heal'd by thee;  
Each mourning sinner deign to cheer.

N 4

2. From all false love cleanse ev'ry soul,

And us with sacred love inspire,  
O quench in us each base desire,  
And bear the sway without control.

3. In mutual love and harmony,  
Our virgin cov'nant we renew,  
Say thou in grace, Amen thereto,  
We give our hearts and hands to thee.

*Court* 656. \* *Longwood*

(T. 185.)

1. WOULD you know the grace and peace enjoyed

By a child of God, through faith,  
See a virgin, who, alone employed  
With her Saviour and his death,  
Vanity and worldly ways despiseth,  
Whilst the converse with her Lord

she prizeth,  
And thus on this side the grave,  
Foretaste sweet of heav'n may have.

2. Therefore, sisters, your concern be ever,

Since you're with this knowledge blest,

To have your eternal Bridegroom's favor,

Then you find true peace and rest;  
But, indeed, it is from each expected,  
That her heart be by his grace directed,

Nor have any other aim,  
But to love the slaughter'd Lamb.

3. Happy souls, that feel the healing power

Of Christ's blood in ev'ry case!  
Follow him with joy, and seek each hour

To preserve yourselves thro' grace,  
May the virtue of our Saviour's passion,

Sanctify your walk and conversation;  
All by which you are oppress'd,  
By his love is soon redress'd.

4. Might each virgin live unto her Saviour,

And unto this world be dead;

That great prize to gain, be your endeavor,  
 Purchas'd when for us he bled;  
 Filled with his love, may you adore him,  
 Thinking, speaking, acting, as before him,  
 Being to his gracious mind  
 Ever willingly resign'd.

*Greater*  
 5. May we all be ever so disposed  
 In our hearts, by day and night,  
 As when this life's period being closed,  
 We to him shall take our flight;  
 Or as when, releas'd from condemnation,  
 We receiv'd the seal of our salvation,  
 And obtained, through his blood,  
 Happiness and peace with God!

*Geo. 657. Francker*  
 (T. 16.)

1. **BLEST** are they, who human nature  
 Feel as vile, corrupt and base,  
 But who know each fallen creature  
 May be heal'd by Jesu's grace.

2. Mourning souls are truly blessed,  
 They that seek will surely find;  
 Jesus comforts the distressed,  
 To the contrite he is kind.

3. Christ the Bread, that came from heaven,  
 Doth the hungry soul revive,  
 Unto those who thirst, is given  
 Water from the well of life.

4. Blest are they, who, through his favor,  
 Are in heart here purify'd;  
 They shall once behold our Saviour,  
 Who by faith in him abide.

5. Blest are they, who in his merits  
 Have a share, though here despis'd,  
 All is theirs; what flesh inherits  
 They renounce, he's only priz'd.

6. Blest are they, who, foll'wing  
 Jesus,  
 Virgins are in deed and truth;  
 They have cause to give him praises;  
 Both the aged and the youth.

*Geo. 658. La Trobe*  
 (T. 22.)

1. **SIN** is the cause of ev'ry grief,  
 None in himself can find relief,  
 The source, whence ev'ry sin doth  
 spring,  
 Is that we turn from Christ our king.

2. Hence is it that the giddy eye  
 Imagines stores in vanity;  
 Pleasure in things producing smart,  
 And cleanness in an impure heart;

3. Knowledge in blindest ignorance,  
 And plenty in deep indigence;  
 All which occasions pungent grief,  
 And all proceeds from unbelief.

4. We virgins each have cause to  
 praise  
 Thee, Lord, and grateful songs to  
 raise,

That from the world's delusion free,  
 We wish to be made clean by thee.

5. That those, who weep because of  
 sin,  
 May be absolv'd and washed clean;  
 Since thou wast in the flesh reveal'd,  
 That by thy stripes we may be heal'd.

*Geo. 659. Francker*  
 (T. 16.)

1. **HAPPY** they, who oft for Jesus  
 Weep, as well from need, as love,  
 They experience him propitious,  
 And his favor richly prove.

2. Happy they, whose hearts are  
 moved,  
 Him to follow ev'ry where,  
 As his purchas'd souls beloved,  
 To whom he is truly dear.

3. Happy is each virgin's station,  
 Whom he kindly owns as his,  
 And who counts his great salvation,  
 As her highest good and bliss.

4. Happy she, who finds in Jesus  
All her wishes satisfy'd;  
Ah, to her how dear and precious  
Is that Friend who for her dy'd!

660.

(T. 22.)

1. **THOU** Bridegroom of the soul!  
Behold

This part of thy beloved fold;  
Thy virgin, who 'fore thee are met,  
And for thy cheering presence wait.

2. Give us, O Lord, to feel thy peace,  
And let the sanctifying grace,  
Which flows from thy humanity,  
Make us well-pleasing unto thee.

3. O may we feel thy healing pow'r,  
And influence ev'ry day and hour;  
Thus all thy mercies which we prove,  
Will us excite to praise and love.

F. FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

*S. 661. Sweetner*

(T. 114.)

1. **LORD** God, who art the Author  
of our being,

By whose almighty love we are re-  
deem'd,

And, 'midst our many failings, much  
esteem'd;

In whom we trust, believing without  
seeing;

Thou art our Strength, our Hope,  
and lasting Rock,

The faithful Shepherd of thy feeble  
flock.

2. Thou only know'st, High Priest  
of our profession,

Who sympathizest with our weak-  
nesses,

What trials often on thy children  
press;

Thou know'st how we, each in his  
call and station,

Have not at all times, and in ev'ry  
place,

By our behavior, magnify'd thy  
grace.

3. Head of thy church! thy fatherly  
correction

We have deserv'd: but pardon now  
impart,

Give each of us a clean and docile  
heart;

O grant that we may weigh with due  
reflection

The duties of the holy married state,  
While we for thy instruction humbly  
wait.

*S. 662. Sweetner*

(T. 159.)

1. **THE** love which Jesus Christ  
displays †

Towards the church, his bride,  
None can describe, it far outweighs

All other love beside:  
Believing husbands are to prove,

By holy and unfeigned love  
Towards their wives, that they in-  
deed

Resemble Christ our Head.

† Eph. v. 25.

2. The church submits to Christ her  
Lord: ||

"Thy will be done," we pray:  
This teacheth wives, who love God's

word,  
With meekness to obey.

Adorned with humility  
They aid their husbands willingly;

Are clothed with the beauteous dress  
Of Jesu's righteousness.

|| Eph. v. 22.

*S. 663. Sweetner*

(T. 22.)

1. **LORD**, who ordain'dst the mar-  
ried state.

When thou didst man at first create,  
Thou who thy body's Saviour art,

To all of us thy grace impart.

2. The husbands sanctify and bless,  
Thy mind upon their hearts impress,

Teach them thy Spirit to obey  
In all they do, we humbly pray.



3. To ev'ry wife thy grace dispense,  
To cleave to thee with confidence,  
Grant they may love thee fervently,  
And walk in true humility.

4. Wisdom and faithfulness afford,  
To train our children, gracious Lord!  
That in thy knowledge they may  
grow,  
Themselves and thee their Saviour  
know.

5. Lord Jesus! may each married pair  
In all their walk thy praise declare;  
O may their rule in all things be,  
The union of thy church with thee.

*J. 664. Swinburn*  
(T. 590.)

1. O Lord we humbly thee adore  
For thy unbounded grace.  
Can we who're sinful, frail and poor,  
Thy wondrous kindness trace?  
Thou hast thy church in love re-  
deem'd,

Thou gav'st thyself for us;  
We know that we're by thee esteem'd,  
When we behold thy cross.

2. Grant unto ev'ry married pair,  
By chaste unfeigned love,  
By meekness, patience, faith and  
pray'r,

And all we do to prove,  
That we united unto thee,  
Are truly one in heart;  
Thus we shall live eternally  
With thee, and never part.

*Geo 665. Tranter*  
(T. 166.)

1. To be a happy married pair,  
Approv'd by Jesus in their course,  
Comes not from nature e'er so fair,  
But love to him must be the source;  
Good sense and prudence, with a  
mind

To lead a virtuous life, is far  
From answering God's purpose kind,  
For which we all ordained are.

2. His Spirit teacheth us to know,  
That we are sinners vile and base,

And Jesus doth on us bestow  
Remission of our sins through grace,  
Thus we in all things richly prove  
His Shepherd's care, and faithful-  
ness,

And actuated by his love,  
In our whole walk show forth his  
praise.

*Schlicht 666.*

(T. 580.)

To marry, led by fleshly schemes,  
And poison'd nature's foolish dreams,  
Christians a curse esteem,  
They wish to marry in the Lord,  
And enter marriage on his word,  
Their souls and bodies give to him.

*Geo 667.*

(T. 16.)

1. HEAD of thy blest congregation,  
Look on ev'ry married pair,  
Be our strength and our salvation,  
Keep us from all needless care.

2. For our sake, most gracious Sa-  
viour,

Thou thy life and blood hast spent,  
May we now in our behavior  
Thee and thy church represent.

3. No spoil'd creature had been able  
E'er to guide his steps aright  
In this state so venerable,  
Or to act as in thy sight;

4. Hadst thou not life and salvation  
By thy suff'rings for us gain'd,  
And thereby sanctification  
For the married state obtain'd.

5. Bless, O Lord, thy married people,  
In thy blood, O wash us clean,  
Help us, for we're weak and feeble,  
And preserve us from all sin.

*Chr. Ign. 668. La Trobe*  
(T. 581.)

1. PARENTS, weigh before the Lord,  
What your parents' duty is!  
Learn from his most holy word,  
How to act in every case!

How each to his family  
May a blessed pattern be!

2. All your children are his own,  
He hath bought them with his blood!  
Unto him their souls are known,  
Full of sin and void of good!  
Yet he faith most graciously,  
"Suffer them to come to me!"

3. 'Tis by you they should be led  
In the way that leads to bliss;  
Grace is not inherited  
As a worldly fortune is,  
'Tis free mercy, we must own,  
And the gift of God alone.

4. In this vain and wretched world,  
Children are expos'd and try'd;  
Many are to ruin hurl'd,  
Few in Jesus Christ abide;  
And no human prudence can  
Save the soul of fallen man.

5. Here's a task, may parents think,  
Far beyond the reach of art;  
But let not your courage sink,  
Grace and wisdom he'll impart:  
Your sincere endeavors bless,  
Hear your pray'rs and grant success.

6. Hear, O Lord, a parent's pray'r,  
Let my tears prevail 'fore thee!  
How should I in heav'n appear,  
If my child were not with me!  
Therefore thou my steps direct,  
Lest my duty I neglect.

7. In thy grace my children keep,  
That, when once on that great day,  
Thou shalt come to seek thy sheep,  
I may gladly to thee say:  
"Here am I through mercy free,  
"And each child thou gavest me!"

*S. 669. Sweetmer*  
(T. 166.)

1. OUR children, gracious Lord and  
God,  
With fervor we to thee commend,  
Thou hast redeem'd them by thy  
blood;  
They are by thee to bliss ordain'd.  
Kind Shepherd, take each little lamb  
Into thy faithful arms of love;

Cause them to know thy saving name,  
And thy redeeming grace to prove.

2. On us, their parents, grace bestow,  
That we, with care and faithfulness,  
May teach them thee, our Lord, to  
know,

T' obey thy word, and seek thy face.  
Teach us the duties of our state,  
To love each other heartily,  
Our little ones to educate,  
That they may love and follow thee.

*M. 670. ha. Trebe*  
(T. 83.)

IN this world, so full of snares,  
Take our children in thy keeping,  
Hear the parents sighs and pray'rs,  
When for them before thee weeping,  
Mercy for our children we,  
Gracious Lord, implore of thee.

*S. 671. Sweetmer*  
(T. 586.)

MOST holy Lord, mankind's  
Creator,

Who, to redeem us by thy death,  
Assumedst feeble human nature,  
We call on thee in humble faith:  
O hear our fervent supplication,  
Let all our children thy salvation,  
And tender Shepherd's care,  
In largest measure share;  
For thine they are.

G. For WIDOWERS and WIDOWS.

*S. 672. Sweetmer*  
(T. 22.)

1. IN God, the mighty Lord of  
hosts,

A happy wid'wer gladly boasts;  
God is the widow's faithful Friend,  
Who leads her safely to the end.

2. 'Tis true, the lonely widow'd state  
With various trials is replete,  
Whilst both the body and the mind  
Feel weaknesses of various kind.

3. Yet when by faith our Lord we see  
Endow'd with frail humanity,  
Bearing our griefs and sicknesses,  
This doth alleviate our distress.

4. He is our Saviour and High Priest,  
Who, when we suffer in the least,  
Sustains us by his pow'r and grace  
In ev'ry hard and trying case.

5. He saith to us repeatedly :  
"Cast all your burden upon me,  
"For I in all things kindly care  
"For you, and in your troubles share."

6. Therefore whate'er our trials be,  
Or weaknesses, or poverty,  
Sickness of body, soul's distress,  
Or sorrows which we can't express ;

7. Our Saviour knows them, and he feels

Whate'er his needy children ails ;  
He sympathizeth with the weak,  
Regards the poor, and heals the sick.

8 Yes, he sustains us every day,  
He is our Comfort, Help and Stay ;  
We'll trust his boundless love and  
pow'r

Until our happy dying hour.

*Geo. 673. Tranter*  
(T. 185.)

A True widower's and widow's sta-  
tion

Doth require most certainly,  
That they always to the congregation  
Edifying patterns be,  
Showing by their walk and whole  
behavior,

That they live in union with our  
Saviour,

And that they sincerely aim  
To be foll'wers of the Lamb.

*Geo. 674. Tranter*  
(T. 167.)

YE who for true consolation,  
Like old Simeon, humbly wait,  
Shall behold the Lord's salvation,  
Then your joy will be complete.

Who makes Anna her example,  
Trusting in God's promises,  
Waits for Jesus in his temple,  
Shall behold him as he is.

675.

(T. 11.)

1. WId'wers, on the Lord rely ;  
Widows, unto him draw nigh ;  
And the Lord your righteousness,  
Both with hearts and voices blest.

2. You can from experience trace,  
That in ev'ry trying case,  
Jesus truly can impart  
Joy and comfort to the heart.

3. Firmly fix the eye of faith  
On our Lord's atoning death,  
Till you shall in heav'nly bliss  
See your Saviour as he is.

*Geo. 676. Foster*  
(T. 14.)

1. JESUS, our Helper in all need,  
And comfort in distress,  
Thou art the wid'wer's only Stay,  
And Hope in loneliness. *See bl. 221.*

2. Blessings on all thou dost bestow,  
But more especially  
Thou of the widows takest care,  
A friend they find in thee.

3. A foretaste of eternal joys.  
O Lord, to them dispense,  
And midst their weakness, bear them  
up,  
Till they are called hence.

677.

(T. 75.)

1. CHRIST is the widow's Friend,  
Their cause he doth defend,  
All their complaints he hears,  
And listens to their pray'rs,  
His care and faithfulness  
They prove in ev'ry case.

2. The feeble he makes strong,  
He helps the lame along,  
On him the weak can lean,  
The youthful he keeps clean,  
Each may in him confide,  
Whate'er may them betide.

678.

(T. 184.)

WE join, univ'd in the spirit,  
The Lord with one accord to praise,  
The blessed fruits of Jesu's merit  
We prize our only happiness;  
He is our comfort in all cases;  
When mind and body's weak and faint,  
He kindly us supports and blesses,  
And hears in mercy each complaint.

679.

(T. 75.)

O Lord, the widow's friend,  
To us thy Spirit send,  
Be in our husband's place,  
Revive us with thy grace,  
Give us what'er we need,  
Widows to be indeed.

680.

(T. 121.)

THIS Rock 'fore thee appears,  
Lord Jesus, hear our pray'rs,  
Fill our hearts with gladness,  
Wipe off the wid'wers' tears,  
Dispel the widow's sadness,  
By a gracious glance  
Of thy countenance.

681.

(T. 184.)

1. YE venerable widow'd classes,  
To Jesus ever closely cleave,  
For all his mercies give him praises,  
In happy union with him live;  
Whene'er you call he'll surely hear  
you,  
His comforts he'll on you bestow,  
And for that awful time prepare you,  
When you in peace to him shall go.  
2. The needy share his consolation,  
The poor are objects of his love,  
He with the weakly feels compassion,  
His kind support the aged prove,

All the distressed he relieveth,  
He pays attention to our wants,  
He takes away what'er us grieveth,  
And makes an end of all complaints.  
3. How much we're lov'd by God our  
Saviour  
With warmest gratitude we trace;  
His patience, mercy, pardon, favor,  
Supported us throughout our race:  
To him we trust for future blessing,  
He'll lead us till our latest breath:  
Oh, may we all, with love unceasing,  
Rejoice in him, our Lord, by faith!

682.

(T. 168.)

1. ALL the trials we experience  
Teach us in this vale of tears  
To possess our souls in patience,  
Jesus Christ dispels all fears,  
Weans us all from things terrestrial,  
Makes us look for joys celestial,  
Waiting for that time, when we  
From all sorrow shall be free.  
2. Meanwhile God the Holy Spirit  
Is our pledge of joys to come,  
Of the bliss we shall inherit  
Then, when we're with Christ at  
home;  
O this blessed meditation  
Yields us solid consolation,  
That we shall, when time is o'er,  
With the Lord be evermore.

683.

(T. 586.)

WHEN Christ our Saviour lives  
and dwelleth  
In us, O what consummate bliss!  
This from our hearts all gloom dis-  
pelleth,  
Our life of heav'n a foretaste is.  
Lord Jesus, hear our supplication!  
Let all of us, in ev'ry station,  
Be truly join'd to thee  
Until eternally  
Thy face we see.



# XXXIV. Of the Servants and Witnesses of the Lord, and the Spreading of his Kingdom upon Earth.

684.

(T. 39.)

1. **YE** servants of God, your great Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad his most excellent name,  
The name all victorious of Jesus extol,  
His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.
2. God ruleth in heaven, almighty to save,  
And yet he is with us, his presence we have;  
The great congregation his triumphs shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.
3. Salvation be brought unto God on the throne,  
Let all sing rejoicing, and honor the Son,  
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
4. Then let us adore him and give him his right,  
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and might,  
And honor, and blessing, with angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

*Count 685 \* Sing and*

(T. 166.)

**O** May the witness-Spirit rest,  
Lord, on this congregation,  
May godly zeal inspire each breast  
To publish thy salvation;  
We gladly promise faithfulness  
To do what we are able;  
Sufficient is for us thy grace,  
Which doth support the feeble.

*A 686. Commiser*

(T. 96.)

1. **THE** doctrine of our dying Lord,  
The faith he on mount Calv'ry seal'd  
We sign, asserting ev'ry word,  
Which in his gospel is reveal'd,  
As truth divine, and curs'd are they  
Who add thereto, or take away.
2. We steadfastly this truth maintain,  
That none is righteous, no not one;  
That in the Lamb, for sinners slain,  
We're justify'd by faith alone;  
And who so in his name believes,  
Christ and his righteousness receives.
3. Our works and merits we disclaim,  
Opposing all self-righteousness,  
Ev'n our best actions we condemn,  
As ineffectual, and confess,  
Whoe'er thereon doth place his trust,  
And not on Jesus, will be lost.
4. He is our Master, Lord and God,  
The fulness of the Three in One,  
His life, death, righteousness and blood,  
Our faith's foundation is alone,  
His godhead and his death shall be  
Our theme to all eternity.
5. On him we'll venture all we have,  
Our bodies, souls and spirits too,  
None else is able us to save,  
Nought but the Saviour will we know;  
This we subscribe with heart and hand,  
Resolv'd thro' grace thereby to stand.
6. This now, with heav'n's resplendent host,  
We echo through the church of God,  
And 'mongst the heathen make our boast  
Of Jesu's saving death and blood;  
We loud like many waters join,  
In showing forth his love divine.

*An. 1740. 687. \*Winkler*

(T. 22.)

1. Shall I, thro' fear of feeble man,  
Thy Spirit's fire in me restrain?  
No, fearless I'll in deed and word  
Witness of Jesus Christ my Lord.
2. For this let men revile my name,  
No cross I shun, I fear no shame,  
I no reproach nor fast'nings dread,  
Is Christ with me, I'm not afraid.
3. My life and blood I here present,  
If for thy truth they may be spent;  
Fulfil thy sov'reign counsel, Lord,  
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd.
4. Thou God of grace, of love, and  
pow'r,  
Though tempests blow, or thunders  
roar,  
I need not fear by sea or land,  
Forthou, my God, wilt by me stand.

*Count 688. \*Hengsdorf*

(T. 96.)

1. Praise be to God the Holy Ghost,  
Who Jesus in the heart displays,  
That he the num'rous faithful host  
Of blest departed witnesses,  
Who now in heav'n are perfected,  
To him first by his teachings led.
2. Christ crucify'd we own as God,  
Though we were scorn'd by all man-  
kind,  
He is our Motto most avow'd;  
To such in spirit we are join'd,  
And gladly as our brethren own,  
Who by this Shibboleth are known.
3. We stand unto this very hour  
In one firm bond of peace and love;  
We are at enmity no more,  
But reconcil'd to God above:  
As children we by him are own'd,  
Since Christ for all our sins aton'd.
4. All ye who gospel preachers are,  
Adhere to Jesus crucify'd,

And watch with unremitting care,  
That you in your first love abide;  
Whoe'er forsakes it can't but feel  
A want of apostolic zeal.

5. Heralds of grace would ye com-  
mence,  
Of grace first self-experienc'd be;  
And by the gospel you dispense,  
Yourself be reconcil'd and free:  
When pardon, grace and life you find,  
Then publish it to all mankind.
6. We join the ransom'd church of  
God,  
His blood-bought, blood-besprinkled  
train,  
To publish the good news abroad,  
That only through the Lamb once  
slain,  
The world may gain a full release  
From all their sins, and endless grace.
7. Christ's people peace and rest enjoy,  
Upon his arm they lean in peace,  
To follow him is their employ,  
In this most blessed time of grace:  
They preach their Saviour crucify'd,  
Desiring nought to know beside.
8. In life they witness this with pow'r  
That strikes and fastens in the heart,  
And when this mortal period's o'er,  
And they in peace to Christ depart,  
Their dying look, serene and fair,  
Bears witness that they christians are.

*C. Hengsdorf 689. \*J. Spangenberg*  
(T. 166.)

1. HIGH on his everlasting throne,  
The Lord of hosts his work surveys,  
He marks the souls which are his own,  
And smiles on his peculiar race;  
He rests well pleas'd their toil to see,  
Beneath his easy yoke they move,  
With all their heart and strength agree  
In the sweet labor of his love.
2. His eye the world at once looks thro',  
A vast uncultivated field;  
Mountains and vallies meet his view,  
All which a barren prospect yield;

Clear'd of the thorns by civil care,  
A few less-droary wastes are seen,  
Yet still they all continue bare,  
And not one spot of earth is green.

3. See, where the servants of their  
God,

A busy multitude, appear,  
For Jesus day and night employ'd,  
The ground for him they toil to  
clear,

The love of Christ their hearts con-  
strains,  
And strengthens their unwearied  
hands,

They spend their blood, and sweat,  
and pains,

To cultivate Immanuel's lands.

4. Alarm'd at their successful toil,

Satan and all his foll'wers rage,

They labor to tear up and spoil,

And blast the rising heritage,

In ev'ry wilderness they sow

The seed of death, the carnal mind,

They would not let one virtue grow,

Nor leave one seed of good behind.

5. Yet still the servants of their God

Look up, and calmly persevere,

Supported by their Master's word,

The adverse pow'rs they scorn to

fear,

Gladly their happy work pursue,

The fruit of their hard toil is seen,

Their hands the face of earth renew,

And here and there some spots grow

green.

6. Where'er the faithful lab'ers are,

The steps of industry we view,

They satan's seed root up with care,

And in its stead the gospel sow ;

This seed they water with their tears,

Then long for the returning word,

Happy if all their pains and cares

Can bring forth fruit to please their

Lord.

7. Jesus their work delighted sees,

Their industry vouchsafes to crown,

He kindly gives the wish'd increase,

And sends the promis'd blessing

down ;

Then plenteous show'rs of grace  
bedew

And fructify the parched ground,  
The plants spring up, they thrive and  
grow,

The earth looks fruitful all around.

8. He prospers all his servant's toils,

And us his flock in mercy chose ;

Yea on us undeserved smiles,

And choicest blessings he bestows,

We, foll'wers of the bleeding Lamb,

Will firmly to his word adhere,

Of him, amidst reproach and shame,

With joy our testimony bear.

9. Here many faithful souls are found,

With genuine love to Christ endow'd,

Led by the Holy Ghost, and crown'd,

As kings and priests to serve their

God,

Burning with zeal, by love divine

Constrain'd, themselves they freely

give,

Their goods and blood for Christ re-

sign,

For him they gladly die or live.

10. What can we offer thee, O Lord?

How worthily set forth thy praise ?

Fain would we preach thy saving word,

And dying love in ev'ry place ;

In thee believe, thee serve and love ;

To thee our life, our all we owe,

Who dost 'midst danger us preserve,

And mercies numberless bestow.

11. O may our lives thy pow'r pro-

claim,

Thy grace for ev'ry sinner free,

That thousands still may know thy

name,

Humbly adore and worship thee :

Open a door, which earth and hell

May strive to shut, but strive in vain,

Grant that thy word may richly dwell

Amongst us, and our fruit remain.

*Countess 690. \*Lingenboof*  
(T. 590.)

i. Is this indeed our happy lot,

T' exalt thee, slaughter'd Lamb!

Who art thou? who can right describe

Thy great and glorious name ?

And who are we, that we should take  
This mighty task in hand ?

We all fo sinful, bafe and vile :  
Sure we muft blufhing ftand :

2. And this indeed will come to pafs,  
Seeing ourfelves aright ;

For none can find a ftadfaft ground  
In his own fancied height :

But hence alone fprings all our joy,  
When we in Chrift believe,  
That we, however frail and weak,  
Can honor to him give.

3. There haft thou us, moft gracious  
King !

To thee our hearts are bound ;  
Our knowledge yet extends not far,  
O grant us deeper ground :

That each beholder may with eafe  
Thy likenefs in us trace,  
And throughout all our lives difcern  
That we are led by grace.

4. In thefe our days exalt thy name,  
Thy precious gofpel fpread,

That for the travail of thy foul  
Thou may'ft behold thy feed ;  
O may thy knowledge fill the earth,  
Increase the number ftill,  
Of thofe who in thy word believe,  
And do thy holy will.

5. Thanks, Jefus, for thy facred blood,  
That precious healing ftream,  
For all is lifelefs, dead and cold,  
However good it feem ;  
That virtue is of no avail,  
Which takes not hence its rife :  
Thy blood were elfe of none effect,  
That blood of fo great price.

6. Lord, by thy Spirit us prepare  
To follow thy command ;  
To execute thy utmoft aim,  
And in thy prefence ftand,  
As fervants willing to be us'd,  
Who in thy work delight,  
And offer freely praife and pray'r,  
As incenfe, day and night.

7. Hereto we cheerful fay Amen !  
We have this truth avow'd,  
That we in fpirit, body, foul,  
Are bound to ferve that God

O

Who touch'd, and drew, and woo'd  
our hearts,

And conquer'd us by love,  
To him we have engag'd ourfelves,  
O may we faithful prove.

*Count 691. Lenzendorf*  
(T. 79.)

GO, witnefs of the fuff'ring  
Of Chrift, who, as our off'ring,  
Our guilt and curfe did bear,  
Proclaim his great falvation  
To many a heathen nation,  
And fpread his gofpel far and near.

*b. 692\*. Lenzendorf*  
(T. 583.)

1. SINNERS' Redeemer, gracious  
Lamb of God,

We thy poor children, purchas'd by  
thy blood,

With gratitude acknowledge, that we  
fhare

Thy boundlefs favor and protecting  
care.

2. From day to day may we with  
rapture feel

Thy life, thy unction, and thy Spi-  
rit's feal,

The pow'rful drawings of thy love  
and grace,

And zeal to ferve thy caufe with  
faithfulnefs.

3. With each of us obtain thy gracious  
aim,

That we, thy fervants, may exalt thy  
name ;

Enabled by thy grace, may we de-  
clare

The greatness of thy ranfom ev'ry  
where.

*693\*. Buttnar*  
(T. 166.)

1. O Lord, we highly magnify,  
And blefs thy faving Jefu's name ;  
The love that prompted thee to die  
We'll unto all mankind proclaim ;



210 Of the Servants and Witnesses of the Lord,

Thou bid'st the sparks of grace arise,  
Which kindle ev'ry lifeless heart;  
Thou hear'st the needy sinner's cries,  
And pardon freely dost impart.

2. If we are to thy cause but true,  
Upright, obedient to thy will,  
Enabling grace thou wilt bestow,  
Thy thoughts of peace in us fulfil.  
In all things we may trust thy grace,  
And rest on thy almighty arm,  
Keep thou our souls in constant peace,  
And shelter us from ev'ry harm.

*Count. 694. \*Linzendorf*

(T. 97.)

1. **THE** Lord himself gave forth  
the word,  
We preach most gladly Christ the  
Lord;  
May thousands yet his voice obey,  
And turn to him without delay,  
Thus will the doctrine of his death and  
blood

Approve itself to be the pow'r of God.

2. 'Tis the desire of all our hearts  
To preach, in many distant parts,  
The love of God to all mankind,  
To heathen e'er so base and blind;  
For Jesus saves from sin whoe'er be-  
lieve,  
And th' offer'd pardon in his blood  
receive.

*Chr. Ren 695. \*Linzendorf*

(T. 58.)

1. **RE**deemer of mankind, God of  
all grace,  
Pour fire and spirit on thy witnesses,  
Preaching thy salvation, by love con-  
strained.

Thus thousands yet shall for thee be  
gained,

By thy blest word.

2. Grant none amongst us may inac-  
tive be,  
Enable us to serve thee cheerfully,

Render thou successful each step and  
action,  
Which we perform, under thy direc-  
tion,

And in thy name.

3. Preserve thy Church, Lord Jesus,  
ev'ry where,  
And grant that she rich fruit for thee  
may bear,  
Build her outward structure, fill her  
with glory,  
And let each member praise and adore  
thee,

And serve thy name.

4. Thy blood and death shall be our  
constant theme,  
Let ev'ry witness this great truth  
proclaim;  
Gracious Lord, afford them thy Spi-  
rit's unction,  
That they may faithfully fulfil the  
function,

To which they're call'd.

5. Let more unto thy church collected  
be  
In ev'ry quarter, to yield joy to thee,  
Here, and o'er the ocean, in all her  
stations!  
And grant unto the most savage na-  
tions

Thy saving grace.

*Count 696. \*Linzendorf*

(T. 166.)

1. **TA**KE me into thy hands anew,  
Out of which none is plucked,  
By which thy children are brought  
through,  
And servants are conducted:  
Lord Jesus, lead and bless thou me  
In ev'ry future station,  
That I may serve thee faithfully  
Until my consummation.

2. With mouth and hand I give to  
thee  
Myself as thy own booty,

T' increase each talent thou gav'st  
me

Shall be my pleasant duty;  
O let my soul ne'er moved be  
From thee, my faithful Saviour;  
Both late and early shew to me  
Thy mercy and thy favor.

*Psalm 69.\* Lanyard*  
(T. 166.)

1. **WE** often, in our course through  
time,

Have rugged roads to travel;  
Faith's fortitude must sometimes  
climb,

And paths uneven level:  
But Jesus, through his tender care,  
Which is at all times present,  
Revives the weary traveller  
Again by ways more pleasant.

2. O thou the sole defence and aid  
Of all the weak and feeble,  
Thou strong support in time of need,  
And Saviour of thy people:  
Uphold us, Lord, most pow'rfully,  
With thy divine assistance,  
And grant us constant victory,  
When meeting with resistance.

3. We offer gladly up to thee  
Our spirit, soul and body;  
We promise thee fidelity  
And loyalty most steady;  
Thou surely wilt thy cause maintain,  
Nor leave thy work unfinish'd;  
Thy servants many conquests gain,  
Though in appearance vanquish'd.

*Ps. 69.\**  
(T. 26.)

1. **MOST** faithful Lord, thyself re-  
veal,

My eyes with contrite tears o'erflow,  
My heart for gratitude doth glow,  
But adequate expressions fail.

2. If I were free from all distress,  
Had to converse with none but thee,  
Were I from ev'ry burden free,  
Then nothing could my soul oppress.

O 2

3. But I have trials to go through,  
And hardships oftentimes to meet;  
And, conscious of my wants, intreat  
Thee, Lord, to teach me what to do!

4. Give me what thine own mind de-  
crees,  
And what thy children must possess,  
If they shall serve thee with success.  
I wish in all things thee to please.

5. Give me a lowly faithful mind,  
With patience and undauntedness;  
If thou my poor endeavors bless,  
Action and rest may be combin'd.

6. Give me an inly cheerful heart,  
Besprinkled with thy blood, made  
clean:

O may it in my works be seen  
That thou its sole Possessor art!

7. Grant me to know thy blessed ways,  
With all both joy and grief to share;  
And lips thy mercy to declare  
To all that mourning seek thy face.

*J. 699. Sweetman*  
(T. 97.)

1. **AS** 'twas of old, we now may see,  
In these blest days, in some degree,  
The joyful, cheering gospel-sound  
Spread, tho' in stillness, all around;  
We see with joy the work of God in-  
crease,  
And thousands who through Jesus  
find release.

2. We see in hearts as cold as ice  
The Sun of righteousness arise,  
And that his all-enliv'ning rays  
Of satan's slaves make sons of grace,  
Who are increasing daily more and  
more,  
And who the slaughter'd Lamb with  
us adore.

3. Great is the harvest, great indeed!  
Therefore our Saviour stands in need  
Of willing people, who're enroll'd  
As faithful servants of his fold,  
As witnesses who ev'ry where pro-  
claim  
The glory of his blessed Jesu's name.

700.

(T. 75.)

1. **THINK** on our brethren, Lord,  
Who preach the gospel-word  
In spirit free and bold,  
In hunger, heat and cold:  
As long as thou'rt their shield,  
They surely win the field.

2. Give us an open door,  
And spirit, grace, and pow'r,  
To tell what thou hast done  
For mankind to atone,  
That thus in ev'ry place  
We may declare thy grace!

3. O Lord, before us go;  
To ev'ry sinner show  
What need he hath of thee,  
And then most pow'rfully  
Convince each human heart,  
That thou our Saviour art.

4. And let thy strength and might  
Subdue the en'my's spite:  
Our weakness well thou know'st,  
Of nothing we can boast,  
But that we trust thy word,  
And know that thou'rt our Lord!

5. Let our beginnings be  
Aided, O Lord, by thee:  
Those things which purpos'd are  
Help us to bring to bear;  
Forgive what'er is wrong,  
Midst weakness make us strong.

6. Our poor endeavors bless,  
And crown them with success.  
Thou Workman great and wise!  
Who shall thy work despise?  
A tool that's us'd by thee  
Can wonders do, we see.

*Louisa de 701.\* Heyn*

(T. 228.)

1. **Body** and soul's at thy command,  
And we with gladness ready stand  
To serve thy name, Lord Jesus!  
Since thy blest Spirit did explain  
Unto our hearts, why thou wast slain.  
Nought else on earth can please us.

O no,—although  
We are feeble—and unstable,  
Thou'rt our Treasure,  
And to serve thee is our pleasure!  
2. Unto ourselves no praise is due;  
And should we even something do,  
That in thy fight were pleasing,  
To thee we render all the praise,  
Thou giv'st thereto enabling grace,  
And grantest us thy blessing.  
Unless—thy grace  
Sway our nature,—ev'ry creature  
Is unwilling  
Ought that's good to be fulfilling.

*Saint 702.\* Lyndsey*  
(T. 185.)

1. **SINCE** our Saviour call'd us to  
inherit

Everlasting happiness,  
And without the unction of the Spirit  
We the way to him can't trace,  
Grant us therefore, Holy Ghost, the  
favor,  
Both in doctrine and in our behavior,  
By thee to be taught and led,  
Till in Christ we're perfected.

2. Faithful Lord, my only joy and  
pleasure

Shall remain, whilst here I stay,  
Thee, my matchless Friend and high-  
est Treasure,

To adore, serve and obey;  
Though I in myself am weak and  
feeble,

Yet, I trust, thy grace will me en-  
able,

By obedience to thy will,  
All thy purpose to fulfil.

*Do 703.\**

(T. 14.)

1. **LORD** Jesus, who hast called us  
To magnify thy name,  
And preach the doctrine of thy cross  
Amidst reproach and shame;

2. We thee intreat, with **one accord**,  
Thy ministers prepare

To lead thy flock and preach thy word,

With meekness, zeal and care.

3. Without thy aid we nought can do,  
But by thy pow'r we know,  
Weak as we are, we're heroes too,  
Who conquer where we go.

*J. 704. Gambold Sur*  
(T. 166.)

1. O Glorious Saviour of thy house,  
Sole Lord, and Searcher of the breast,  
To thee each servant gladly goes,  
Like Noah's dove, for peace and rest.  
Indeed the waters overflow

The world all o'er, and us withstand,  
Few will our mind and purpose know,  
Few comprehend thy blest command.

2. But we can hope thy word and grace

Will soften many a heart of stone,  
What means can help lost human race?  
The same which our poor hearts  
have won.

Though reason stand oppos'd to faith,  
The wounded conscience eager flies  
To the blest doctrine of thy death,  
And all-atoning sacrifice.

3. Thy pow'ful presence, Lord, display,

Or else in vain the sun we see;  
Thou art our life, our truth, our way,  
We have no comfort, but in thee:  
Vouchsafe to us thy unction, Lord,  
Whene'er, obedient to thy call,  
We go, thy help to us afford,  
And ever be our All in All.

*P.H. 705. Mother*  
(T. 22.)

1. LORD, at thy feet asham'd we sink,

When on thy wond'rous grace we think,

Which more than ever now appears;  
Lost in amaze we melt in tears.

2. The go pel, in these blessed days,  
Throughout the earth its beams displays;

Nations, that never heard of thee,  
Thy great salvation shout to see.

3. That myst'ry from all ages seal'd  
God, by his Spirit, hath reveal'd,  
That heav'nly thrones and pow'rs  
might know

God's wisdom by the church below.

4. Tho' hated, tho' despis'd and mean,  
Yet while we on thy mercy lean,  
Let nations rage, let devils roar,  
We will confess thee evermore.

*706. M<sup>rs</sup> Taylor*  
(T. 590.)

LORD, to thy people aid dispense,  
Their Shield and Portion be,  
And let their lives the world convince  
That they belong to thee:

Extend thy help to distant parts,  
Thy servants send to call,  
Reveal thy grace to heathen hearts,  
Thy grace extend to all.

*Count 707. Linsend*  
(T. 583.)

1. Command us, Lord, whate'er we  
are to do,

Where thou wilt call us we desire to  
go,

Because thy orders do imply success,  
To break through roads we else could  
never pass.

2. Thou know'st what wild unculti-  
vated parts,

Where satan bears the sway in heathen  
hearts,

May yield abundant fruit to thee, O  
Lord,

And thousands be converted to thy  
word.

*Do 708 \**  
(T. 68.)

YE who know the Lord,  
And his grace and word,  
Teach his wonders and salvation  
Still to many a heathen nation;  
Cheerfully proclaim  
Jesu's saving name.



*Count* 709.\* *Sunday*  
(T. 206.)

1. LET the world hear,  
God's Son and Heir,  
Who to us came,  
And bore our sin and shame,  
Who liv'd amongst his own  
Unknown,  
Despis'd and mean,—and then was slain,  
The ransom he,  
For all the world and me.  
2 Hereby I'll stand,  
With life in hand,  
Me help afford  
To bear this witness, Lord;  
That thousands may embrace  
Thy grace;  
We will diffuse—this blessed news  
In ev'ry land;  
The Lord will by us stand.

*Do* 710.  
(T. 22.)

1. IN our short warfare here below,  
May our experience daily show,  
That in our weakness, thro' thy aid,  
Thy strength divine is perfected.  
2. Without thy blessing how could we  
Be servants pleasing unto thee?

But we can by experience sing,  
Thy word hath pow'r and fruit doth bring.

3. Ah, could we preach in ev'ry place  
Our Saviour's boundless love and  
grace,  
That thousands who are yet enslav'd,  
Might in these gospel-times be sav'd.

4. There's but a small beginning  
made,  
The earth's still overcast with shade:  
Break forth, thou Sun of righteouf-  
ness,  
And spread thy all-enliv'ning rays.

5. Whene'er we to mankind proclaim  
Thy dying love and precious name,  
Support thy servants' weakness, Lord,  
By thy blest Spirit, grace and word.

6. Lord of the harvest! people send,  
Who willing are their lives to spend,  
Thro' scorching heat and chilling  
cold,  
To bring the heathen to thy fold.

7. When all our labor here is o'er,  
And when our light shall burn no  
more,  
When our endeavors have an end,  
Then let our souls to thee ascend.

### XXXV. Supplicatory Hymns.

*Do* 711.\*  
(T. 36.)

1. O Thou the great High-priest of  
our profession,  
Who at God's right-hand makest in-  
tercession,  
And by thy pray'rs supportest thy  
own people,  
Who're weak and feeble.  
2. The many drops of blood which  
from thee flowed,  
The streams of tears which oft thy  
cheeks bedewed,

Are all in our behalf for mercy plead-  
ing,  
And interceding.

*Do* 712.\*  
(T. 1.)

1. THOU hast thy church appoint-  
ed once, that she  
O'er all the world unto thy praise  
should be;

2. A church, that in itself is void of  
good,  
And yet by thee with grace and pow'r  
endow'd.

3. Teach us to pray for all the ran-  
som'd fold:

Lord! from thy church no needful  
gifts withhold.

4. As Head and Ruler in thy house  
remain,  
And be the Leader of the witness-  
train.

5. Grant that we all may steadfastly  
adhere  
To those great truths, by thee to us  
made clear;

6. O let thy congregation feel thy  
peace,  
And daily may her joy in thee in-  
crease;

7. Preserve her graciously from ev'ry  
harm,  
Protect her by thy strong and mighty  
arm.

8. Grant her to thee an ever free ac-  
cess,  
That cheerful to the mark she on-  
ward press;

9. And far and near, supported by  
thy aid,  
Extend thy knowledge, and thy gos-  
pel spread.

10. Thou know'st her wants, and  
comfort dost impart  
Unto each needy, poor and sin-sick  
heart:

11. Yea, by thy body and thy pre-  
cious blood  
Thou giv'st to her an ever strength-  
ning food.

12. By thee as Shepherd of the flock  
she's led,  
Till she shall join the church now  
perfected.

13. Till then thy blessed aim with  
her fulfil,  
And teach her in all things to do thy  
will.

713 \* *Gregor*

(T. 97.)

1. **O**FT as the church the blessings  
weighs,

Deriv'd from Jesu's saving grace,  
And ponders on his faithful care,  
Which she each day doth richly share,  
By love constrain'd, to pray she is  
inclin'd

For the prosperity of all mankind.

2. For all put in authority  
We supplicate most fervently,  
The magistrates thou hast ordain'd  
Support by thy almighty hand;  
Lord, to their undertakings give suc-  
cess;

The land in which we live protect  
and bless.

3. Since rulers are ordain'd, that they  
O'er other men should bear the sway,  
To punish evil, and protect  
The good, O grant that they may act  
As in thy name, according to thy  
word,

And be thyself their shield and great  
reward.

*Sw.* 714. *Gumbold*

(T. 22.)

1. **A**Ttend, O Saviour, to our pray'r!  
All things by thy appointment are;  
The world O govern for the best!  
The Lord of all thou art confest.

2. Thou who on earth the sick didst  
heal,  
And to the poor thy love reveal;  
O comfort by a look from thee  
All who are now in misery.

3. Nearer and nearer draw us still;  
Might all but know thy holy will:  
Subdue all pride and stubbornness,  
O Lord, by thy prevailing grace.

4. Preserve by thy most gracious aid  
Those who have thee their refuge  
made;  
Grant that, in all things free from  
blame,

In meekness they may praise thy name.

715.\*

*S. (T. 97.) Sweetener*

GRANT, Lord, that we thee more  
obey,  
Than what our fellow-men may say:  
But let us also ne'er forget,  
That those who rule, by thee are set  
O'er us, and that to their authority  
We should submit, as we are taught  
by thee.

*Do* 716.\*

(T. 583.)

UNTO the pow'rs ordain'd by thee,  
O Lord;  
Let me, and all men, show a true re-  
gard,  
And honor them, according to thy  
will,  
May we in ev'ry thing thy law fulfil.

*Do* 717:

(T. 185.)

1. GRACIOUS Saviour, bless this con-  
gregation,  
Richly all her wants supply;  
Be our only joy and consolation,  
Till we quit mortality:  
Of each weight may we be more di-  
vested,  
Live beneath thy sceptre unmolested,  
In thy matchless radiance shine,  
Filled with thy love divine.

2. Cheer thy chosen witnesses, O Je-  
sus,  
Who thy dying love proclaim,  
That with joy they may to distant  
places  
Bear thy great and glorious name:  
By thy arm O may they be defended  
Till their pilgrimage on earth is  
ended,  
And they are with thee at rest:  
Lord, we pray, hear our request.

*Gregor* 718.\*

(T. 58.)

1. O Thou whose goodness words  
can ne'er express!  
Daily lift up thy friendly, loving face  
On the congregation, her choirs and  
classes:  
Let us perceive in all our streets and  
places

Thy peace divine.

2. We surely are a work of thine own  
hand,  
Sinners on whom thou'lt deign'd thy  
blood to spend,  
By the Holy Spirit to thee directed,  
A covenant people, by free grace  
elected

To serve thy name.

3. Grant that we all, both young  
and old, may prove  
True witnesses of thy redeeming  
love.

Showing forth thy praises: may we  
adore thee,  
And humbly walk in grace and  
truth before thee,

Till we go hence.

*A. Haman*  
4. Might ev'ry one who knows us  
clearly trace,  
In all thy people, unction, truth and  
grace;  
That whoe'er approacheth thy con-  
gregation,  
Feel and acknowledge from a clear  
persuasion,

The Lord is here.

*Gregor* 719.\*

(T. 16.)

1. JESUS, by thy Holy Spirit  
May we all instructed be;  
Sanctify us through the merit  
Of thy blest humanity.

2. Grant that we may love thee  
truly,  
Lord, our thoughts and actions  
sway,  
And to ev'ry heart more fully  
Thy atoning pow'r display.

*Swain* 720.\*  
(T. 22.)

1. ACCORDING to thy mercy, Lord,  
True christian faith to us afford,  
That we thy kindness, love and grace,  
May taste throughout our future race.

2. Hold over us thy gracious hand,  
Protect and keep us to the end,  
From earthly noise and misery,  
Retir'd and still to walk with thee.

3. O grant that we may thine remain,  
And deeper ground in thee obtain;  
Yea, give us to our latest breath  
T' enjoy the merits of thy death.

721.

(T. 14.)

MANY complaints to Christ I can  
Ev'n by a sigh relate,  
Which I can't represent to man,  
They are too delicate.

722.\*

(T. 16.)

1. QUITE alone and yet not lonely  
I'll converse with God my friend,  
Now from worldly cares receding,  
I my time in pray'r will spend.

2. O how blessed are the moments,  
When the Lord himself draws near,  
When I feel his gracious presence,  
And he listens to my pray'r.

*Gregor* 723.\*  
(T. 185.)

WITH thy presence, gracious Lord  
and Saviour!

Bless us all, we humbly pray;  
Our dear heav'nly Father's love and  
favor

Be our comfort ev'ry day:  
May the Holy Ghost in each pro-  
ceeding

Favor us with his maternal leading;  
Thus we shall be truly blest,  
Both in labor and in rest,

*M. or S.* 724. *Househouse*  
(T. 583.)

1. THE love of Christ to me is  
greater far  
Than outwardly it doth to man ap-  
pear.

When I before him my complaints  
make known,  
He sympathizeth with them as his  
own.

2. I know that in myself I have no  
pow'r,  
But 'tis through mercy I must live  
each hour.

His precious death doth strength to  
me afford,  
That I can all things do, through  
him, my Lord.

3. As oft as I approach the holy  
place,  
And bow 'fore him, by whom I live  
through grace,  
Then graciously he answers my re-  
quest,  
And thus my troubled heart is sooth'd  
to rest.

4. He is my All, my Sacrifice and  
Priest,  
My Lord and God, my Saviour Jesus  
Christ.

His am I both in body and in soul,  
Me neither sin, nor satan can con-  
trol.

5. I daily drink the healing streams  
of grace,  
And gain new strength to run my fu-  
ture race.

He sheds abroad in me his love di-  
vine,  
I know that I am his, and he is mine.

*Soun* 725.\* *Henry*  
(T. 580.)

1. WITH ardent longing, at thy  
feet,  
Lord Jesus Christ, I humbly wait,  
O lend a gracious ear



Unto my manifold complaints;  
I trust thou wilt relieve my wants,  
And deign thy needy child to hear.

2. Grant me an upright simple heart,  
A cheerful mind to me impart,  
Free from sin's galling load;  
O may I of my sinfulness  
Always retain a consciousness,  
But not serve sin; forbid it, God!

3. Grant me a harmless, dove-like  
mind,  
To true humility inclin'd,  
Thy will be mine indeed;  
O may I labor constantly,  
Endow'd with Spirit's poverty,  
From ev'ry thing that's hurtful  
freed.

4. In peace with all may I be found,  
Clearly thy gospel-truth propound,  
In praying faithful be;  
A share in other's welfare take,  
The schemes and plots of satan break,  
Fast bound unto thy church and  
thine.

5. Presence of mind on me bestow,  
A readiness O may I show  
To execute thy will;  
When I enjoy the highest good,  
Partaking of thy flesh and blood,  
My soul with thy love's ardor fill.

6. May I be serious, childlike too,  
In all essentials firm and true,  
Give me a trusty ear,  
A constant, genuine brother's heart,  
To sympathize with ev'ry smart,  
And gladly other's burdens bear.

7. In converse make me tractable  
And mild, in storms invincible,  
And never prone to yield;  
May I maintain incessantly  
A tender fellowship with thee,  
From day to day by grace upheld.

8. Thy unction O may I obey,  
And tread the pilgrim's rugged way,  
Grant I may shun no toil;  
In all my senses render me  
Well exercis'd, and let me be  
Anointed with thy glad'ning oil.

9. What for myself I thus request,  
That pray I also for the rest  
Of those, who cheerfully  
Go forth salvation to proclaim,  
Through faith in thy most holy name,  
Wherever they are sent by thee.

10. O Father, me with pleasure own  
The dear-bought purchase of thy Son,  
O Spirit, bless thou me;  
Guide and protect me as thy child,  
Lord Christ, who me hast reconcil'd,  
Preserve me thine eternally.

*Schlicht* 726.  
(T. I.)

1. O Son of God, High-priest and  
Lamb once slain,  
Behold the purchase of thy bitter  
pain.

2. Thou seest us here assembled in  
thy name,  
To feel thy gracious presence is our  
aim.

3. Give comfort to the weak, inflame  
the cold,  
Humble the proud, the bashful ren-  
der bold.

4. Deliver ev'ry one from slavish  
fears,  
And melt us, by thy pardon, into  
tears.

5. If any, like the prodigal, to thee  
Returns, O grant him absolution  
free.

6. Unto each married pair that favor  
grant,  
Thee and thy church, O Lord, to re-  
present.

7. O may the single men be fill'd with  
zeal  
To serve and follow thee and do thy  
will.

8. And grant the single women grace  
to be  
True virgin-hearts devoted unto  
thee.

9. O may the children true obedience show,  
And, as in years, in grace and knowledge grow.

10. Be thou the consolation, help and stay,  
Of widowers and widows, Lord, we pray.

11. Grant that thy servants freely may proclaim  
Thy gospel, and exalt thy saving name:

12. Give unto all the needful gifts and grace,  
Yea, bless each soul thou hast in ev'ry place.

*J. 727. Sweetmer*  
(T. 26.)

1. LORD Jesus, grant us all the grace

To hear thy soft instructive voice,  
In thy salvation to rejoice,  
And all thy faithfulness to trace.

2. Tho' often of encumb'ring care,  
With busy Martha we complain;  
Yet, gracious Lord, we wish to gain  
In Mary's happy lot a share.

*Wm. Foster 728.\* 02. A*  
(T. 97.) *Kitchman*

1. Jesus, O may we thee obey,  
Who art our life, our truth and way;  
Since thou didst for our sins atone,  
With right thou claim'st us as thine own.

Thou wast obedient unto death, that we  
Might not be lost, but live eternally.

2. O let each member of thy fold  
Be in the book of life enroll'd,  
The Holy Ghost to us impart,  
To bear the sway in ev'ry heart,  
Us with thy gracious presence daily bless,  
And evermore vouchsafe to us thy grace.

*J. 729. Sweetmer*  
(T. 205.)

GRACIOUS Lord,—with one accord,  
We're assembled in thy name;  
Deign to hear—our fervent pray'r,  
Mercy is our only claim,  
Whilst, with tears and blushing face,  
We our sins to thee confess,  
And our hearts with thanks o'erflow  
For the grace thou dost bestow.

*L. 730.\* Dober*  
(T. 11.)

1. LORD, with ev'ry needful grace  
Bless thy church in ev'ry place,  
Fill her with thy love divine,  
And each member own as thine.

2. Grant us all to feel thy peace,  
Set each troubled heart at ease,  
Purify us by thy blood,  
Which hath brought us high to God.

*Frederick 731.\* Waterville*  
(T. 590.)

LORD Jesus, let us be thine own,  
And ever thine remain,  
We now ourselves to thee commend,  
With thy whole chosen train;  
Till thou shalt fully have attain'd  
With us thy thoughts of peace,  
When we, in joys which never end,  
Shall see thee face to face.

732.

(T. 582.)

1. TEACH me, my God and King,  
In all things thee to view;  
And what I do in any thing,  
To do it as for thee.

2. To scorn the senses' sway,  
While still to thee I tend;  
In all I do be thou the way,  
In all be thou the end.

3. All may of thee partake;  
Nothing so small can be,  
But draws, when acted for thy sake,  
Greatness and worth from thee.

4. If done t' obey thy laws,  
Ev'n servile labors thine;  
Hallow'd is toil, if this the cause,  
The meanest work divine.

*J. 733. Sweetner*  
(T. 184.)

O Might we all, Lord God our Sa-  
viour,  
Thy condescending mercy prize,  
T'accept of us (O boundless favor!)  
As of a holy sacrifice;  
Of us, who're sinful, poor and needy:  
Grant that we freely unto thee  
May offer up both soul and body,  
To love and serve thee faithfully.

*Johannes de 734. Haller*  
(T. 22.)

1. LORD Jesus, with thy presence  
blest,  
By land and sea, thy witnesses;  
In ev'ry danger them defend,  
In ev'ry trial prove their friend.  
2. O may thy word in Christendom  
Be blest, and may thy kingdom come.  
May all thy ministers succeed  
In bringing fruit to thee their head.  
3. Preserve in constant love and peace,  
And, thro' thy blessing, still increase  
Thy little flocks, which far and near  
In towns and villages appear.  
4. Thy thoughts of peace o'er us  
fulfil,  
Incline our hearts to do thy will;  
Thy gospel make more fully known,  
May all the world thy goodness own.

*Val. 735. Herberger*  
(T. 590.)

SHelter our souls most graciously  
Within thy open'd side;  
Move them from ev'ry harm away,  
And in thy safe-guard hide:  
Let all our names in life's blest rolls  
Inscrib'd be ever found,  
And in life's bundle all our souls  
Be fast and firmly bound.

*Lauterbach 736.\**  
(T. 155.)

LORD, thou'st made the universe,  
I too am thy worthless creature,  
Spoil'd by nature,  
Yet desire to cleave to thee;  
Make thou me  
Like the clay thine hand can fashion,  
To a vessel of salvation,  
Fitted for eternity.

*Jacob 737.\* Till*  
(T. 79.)

O King of peace, our Sov'reign!  
Thou shalt alone us govern,  
Come, form us soon to be  
T' each other an example,  
To th' Holy Ghost a temple,  
To th' Father pleasing constantly.

*J. 738. Sweetner*  
(T. 195.)

LORD God, our salvation,  
Let thy grace and favor  
Rest upon thy church for ever:  
Jesus, thee to follow  
Be our blessed function,  
Grant us all thy Spirit's unction,  
To declare—ev'ry where  
The complete salvation,  
Purchas'd by thy passion.

*Do 739.*  
(T. 185.)

GRacious Father, bless this con-  
gregation  
As the purchase of thy Son;  
For his sake behold us with compassion,  
And us all thy children own.  
Jesus, grant to us thy peace and fa-  
vor;  
Holy Ghost, abide with us for ever,  
And to us Christ's love explain;  
Hear us, Lord our God, Amen!

## The CHURCH-LITANY\*.

LORD,  
 Christ,  
 Lord,  
 Christ,

*Have mercy upon us!*  
*Have mercy upon us!*  
*Have mercy upon us!*  
*Hear us!*

Lord God, our Father, which art in heaven,

*Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.*

† Chor. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever.

*Amen.*

Lord God, Son, thou Saviour of the world!

*Own us to be thine.*

Chor. O my Lord most faithful!  
 Give me what thou'lt merited,  
 And I'm rich and thankful.

Lord God Holy Ghost!

*Abide with us for ever!*

Chor. Give thy folk one mind ev'ry where,  
 And teach our needy souls by faith  
 T' enjoy the merits of Christ's death.

Our LORD CHRIST JESUS!

*Be gracious unto us!*

O thou God and Father of the church!

*Preserve us in thy love!*

Thou Searcher of the hearts, God Holy Ghost!

*Maintain thy temple in sanctification and honor!*

Chor. Most Holy Blessed Trinity!  
 † We praise thee to eternity. :||: :||:

\* The petitions printed in Italics are to be said or sung by the whole congregation.

† The verses or petitions to which Chor. is prefixed, are to be sung or said by the choir or singers.

‡ This line is sung first by the brethren, the second time by the sisters, and the third time by the whole congregation.



|| *Cong.* Thou slaughter'd Lamb, our God and Lord,  
To needy pray'rs thine ear afford,  
And on us all have mercy!

From all coldness to thy merits and death,  
From all error and misunderstanding,  
From all loss of our glory in thee,  
From unhappily becoming great,  
From all self-complacency,  
From untimely projects,  
From needless cares,  
From confusions,  
From light-minded or dark fanaticism,  
From tumult and sedition,

{ From war and blood-shedding,  
{ From distress by fire and water,  
{ From lightening and tempest,  
{ From plague, pestilence, and famine, }

From the murdering spirit and devices of satan,  
From the wicked world,  
From all hypocrisy,  
From the deceitfulness of sin,  
From sins unto death, (1 John v. 16.)  
From all sin,

*Preserve us, gracious Lord and God!*

*Cong.* Lord, thou hast reassum'd thy throne,  
Yet thou art present with thy own;  
Preserve us all from sin henceforth,  
And from all mis'ry of this earth.

With thy human birth,  
With thy holy circumcision,  
With thy prayers and tears,  
With all the troubles of thy life,  
With thy great poverty,  
With thy having been in the form of a servant,  
With thy being despised and rejected,  
With thy sickness and dolorous look,  
With thy temptations,  
With thy perplexity in the garden,  
With thine agony and bloody sweat,  
With thy bonds and scourgings, and all that thou hast endured,

|| *Cong.* signifies that the verses are to be sung by the whole congregation

With thy crown of thorns,  
 With thy blessed cross,  
 With thy sacred wounds,  
 With thine inestimable blood,  
 With thy meritorious death,  
 With thy coming again to thy church, or our being called  
 home to thee,

*Comfort us, gracious Lord and God!*

*Cong.* Most holy Lord and God!  
 Holy, almighty God!  
 Holy and most merciful Saviour!  
 Thou eternal God!  
 Grant that we may never  
 Lose the comforts from thy death!  
 Have mercy, O Lord!

With all the merits of thy life,

*Bless us, gracious Lord and God!*

With thy child-like obedience,  
 With thy diligence at work,  
 With thy meekness and humility,  
 With thy watching and fasting,  
 With thy powerful intercession,  
 With thy dying words,  
 With thy rest in the grave,  
 With thy glorious resurrection,  
 With the last days of the Son of man,  
 With thy victorious ascension,  
 With thy sitting on the Father's throne,  
 With thy holy sacraments,  
 With thy gracious presence, (Matt. xxviii. 20.)

*Bless us, gracious Lord and God!*

*We poor sinners pray,*

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

Rule and lead thy holy christian church;  
 Increase the knowledge of the mystery of Christ, and diminish  
 misapprehensions;  
 Teach us how to receive those that are weak in the faith;  
 (Rom. xiv. 1.)  
 Make the word of the cross universal among all those who are  
 called by thy name;  
 Unite all the children of God in one spirit, (John xi. 52.)

Abide their only shepherd, high-priest, and Saviour;  
 Send faithful laborers into thy harvest;  
 Give spirit and power to preach thy word;  
 Preserve unto us the word of reconciliation till the end  
 of days,  
 And through the Holy Ghost daily glorify the merits of thy  
 life, sufferings and death.

*Chor.* That we thy sacraments and word  
 May to our end keep pure, O Lord!

Prevent or destroy all designs and schemes of satan,  
 Fight our battles against him, and defend us against his  
 accusation;  
 For the sake of that peace which we have with thee, may we,  
 as much as lieth in us, live peaceably with all men.  
 (Rom. xii. 18.)

Grant us to bless them that curse us,  
 And to do good to them that hate us;  
 We pray thee to have mercy upon our slanderers and persecu-  
 tors, and not to lay that sin to their charge;  
 Hinder all schisms and scandals;  
 Put far from thy people all seducers;  
 Bring back all that have been seduced;  
 Grant love and unity to all our congregations.

*Cong.* In Jesu's love and peace,  
 On earth's extended face,  
 Dwell our congregations:  
 Both here and o'er the seas,  
 We raise our supplications,  
 That the God of grace  
 All of us may bless,  
 Till the end of days.

Give thy people constant victory against the enemies of thy  
 person, cross, and wounds;  
 Help us blessedly to execute thy last will; (John xvii.)  
*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

Thou Light and Consolation of all the *Gentiles*!  
 Watch over thy messengers both by land and sea;  
 Accompany the word of their testimony, concerning thy  
 blood, with spirit and fire;

Bless our congregations gathered from among the heathen;  
Preserve them as the apple of thine eye.

*Chor.* From satan's vile temptations,  
Or lying accusations,  
Preserve them, gracious Lord our God!

As thou hast visited the Negros, Greenlanders, Indians, and  
Esquimaux, so visit all other heathen;

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

*Chor.* O praise the Lord, all ye heathen!  
*Cong.* Praise him, all ye nations!

Deliver the people of Israel from their blindness; (Rom. xi. 25.)  
Bring yet many of them to the saving knowledge of thee;  
Until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in, and so all Israel  
shall be saved; (Rom. xi. 25, 26.)

O that Ishmael also might live before thee! (Gen. xvii. 18, 20.)

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

Give to thy people tents to dwell in, and open doors to preach  
thy gospel,

And set them to thy praise on earth;

Grant all overseers, pastors, and ministers of the church,  
soundness of doctrine, and holiness of life, and preserve  
them therein;

Sprinkle all those who minister in the sanctuary;

Help all elders to rule well, especially those that labor in the  
word and doctrine; (1 Tim. v. 17.)

Keep our episcopacy precious before thee, to feed the church  
of God, which thou hast purchased with thine own blood;  
(Acts xx. 28.)

Bless and protect the nursing-fathers and nursing-mothers of  
thy church, together with their ministers; (Isa. xlix. 23.)

Watch graciously over all kings, princes, and governments,  
and hear our intercessions for them all;

We beseech thee especially to pour down thy blessings in a  
plentiful manner upon our gracious Sovereign King GEORGE,  
the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and upon all the Royal  
Family.

Grant that our King may enjoy a long and happy reign over



us, preserve him in thy fear, faith and love, that he may walk before thee as thy servant, and protect thy true religion in these nations \*;

Guide and protect the magistrates of the land wherein we dwell, and all that are put in authority under them, That we may lead under them a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty!

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

Teach us to submit ourselves to every ordinance of man for thy sake, (1 Pet. ii. 13.)

And to seek the peace of the places where we dwell;

Grant them blessing and prosperity;

Let this earth be like a field which the Lord bleffeth;

Give peace and salvation, O God, to thy land, and to all orders of men therein!

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

They that go down to the sea in ships, they see thy wonders! (Psalm cvii. 23, 24.)

Bless and protect our brethren and sisters who travel by land or sea.

*Cong.* Command thy angel, Lord, that he  
Watch o'er thy flock by land and sea.

Care also for the necessities of the church;

And bless our table service; (Acts vi. 1, 2, 3.)

Let all things be conducted among us in such a manner, that we provide things honest, not only before God, but also before men;

Let our commerce be holy unto thee;

Bless the sweat of the brow, and the faithfulness in handicraft business;

But let none entangle himself with the affairs of this life; (2 Tim. ii. 4.)

Nor let in any labor be perceived the aftertaste of sin.

O that we might never be forced to let a necessitous person go unrelieved! and that none of us might eat his morsel alone! (Job xxxi. 16, 17.)

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\* Bless both Houses of Parliament, at this time assembled, and direct their councils.

O that we might see none suffer for want of clothing! and that we could be eyes to the blind and feet to the lame! (Job xxix. 12, 15.)

O that we could refresh the hearts of the dejected! and that we could mitigate the burden of the laboring man! (Job xxx. 25.)

And to do good might be our hearts delight! that the blessing of him that was ready to perish, might come upon us! (Job xxix. 13. Rom. xii. 8. 2 Cor. ix. 7.)

Thou knowest what spirit we are of; (Luke ix. 55.)

*Cong.* Can we do good, we'll it embrace,  
Thank God for his enabling grace.

Thou Lover of men!

Send help to all that are in distress or danger;

Set at liberty such who are unjustly imprisoned;

Let all those who are imprisoned for the word of God, live by the word which kept thee in the desert;

Comfort all the weak-hearted and afflicted;

Be the support of the aged;

Make the bed of the sick, and show that thou lovest them; and when thou takest away men's breath, that they die, then thou surely wilt remember, that thou hast not died for our sins only, but for the sins of the whole world. (Psalm xli. 3. 1 John ii. 2. Rom. v. 18.)

Now thou God over all, blessed for evermore! (Rom. ix. 5.)

Have mercy on thy whole creation; (Rom. viii. 19—22.)

Yea, be the Saviour of all men; (1 Tim. iv. 10.)

For thou hast, by thyself, reconciled all things unto thyself, whether things on earth, or things in heaven. (Col. i. 20.)

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

*Cong.* We humbly pray with one accord,  
Remember us, most gracious Lord!  
Think on thy suff'rings, wounds, and cross,  
And how by death thou savedst us:  
For this is all our hope and plea  
In time and in eternity.

Thou Saviour of thy body ! (Eph. v. 23.)

Approve thyself on thy congregations as a God of order ;  
(1 Cor. xiv. 33.)

Walk in the midst of them with complacence ; (Rev. ii. 1.)

Govern them all gently, and according to their measure ;  
(Rom. xii. 3.)

Make the spirit of the prophets subject to the prophets ;  
(1 Cor. xiv. 32.)

And each of us, one to the other ; (Eph. v. 21. 1 Pet. v. 5.)

Be the sanctification of every member of thy church ;  
(1 Cor. i. 30.)

Bless the holy married state ;

Let our marriage be honorable among all men, and the bed be  
undefiled ; (Heb. xiii. 4.)

Teach the wife to be subject to the husband, as the church is  
to Christ ; (Eph. v. 24.)

And teach the husband to love his wife, as Christ loveth the  
church ; (Eph. v. 25.)

But let not the creature take place to the prejudice of the  
Creator, or divide with Christ ; (Rom. i. 25.)

Let our pregnant sisters reap the blessing of thy having lain  
in the womb of thy mother ; (Luke i. 31. and ii. 5.)

And those that bring forth, of thy being brought forth into  
the world ; (Matt. i. 25. Luke ii. 7, 11.)

And those that give suck, of thy having sucked the breasts  
of a mother ; (Psalm xxii. 9.)

Sanctify to thyself all fathers and mothers ;

Bless thy gift the children ; (Psalm cxxvii. 3.)

Visit them even in the mother's womb ; (Luke i. 41.)

Though they should never see the light of this world, yet  
they have thee, and all live unto thee ;

But if they must groan in this tabernacle, then by baptism  
bury them with thee into thy death ; (Rom. vi. 4.)

Perfect thy praise out of the mouths of babes and sucklings ;  
(Matt. xxi. 16.)

Let our children be brought up in the nurture and admonition  
of thee ; (Eph. vi. 4.)

May the boys and girls, after thy example, increase in wis-  
dom and stature, and in favor with God and man ; (Luke  
ii. 52.)

Let the young men cleanse their way, by taking heed thereto according to thy word; (Psalm cxix. 9.)

And the unmarried women care for the things of the Lord, that they may be holy both in body and in spirit; (1 Cor. vii. 34.)

Be thou the joy and blessed hope of the widowers and widows; (Luke ii. 25—38. 1 Tim. v. 5, 6.)

Pour out thy Holy Spirit on all thy servants and handmaids; (Acts ii. 17, 18.)

Purify our souls in obeying the truth, through the Spirit, unto unfeigned love of the brethren; (1 Pet. i. 22.)

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

Keep us in everlasting fellowship with the church triumphant, and let us once rest together in thy presence from all our labor;

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

*Own us to be thine!*

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

*Be joyful over us!*

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

*Leave thy peace with us!*

Christ,  
Lord,  
Christ,  
Lord,

*Hear us!  
Have mercy upon us!  
Have mercy upon us!  
Have mercy upon us!*

Unto the Lamb which was slain, (Rev. v. 12.)

*And hath redeemed us out of all nations of the earth;*

Unto that man who purchased our souls for himself;

*Unto that Friend who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood;* (Rev. i. 5.)

Who died for us once; (1 Pet. ii. 24.)

*That we might die unto sin;* (Rom. vi. 2.)



Who rose for us; (1 Cor. xv.)

*That we also might rise;*

Who ascended for us into heaven;

*To prepare a place for us; (John xiv. 2, 3.)*

*Chor.* And to whom are subjected the angels, and powers,  
and dominions; (Heb. ii. 8.)

To him be glory at all times, (Rev. v. 12.)

*In that church which waiteth for him, and in that which is about  
him;*

*Chor.* From everlasting to everlasting!

*Amen.*

Little children, abide in him, that ye may not be confounded  
before him on the day of his appearing; (1 John ii. 28.)

*Cong.* In none but him alone I trust for ever,  
In him my Saviour!

The Lord blefs thee, and keep thee!

The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gra-  
tious unto thee!

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give  
thee peace!

*Chor.* In the name of Jesus.

*Amen.*

## The SHORTER CHURCH-LITANY.\*

<b>L</b> ORD, Christ, Lord, Christ,	<i>Have mercy upon us !          Have mercy upon us !          Have mercy upon us !          Hear us !</i>
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Lord God, our Father, which art in heaven !

*Hallowed be thy name ; thy kingdom come ; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven ; give us this day our daily bread ; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us ; and lead us not into temptation ; but deliver us from evil ; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen !*

Lord God, Son, thou Saviour of the world !

*Own us to be thine !*

Lord God Holy Ghost !

*Abide with us for ever !*

Most holy blessed Trinity !

† We praise thee to eternity ! :||: :||:

From all coldness to thy merits and death,  
 From all error and misunderstanding,  
 From all loss of our glory in thee,  
 From unhappily becoming great,  
 From all self-complacency,  
 From untimely projects,  
 From needless perplexity,  
 From the murdering spirit and devices of Satan,  
 From the wicked world,  
 From all hypocrisy,  
 From the deceitfulness of sin,  
 From sins unto death,  
 From all sin,

*Preserve us, gracious Lord and God !*

\* The petitions printed in Italics are to be said by the whole congregation.

† This line is sung first by the brethren, the second time by the sisters and the third time by the whole congregation.

\* *Cong.* Thou slaughter'd Lamb, our God and Lord!  
To needy pray'rs thine ear afford,  
And on us all have mercy!

With all the merits of thy life,  
With thy human birth,  
With thy holy circumcision,  
With thy childlike obedience,  
With thy meekness and humility,  
With thy extreme poverty,  
With thy watching and fasting,  
With thy temptations,  
With thy being despised and rejected,

*Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God!*

With thine agony and bloody sweat,  
With thy bonds and scourgings,  
With thy crown of thorns,  
With thy painful crucifixion,  
With thy sacred wounds,  
With thine inestimable blood,  
With thy dying words,  
With thy meritorious death,  
With thy rest in the grave,  
With thy glorious resurrection and ascension,  
With thy sitting on thy Father's throne,  
With thy prevailing intercession,  
With the holy sacraments,

*Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God!*

*Cong.* We humbly pray with one accord,  
Remember us, most gracious Lord!  
Think on thy suet rings, wounds and cross,  
And how by death thou savedst us;  
For this is all our hope and plea  
In time and in eternity.

*We poor sinners pray,*

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

**R**ule and lead thy holy christian church;  
**M**ake the word of the cross universal among all those who  
**a**re called by thy name;  
**U**nite all the children of God in one spirit;  
**A**bide their only shepherd, high-priest and Saviour;  
**S**end forth faithful laborers into thy harvest;

\* *Cong.* signifies that the verses are to be sung by the whole congregation.

Give spirit and power to preach thy word;  
 Preserve among us the word of reconciliation till the end  
 of days;  
 And through the Holy Ghost daily glorify the merits of thy  
 life, sufferings and death;  
 Prevent or destroy all designs and schemes of satan, and defend  
 us against his accusation;  
 For the sake of that peace which thou hast made by the  
 blood of thy cross, enable us to live peaceably with all  
 men;  
 We pray thee, to have mercy upon our slanderers and per-  
 secutors, and not to lay that sin unto their charge;  
 Hinder all schisms and scandals;  
 Put far from thy people all deceivers and seducers;  
 Bring back all that have erred or have been seduced;  
 Grant love and unity to all our congregations;

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

Thou Light and Consolation of all the Gentiles!  
 Watch over thy messengers both by land and sea;  
 Accompany the word of their testimony, concerning thy  
 blood, with spirit and fire;  
 Bless our congregations gathered from among the heathen;  
 Preserve them as the apple of thine eye;  
 As thou hast visited the Negros, Greenlanders, Indians,  
 and Esquimaux, so visit all other heathen;

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

*Min.* O praise the Lord, all ye heathen!

*Cong.* Praise him, all ye nations!

Deliver the people of Israel from their blindness, and bring  
 them to the saving knowledge of thee;  
 Until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in, and so all Israel  
 be saved;  
 O that Ishmael\* also might live before thee!

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

Give to thy people open doors to preach thy gospel;  
 And set them to thy praise on earth.  
 Grant all overseers, pastors, and ministers of the church,  
 soundness of doctrine, and holiness of life;  
 Sprinkle all those who minister in the sanctuary;

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\* The Turks, See Gen. xvii. 18, 20.



Help all elders to rule well, especially those that labor in the word and doctrine, that they may feed the church of God, which thou hast purchased with thine own blood;

Watch graciously over all kings, princes, and governments, and hear our intercessions for them all;

We beseech thee especially to pour down thy blessings in a plentiful manner upon our gracious Sovereign King GEORGE, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and upon all the Royal Family.

Grant that our King may enjoy a long and happy reign over us, preserve him in thy faith, fear, and love, that he may walk before thee as thy servant, and may protect thy true religion in these nations †;

Guide and protect the magistrates of the land wherein we dwell, and all that are put in authority under them, and grant us to lead under them a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty;

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

Care also for the necessities of the church;

Let all things be conducted among us in such a manner, that we provide things honest, not only before God, but also before men;

Bless the sweat of the brow, and the faithfulness in handicraft business;

But let none entangle himself with the affairs of this life;

Nor let in any labor be perceived the aftertaste of sin;

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

† Bless both Houses of Parliament, at this time assembled, and direct their councils.

*To be prayed in times of war, directly after the petitions for the King.*

Grant, O Lord, unto our king, in these times of danger, thy gracious counsel, that in all things he may approve himself the father of his people.

Be thou the gracious protector of these nations, and of all our fellow-subjects in all parts of the world.

Defeat the designs of our enemies, and continue to show thy tender mercy unto this kingdom as thou hast done in the days past.

Cause us to bow down before thee, to confess our sins, and to acknowledge with contrite hearts, that it is of thy mercy that we are not consumed;

Stop, in thy tender mercy, the effusion of human blood, and make discord and wars to cease;

To this end, put into the hearts of the rulers of the nations, thoughts of peace, that we may see it quickly established, to the glory of thy name;

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

Thou Lover of men!

Send help to all that are in distress or danger;

Set at liberty such who are unjustly imprisoned;

Let all those who are imprisoned for the word of God, live  
by the word which kept thee in the desert;

Comfort all the weak-hearted and afflicted;

Be the support of the aged;

Make the bed of the sick, and show that thou lovest them;  
and when thou takest away men's breath, that they die, then  
remember, that thou hast died not for our sins only, but for  
the sins of the whole world.

Have mercy on thy whole creation;

Yea, prove the Saviour of all men;

For thou hast, by thyself, reconciled all things unto thyself,  
whether things on earth, or things in heaven;

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

Thou Saviour of thy body!

Bless, sanctify and preserve every member of thy church;

Grant that each, in every age and station, may enjoy the  
powerful and sanctifying merits of thy holy humanity,  
and make us chaste before thee in soul and body;

Pour out thy Holy Spirit on all thy servants and handmaids;

Purify our souls in obeying the truth, through the Spirit,  
unto unfeigned love of the brethren;

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

Keep us in everlasting fellowship with the church triumphant,  
and let us once rest together in thy presence from all our  
labor;

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

O Christ, Almighty God,

*Have mercy upon us!*

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

*Own us to be thine!*

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

*Be joyful over us!*

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

*Leave thy peace with us!*

O Christ,

*Hear us!*

Lord,

*Have mercy upon us!*

Christ,

*Have mercy upon us!*

Lord,

*Have mercy upon us!*

## XXXVI. Hymns for sundry Occasions.

## A. Morning and Evening Hymns.

*P. 742. Watts*  
(T. 22.)

1. **A**Wake, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2. Thy former mispent time redeem,  
Each present day thy last esteem;  
T' improve thy talents take due care,  
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

3. Thy conversation be sincere,  
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;  
Think how th' all-seeing God thy  
ways,

And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4. Glory to God, who safe hath kept,  
And hath refresh'd me whilst I slept!  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall  
wake,

I may of heav'nly bliss partake.

5. Direct, control, suggest this day,  
All I design, or do, or say;

That all my pow'rs, with all their  
might,

In thy sole glory may unite.

6. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!

Praise him, all creatures here below!

Praise him above, ye heav'nly host!

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

*Ps. 743\*. Albani*  
(T. 89.)

1. **G**OD, omnipotent Creator,  
Who mad'st all things by thy might,  
Rulest ev'ry thing in nature,  
And commandest day and night,  
Who the universe so wide  
By thy pow'r alone dost guide;

2. Let the night of my transgression  
With this darkness pass away;

Jesus, into thy possession

I resign myself to-day:

Thou assuagest all my grief,  
Granting comfort and relief.

3. Let my life and conversation  
Be directed by thy word!

Lord, thy constant preservation  
To thy erring child afford:  
No where but alone in thee,  
From all harm I can be free.

4. Lord, my body, soul, and spirit,  
Keep in thine almighty hand;  
By thy all-sufficient merit,

Let me follow thy command:  
Thou'rt my glory and renown,  
And I would be all thy own.

5. Hear my humble supplication,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!  
With sincerest adoration

Thee I love, of thee I boast.  
O, I'll praise thy grace to me,  
Here, and in eternity.

*P. 744\* Gerhart*  
(T. 10.)

1. **M**Y soul awake and render  
To God thy great defender  
Thy pray'r and adoration  
For his kind preservation.

2. With joy I still discover  
Thy light, O Lord my Saviour!  
My thanks shall be the spices  
Of morning sacrifices.

3. Bless me this day, Lord Jesus,  
And be to me propitious,  
Grant me thy kind protection  
From ev'ry sin's infection.

4. Bless ev'ry thought and action;  
Afford me thy direction;  
To thee alone be tending  
Beginning, middle, ending.

5. Be thou my only treasure,  
Fulfil in me thy pleasure;  
May I, in ev'ry station,  
Give thee due adoration.

*J. 745. Bennet*

(T. 22.)

1. BE with me, Lord, where'er I go,  
Teach me what thou would'st have  
me do;

Suggest whate'er I think or say,  
Direct me in thy narrow way.

2. Prevent me lest I harbor pride,  
Lest I in mine own strength confide;  
Show me my weakness, let me see  
I have my pow'r, my all, from thee.

3. Enrich me always with thy love,  
My kind Protector ever prove;  
Lord, put thy seal upon my breast,  
And let thy Spirit on me rest.

4. Assist and teach me how to pray,  
Incline my nature to obey;  
What thou abhorr'st that let me flee,  
And only love what pleaseth thee.

*J. 746. \*Pebbachorus*

(T. 155.)

THou'rt my Light, my Leading  
Star,

Which hath kindly me directed,  
And protected;

When thy mercies, daily new,  
I review,

In the dust I fall before thee,  
Lost in wonder I adore thee,

They are great, yea numberless.

*J. 747. Luntner*

(T. 14.)

LORD Jesus Christ, who is like thee?

Thou art, both day and night

The Source of my felicity,

And only true delight.

748.\*

(T. 22.)

LORD Jesus Christ, my life and  
light,

I wish to love thee day and night;

Preserve my steps and guide my ways,

And let me live unto thy praise.

749.\* *Mattias*

(T. 79.)

MAY Jesu's grace and blessing  
Attend me without ceasing,

Thus I stretch out my hand,  
And do that work with pleasure,  
Which, in my call and measure,  
My God for me to do ordain'd.

*Johannes de 750.\* Mattias*

(T. 22.)

1. BEcause this day is at an end,  
And night doth now its shade extend,  
To thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise,  
And thee for ev'ry mercy praise.

2. Yet we are of defects aware:  
Forgive them, Lord; thy children  
spare;

Through Christ us from all guilt ac-  
quit,

And take us to thy care this night.

3. Now I'll lie down and sleep in thee,  
Vouchsafe thy presence, Lord, to me,  
Then under thy protection blest  
Will soul and body sweetly rest.

*Johannes de 751.\* Mattias*

(T. 106.)

O Jesus, may our whole behavior  
Rejoice thine heart and please thine  
eyes;

In thy communion, gracious Saviour,

May we both go to bed and rise;

Be present with us constantly,

Then shall we sleep and wake to thee.

*No 752.\**

(T. 580.)

IN lying down to take my rest.

In getting up, in being dress'd,

In all I think or do,

In eating, drinking, on the way,

In being sick, by night by day,

Thy blessing, Lord, on me bestow.



*Johannes de* 753.\* *Hallerwille*  
(T. 22.)

LORD Jesus, may I constantly,  
Both day and night, be near to thee,  
Both when I close at night my eyes,  
And in the morn from sleep arise.

754.

(T. 22.)

1. THE hours declin'd and setting  
sun

Show that my daily course is run;  
The ev'ning shade and silent night  
My weary limbs to rest invite.

2. My feeble self and frail abode  
Humbly I trust to Israel's God,  
The One, who slumbers not nor sleeps,  
And who his own in safety keeps.

*Inv. Fr.* 755.\* *Reichel*  
(T. 580.)

TO rest I now again retire,  
Thou know'st thy presence I desire,  
Of thee I wish to dream;  
T' enjoy thy blessings, whilst I sleep,  
Quite close to thee in faith I'd keep,  
Who didst my soul by blood redeem.

756.

(T. 22.)

DID I perhaps thee somewhere  
grieve

This day? it graciously forgive;  
And, with a soul from all things  
freed,

Let me sleep in thy peace indeed.

*Count.* 757.\* *Lingard*  
(T. 68.)

JESUS, hear our pray'r,  
Take of us good care,  
Whilst we sleep, protect and bless us,  
With thy pardon now refresh us;  
Leave thy peace divine  
With us, we are thine.

*Gr.* 758.\* *Halls*  
(T. 14.)

1. KIND Sov'reign, let my ev'ning  
song,

Like holy incense, rise;  
Assist the off'rings of my tongue  
To reach the lofty skies.

2. Thro' all the dangers of the day  
Thy hand was still my guard,  
And still, to drive my wants away,  
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

3. Perpetual blessings from above  
Encompass me around,  
But O how few returns of love  
Hath my Creator found!

4. What have I done for him who  
dy'd

To save my wretched soul?  
How are my follies multiply'd,  
Fast as my minutes roll!

5. Lord, with this guilty heart of  
mine

Unto thy cross I flee,  
And to thy grace my soul resign,  
To be renew'd by thee.

6. Besprinkled with thy precious  
blood,

I lay me down to rest,  
As in th' embraces of my God,  
Or on my Saviour's breast.

*cl.* 759.\* *Burns*  
(T. 580.)

NO farther go to-night, but stay,  
Dear Saviour, till the break of day,  
Turn in, my Lord, with me;  
And, in the morning when I wake,  
Me under thy protection take,  
Thus day and night I spend with  
thee.

*Gr. & F.* 760.\* *Hayes*  
(T. 14.)

1. IN mercy, Lord, remember me,  
Be with me through this night,  
And grant to me most graciously  
The safeguard of thy might,

2. With cheerful heart I close my eyes,

Since thou'lt not from me move :  
Lord, in the morning let me rise,  
Rejoicing in thy love.

3. O, if this night should prove the last,

And end my transient days ;  
Lord, take me to thy promis'd rest,  
Where I may sing thy praise.

4. Thus I am sure to live or die  
To thee, thou God of love ;  
In death and life I do rely  
On thee who reign'st above.

*D<sup>c</sup> 761. Watts*

(T. 14.)

1. MY God, the spring of all my joys,

The life of my delights ;  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights !

2. In darkest shades if thou appear,  
My dawning is begun :

Thou art my soul's bright Morning-  
star,  
And thou my rising Sun.

3. The op'ning heav'ns around me shine

With beams of sacred bliss,  
When Jesus shows his mercies mine,  
And whispers I am his.

*Inv. 762.\* Rist*

(T. 165.)

1. Author of the whole creation,  
Light of light, eternal Word !

Soul and body's preservation  
I commit to thee, O Lord !  
My Redeemer, dwell in me,  
Let me sleep and wake with thee,  
And perceive thy benediction,  
Both in joy and in affliction.

2. When I close my eyes to slumber,  
And my senses are asleep,  
Let my waking heart the number  
Of thy mercies tell and keep ;

Fill me with thy sacred love,  
That I dream of things above,  
And bestow on me the favor  
Of thy presence, gracious Saviour.

3. Pardon, Jesus, each transgression,  
Whether open or unknown,  
Thus removing that oppression  
Under which I else should groan :  
I confess the guilt of sin,  
But thy blood can make me clean ;  
Hear, O Lord, my supplication,  
Grant me joy and consolation.

*J. M. 763.\* Dillherr*  
(T. 14.)

LORD, in the morning when we rise,

Accept our humble praise :  
And when at night we close our eyes,  
Grant us thy pard'ning grace.

*764.\* Serwer*

(T. 164.)

1. IN peace I'll now lie down to sleep  
With thee, most gracious Saviour ;  
Me under thy protection keep,

Let me enjoy thy favor !  
Ev'n death I need not fear,  
If I can feel thee near ;  
For who with Jesus shuts his eyes,  
He also doth with Jesus rise.

2. As oft this night as my pulse beats ;  
My spirit shall embrace thee ;  
Oft as my heart its throbs repeats,  
May I adore and praise thee.

Thus I can go to rest,  
In thy communion blest,  
United unto thee by faith,  
Thou art my joy in life and death ;

*765.\* P. Gerhard*

(T. 580.)

JESUS, our Guardian, Guide and Friend,

Now thy protecting wings extend,  
And us thy chickens hide ;

Would ought disturb us while we sleep,  
The watch o'er us let angels keep;  
Grant we may in thy love abide.

*D. 766. Watts*

(T. 22.)

1. **ALL** praise to thee, my God,  
this night,

For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Under thy own almighty wings.

2. **Lord**, for the sake of thy dear Son,  
Forgive the ill that I have done,  
That with the world, myself and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3. **Teach** me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Triumphant rise at the last day.

4. **O** may my soul on thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep my eye-lids close,  
Sleep that may me more vig'rous  
make,

To serve my God when I awake.

5. **When** in the night I sleeplefs lie,  
My soul with heav'nly thoughts sup-  
ply;

Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

767.

(T. 14.)

1. **CHRIST**'s precious blood, which  
from each vein

Our sin and curse forth prefs'd,  
When overwhelm'd with grief and  
pain,

His soul was fore amaz'd;

2. **May** that refresh us while we sleep,  
And sanctify our rest,  
And while we dream our spirit keep  
With him in union blest.

768.

(T. 14.)

1. **THE** hour of sleep is now at hand,  
My spirit calls for rest;

O that my pillow may be found  
The dear Redeemer's breast.

2. **This** night my longing soul with  
Christ

Would take up her abode,  
I gladly would myself divest  
Of ev'ry thing but God.

3. **The** nightly watches would I spend  
In fellowship above;

Would hold communion with my  
Lord,  
And feast upon his love.

4. **Dead** to the world when I'm asleep,  
I'd be alive to God;

My soul would rest at peace with him,  
Who bought me with his blood.

5. **O** may I then of Christ this night  
Be happily possess'd,

Have angel troops around my bed,  
And Jesus for my Guest.

*Gregor 769.\**

(T. 36.)

**LORD** Jesus, through all temp'ral  
variation,

Thy loving kindness be my consol-  
ation,

By night and day, whene'er I rest am  
taking,

Or when I'm waking.

## B. CRADLE HYMNS.

*D. 770. Watts*

(T. 16.)

1. **HUSH**, dear child, lie still and  
slumber,

Holy angels guard thy bed!  
Heav'nly blessings without number  
Gently falling on thy head.

2. **Sleep**, my babe; thy food and  
raiment,

House and home, thy friends pro-  
vide,

All without thy care or payment,  
All thy wants are well supply'd.

3. How much better thou'rt attended  
Than the Son of God could be,  
When from heaven he descended,  
And became a child like thee.

4. Soft and easy is thy cradle,  
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,  
When his birth-place was a stable,  
And his softest bed was hay.

5. Blessed babe! what glorious features,  
Spotless fair, divinely bright!  
Must he dwell with brutal creatures?  
How could angels bear the sight?

6. Was there nothing but a manger  
Cursed sinners could afford,  
To receive the heav'nly Stranger,  
Did they thus neglect our Lord?

7. See the joyful shepherds round  
him,  
Telling wonders from the sky!  
Where they sought him, there they  
found him,  
With his virgin mother by.

8. 'Twas to save thee, child, from  
dying,  
That thy blest Redeemer came;  
He by groans and bitter crying  
Saved thee from burning flame.

9. May'it thou live to know and fear  
him,  
Trust and love him all thy days;  
Then go dwell for ever near him,  
See his face and sing his praise.

*In Chr* 771. \* *Rubin*

(T. 22.)

1. SLEEP well, dear child! sleep  
safe and sound,  
The holy angels thee surround,  
Who always see thy Father's face,  
And never slumber nights nor days.

2. God fill thee with his heav'nly  
light,  
To steer thy christian course aright;  
Make thee a tree of blessed root,  
That ever bends with godly fruit.

Q.

3. Those children are to God most  
dear;  
Who him, with rev'rence, love and  
fear;  
And infants are by Jesus Christ  
Most kindly blest'd, and highly  
priz'd.

4. Are not the joys of God above  
Giv'n to the children of his love?  
He who desires to see his face,  
Must here become a child of grace.

5. Be thou, dear child, in thy degree  
Like Jesus, in his infancy:  
He soon did ev'ry grace display,  
Tho' he was God, he learnt to obey.

6. He hath by all he did and said,  
For thee rich blessings merited;  
'Twas thine entailed misery  
Made him become a child like thee.

7. If thou partak'st his saving grace,  
Thou wilt enjoy that happiness,  
Which our incarnate God regain'd  
For all whom Adam's sin had stain'd.

8. Soon in this world will finish'd be  
The task God may design for thee;  
May'it thou, when this short life is o'er,  
With Jesus live for evermore.

9. Sleep now, dear child, and take  
thy rest;  
And, if with riper years thou'rt blest,  
Increase in wisdom and in grace  
Till thou shalt see thy Saviour's face.

C. HYMNS before and after MEALS.

772.

(T. 14.)

1. FOUNTAIN of Being, Source of  
good!  
At whose almighty breath  
The creature proves our bane or food,  
Dispensing life or death:

2. Thee we address in humble pray'r,  
Vouchsafe thy gifts to crown;  
Father of all, thy children hear,  
And send a blessing down.



3. O may our souls for ever pine  
Thy grace to taste and see;  
Athirst for righteousness divine,  
And hungry after thee!

773.\*

(T. 22.)

WE thank God for all gifts from  
him

By us receiv'd from time to time;  
Intreating him, that he would grant  
The food, which day by day we want.

*J. 774.\* Angelus*  
(T. 11.)

LORD, the gifts thou dost bestow,  
Can refresh and cheer us too:  
But no gift can to the heart  
Be what thou our Saviour art.

775.

(T. 582.)

1. SURE God is present here,  
And loud demands our praise;  
The present instance of his care  
Speaks him a God of grace.

2. In him we live and move,  
In him our being have;  
We thank thee, Jesus, source of love,  
Who can'st our souls to save.

776.

(T. 11.)

JESU's mercies never fail,  
This we prove at ev'ry meal;  
Lord, we thank thee for thy grace,  
Gladly join to sing thy praise.

777.

(T. 96.)

WE can't thy boundless mercies  
share,  
And thee the Spring of life forget;  
For all thy goodness, love and care  
Our thanks we offer at thy feet.  
Lord, may we always taste thy grace,  
Until we end our mortal days.

*M. 778.\* Helmholtz*  
(T. 10.)

1. TO God the Lord be praises  
For all the gifts and graces  
He hath to us dispensed,  
E'er since our lives commenced.

2. No blessings he denieth,  
Us all with food supplieth,  
Grants us his preservation  
In ev'ry age and station.

*J. 779. Swinton*  
(T. 97.)

THOU sov'reign Author of all good,  
Giver of life, of health and food;  
Be present with thy children here,  
That while we prove thy temp'ral  
care,  
We may enjoy our Saviour's flesh and  
blood,  
And be a pleasing sacrifice to God.

## D. HYMNS for TRAVELLERS.

780.

(T. 580.)

1. THE Lord is with me ev'ry  
where,  
And screens me with paternal care  
By his almighty arm.  
No trav'ller needs to faint or fear,  
If he believes the Lord is near,  
Who can protect him from all harm.

2. By sea and land, by night and day,  
My Lord doth safely me convey,  
Though winds and thunders roar.  
Remember, Lord, thy mercies past,  
And bring me safe to heav'n at last,  
To praise thy name for evermore.

781.

(T. 157.)

1. JESUS, thou art my salvation!  
Bow thine ear,—hear my pray'r,  
Grant my supplication:

Through my journey safely lead me;  
Guide my way,—lest I stray,  
O thou hand that mad'st me.

2. Lo! thou seest me here a stranger;  
Unto me—gracious be;  
Lord, avert all danger.  
In distress be thou my Saviour;  
Hear my pray'rs,—see my tears,  
Show thy servant favor.

3. Rich in faith, and love, and duty,  
May I shine—once divine,  
Bright in perfect beauty;  
Freely taste the living fountain,  
Take my seat—at thy feet,  
On thy holy mountain!

782.

(T. 580.)

1. A Stranger and a pilgrim I,  
With thy command, O Lord, comply,

I go where thou dost send:  
My high commission I obey,  
The toil and dangers of the way  
Shall all in lasting comforts end.

2. A christian traveller I am;  
Therefore I will my Saviour's name  
Extol, where'er I go,  
O'er mountains, deserts, hills, and  
plains,  
Thro' heat and cold, thro' storms  
and rains,  
Thro' sands, and floods, and frost,  
and snow.

3. Thou, Lord, attendest all my  
ways;

Open my lips to sing thy praise  
For blessings freely giv'n:  
In all my journeys here below,  
Let thy kind presence with me go;  
Yea, grant me once to rest in heav'n.

783.\*

(T. 22.)

LORD, in thy name we go our way;  
Be thou our guide, support and stay,  
Protect us by thy mighty hand,  
Where'er we go by sea or land.

Q:

L. 784.\* Dober

(T. 97.)

WITH willing hearts, for Jesu's  
sake,  
This journey we will undertake;  
Though separated for a time,  
We yet continue one in him;  
And therefore, whilst we part, need  
not complain,  
As if we never were to meet again.

An. 785. West

(T. 583.)

PReserve this ship and company,  
O Lord,  
And thy protecting aid to them af-  
ford;  
Be their support when waves and  
tempests roar,  
And bring them safely to their des-  
tin'd shore.

## E. HYMNS for the Sick.

An. 786. Hart

(T. 166.)

1. WHEN pining sickness wastes  
the frame,  
Acute disease or weak'ning pain;  
When life fast spends her feeble  
flame,  
And all the help of man proves vain;  
Joyless and flat all things appear,  
Languid the spirits, weak the flesh,  
Med'cines can't ease, nor cordials  
cheer,  
Nor food support, nor sleep refresh;  
2. Then, then to have recourse to  
God,  
To pray to him in time of need,  
And feel the balm of Jesu's blood,  
This is to find a friend indeed.  
And this, O Christian, is thy lot,  
Who cleavest to the Lord by faith:  
He'll never leave thee (doubt it not)  
In pain, in sickness, or in death.

3. When flesh and heart decays and  
fails,  
He shall thy strength and portion be;  
Support thy weakness, bear thy ails,  
And softly whisper, "trust in me."  
Himself shall be thy helping Friend,  
Thy good Physician, yea thy Nurse,  
\*To make thy bed shall condescend,  
And from affliction take the curse.

\* Psalm xli. 3.

*J. 787. Lennick*

(T. 22.)

1. Though I'm in body full of pain,  
My soul dorth heav'nly comfort gain;  
And, should I die, I'm not afraid,  
Since Jesus suffer'd in my stead.
2. His bitter death shall sweeten  
mine;  
My soul I to his care resign;  
Since he laid down his life for me,  
He'll keep me to eternity.
3. How glad am I that I have known  
What he to ransom me hath done;  
How glad am I that I believe,  
Die when I will, he'll me receive.
4. Thanks be to thee, my gracious  
Lord,  
That thou hast all my curse endur'd;  
Nor death, nor grave, nor hell I fear,  
Since thou wast pleas'd my curse to  
bear.
5. Thou took'st the sting of death  
away,  
Hast shut hell's gates and keep'st  
the key;  
Nor can the grave to me appear  
A terror, since thou'st rested there.
6. No, I am safe, alive or dead,  
No death I fear, no hell I dread;  
Thy grace and thy outstretched arm  
Shall keep me from eternal harm.
7. But one thing will I ask of thee;  
Never, O Lord, forsake thou me;  
But bless me often, keep my mind  
Stay'd on thy help, to thee resign'd.

8. Then I shall be supremely blest,  
Nor ask, though sick, to be releas'd;  
I'll wait thy time, thy love I feel,  
I know thou rulest all things well.

*J. 788. Hart*

(T. 22.)

1. MY body's weak, my heart un-  
clean,  
I pine with sickness, and with sin;  
My strength decays, my spirits droop,  
Bow'd down with guilt, I can't look  
up.

2. To thee, O Lord, in faith I turn,  
Who all my sicknesses hast borne;  
Sin thou hadst none, and yet didst die  
For guilty sinners, such as I.

3. Sin's rankling sores my soul corrode,  
Oh, heal them with thy precious blood;  
And if thou dost my health restore,  
Lord, let me ne'er offend thee more.

*J. 789. Lennick*

(T. 22.)

1. O How I long to go and see  
The Lamb of God, who dy'd for me;  
How do I languish, night and day,  
To hear him bid me come away!

2. He loves and values me; I him;  
Therefore I all things dross esteem  
But my dear Jesus, whom I prize  
Above my life, or earth, or skies.

3. With pining sickness I decay,  
Diseases wear my flesh away;  
But I shall soon his leave obtain,  
To be releas'd from all my pain.

4. Quickly, O Lord, thy angels  
charge  
To set my longing soul at large;  
Quickly thy blessed hosts command  
To carry me to thy right hand.

5. My loving friends, farewell, fare-  
well,  
I go with Jesus Christ to dwell,  
Welcome my heav'nly country now,  
Parents and brethren, all adieu!

## F. Concerning the HOLY ANGELS.

*Phil.* 790. *Melancthon*  
(T. 22.)

1. TO God let all the human race  
Bring adoration, humble praise,  
Who makes his love and wisdom  
known

By angels that surround his throne.

2. The angels, whom his breath in-  
spires,

His ministers, are flaming fires,  
With joy they in his service move,  
To bear his vengeance or his love.

3. With gladness they obey his will,  
And all his purposes fulfil;  
All those who Jesu's children are,  
Are special objects of their care.

4. Our God defends us, day by day,  
From many mischiefs in our way,  
By angels, which do always keep  
A watchful eye, when we're asleep.

5. O Lord, we'll bless thee all our days,  
Our souls shall glory in thy grace;  
Thy praise shall dwell upon our  
tongues,

All saints and angels join our songs.

6. We pray thee, let the heav'nly host  
Be guardians of our land and coast,  
May they watch o'er thy flock of grace,  
That we may lead a life of peace.

*J.* 791. *Newton*  
(T. 22.)

1. NOW let us join with hearts and  
tongues,

And emulate the angels' songs;  
For sinners may address their King  
In songs that angels cannot sing.

2. They praise the Lamb who once  
was slain,

But we can add a higher strain;  
Not only say, "He suffer'd thus:"  
But, that "He suffer'd all for us."

3. When angels by transgression fell,  
Justice consign'd them all to hell;  
But mercy form'd a wond'rous plan  
To save and honor fallen man.

Q 3

4. Jesus, who pass'd the angels by,  
Assum'd our flesh to bleed and die;  
He who redeem'd us by his blood,  
As man, still fills the throne of God.

5. Immanuel, our Brother now,  
Is he 'fore whom the angels bow;  
They join with us to praise his name,  
But we the nearest int'rest claim.

6. But, ah, how faint our praises rise!  
Sure, 'tis the wonder of the skies,  
That we, who share his richest love,  
So cold and unconcern'd should prove.

7. O glorious hour, it comes with speed,  
When we from sin and darkness freed,  
Shall see our God who dy'd for man,  
And praise him more than angels can!

*Gregor* 792.\*  
(T. 249.)

1. THE seraphim of God  
Exalt :||: their voices loud,  
With joy 'fore him they shout,  
Their holy choir in heav'nly blaze  
Sing constantly with cover'd face,  
Holy, holy is God,—holy is God,  
The Lord of Sabaoth!

2. Thereto the church of Christ,  
His flesh :||: and bone confess'd,  
Sings, Amen, God be prais'd!  
Above and here one voice doth sound,  
Praise him, who hath for us aton'd!  
To God in highest strain!—to the Lamb  
slain!

All glory be! Amen.

3. When in his glory bright,  
Our Lord, :||: with his pierc'd side,  
Again comes to his bride,  
And all the world will quake for fear,  
Then will with joy 'fore him appear  
The countless ransom'd race,—and sing  
his praise

In never-ceasing lays.

793.\* *Lammert*  
(T. 583.)

THanks to our Lord for all the  
faithfulness  
Wherewith his angels guard his cho-  
sen race;



Where'er they ask for his supreme  
commands,  
He gives them charge to bear us in  
their hands.

*S. 794. Swatner*

(T. 14.)

THE holy angels till this day  
Obey God's holy will,  
And when he orders, ready are  
To serve his people still.

795.\*

(T. 11.)

Praise the Lord in fellowship,  
Who doth safely guard and keep  
By his angels, in their ways,  
All the heirs of blood-bought grace.

796.\*

(T. 14.)

1. YE angels, that are great in pow'r,  
Praise ye and bless the Lord!  
Ye who to do his holy will  
Immediately accord.  
2. Yea, all his works, in ev'ry place,  
Extol his holy name!  
My thankful heart, my mind and soul,  
Unite to praise the same!

*S. 797. Swatner*

(T. 141.)

HOLY, holy, holy,  
Sings th' angelic choir!  
Might we, sinners, truly  
Glow with heav'nly fire;  
Praising altogether,  
Deeply bow'd in dust,  
God, Jehovah, Father,  
Son and Holy Ghost.

### XXXVII. Hymns of Praise and Thanksgiving.

*D. 798. \*Polander*

(T. 226.)

1. MY soul, exalt the Lord thy God,  
And all that's in me, bless his name,  
Make known his wondrous works  
abroad,

And evermore retain the same:

He purges all thy trespasses,  
Thy frailties he repairs;

Preserves thy life from great distress,  
With mercy crowns thy years;

He satisfieth thee with good,  
Renews thine age with strength;

The Lord hath judgments for the  
proud,

But saves th' oppress'd at length.

2. He hath reveal'd his wondrous  
ways,

By Moses was his law made known;

He sent the world his truth and grace  
By th' incarnation of his Son;

His anger doth abate betimes,  
And when his rod is felt,

His strokes are fewer than our crimes,  
And lighter than our guilt;

His mercies be for ever prais'd  
By those who love his name,

Far as the east is from the west,  
He casts our sin and shame.

3. Behold what pity parents do  
Unto their helpless children bear,

Like pity God to those doth show  
Who humbly serve his name with

fear;  
He knows we're frail and void of

pow'r,  
Remembers we are dust,

And fade like grass or like a flow'r,  
Without his aid we're lost;

As when the wind blows o'er the lawn,  
Its glories disappear;

So man, ere he's aware, is gone,  
His end is always near.

4. Thy tender mercies, Lord, endure  
Now and to all eternity,

And all shall find thy promise sure,  
That keep thy statutes faithfully;

The Lord, our great and glorious King,

Hath fix'd his throne on high;  
Ye angels to his glory sing,  
And men beneath the sky;  
Unite and sing with one accord,  
And laud his holy name!  
My soul adore and praise the Lord,  
His boundless love proclaim.

799. *Musley*  
(T. 96.)

1. THE Lamb was slain, let us adore,  
With grateful hearts his mercy own,  
May all within us evermore

In silence at his feet fall down;  
Serve without dread, with rev'rence  
love.

The Lord, whose boundless grace we  
prove.

2. The Lamb was slain, both day and  
night

Th' angelic choirs his praises sing;  
To him, enthron'd above all height,  
Heav'n's hosts celestial anthems  
bring;

Whilst here poor sinners join the song,  
And praise him with a stamun'ring  
tongue.

3. Gladly our own poor works we  
leave,

For him despise wealth, pleasure,  
fame,

To him our souls and bodies give,  
His death doth our affections claim;  
Henceforth we own him as our Lord,  
His name be by us all ador'd.

4. Thro' him alone we live, for he  
Hath drown'd our curse, our sins,  
and all,

In love's unfathomable sea;

Fall prostrate, lost in wonder fall,  
Ye sinners, for the Lamb was slain,  
Who dy'd that we might life regain.

5. As ground, when parch'd with  
summer's heat,

Gladly drinks in the welcome show'r,  
So may we, list'ning at his feet,

Catch his each word and feel his  
pow'r;

O may nought in our hearts remain,  
But this great truth, "the Lamb was  
slain."

6. O thou thy children's highest Good,  
Our hearts with peace and gladness  
fill;

May we enjoy thy flesh and blood,  
And all obey thy holy will;  
With an unfeign'd simplicity,  
Unite us, gracious Lord, to thee,

C. I. 800. \* *Haitch*  
(T. 227.)

1. NOW unite to render praises  
To the Lord, and magnify

His great name in all your places,  
Ye who are his property;

For his goodness, love and favor  
To his children last for ever;

He is full of truth and grace,  
Pard'ning all our trespasses;  
Still his name by you be praised,  
Ye, who're seed to Abraham raised,  
Spread his acts in ev'ry nation,  
Give him praise and adoration!

2. Yea with joy ourselves addressing

To our gracious heav'nly Sire,  
Of his love we'll without ceasing,

Sing with the angelic choir;  
Who, adoring on their faces,

With thrice holy sing his praises,  
We will too extol the name

Of our God, and of the Lamb;

Be his glory ever founded,  
And his works, which are unbounded,

We his ransom'd congregation

Thank him for our destination.

3. To the throne go undismayed,

And approach the mercy-seat,

Since from God in Christ displayed,

Nought but favor you can meet;

Full of love, he longs to bless us,

And is ready to embrace us;

Yea, to give his flesh and blood

To us, as our highest good:

To his table we're invited,

And thro' grace with him united,

So that nought which may await us

From his love can separate us.

4. He hath now his godhead's treasure  
Open'd, and hath stores enough,  
Therefore 'tis his sov'reign pleasure  
That not one should stand aloof;  
Each may take, as were he named,  
Grace for grace, nor stand ashamed,  
Hungry souls who but believe,  
Of his fulness may receive;  
And this fulness never ceaseth,  
Our enjoyment still increaseth;  
Hence we drink, in richest measure,  
Draughts of inexhausted pleasure.

5. These our fault'ring lays, dear Sa-  
viour,  
Which our grateful hearts express,  
Condescend to accept in favor,  
Till we see thee face to face;  
Then for all thy works our praises  
Shall resound in heav'nly places;  
There we shall to thee our King  
Joyful hallelujahs sing:  
May from ev'ry thing in nature  
Praise be giv'n to its Creator,  
And our lives and whole demeanor  
To his name give praise and honor.

*M. Chr.* 801. \*Schade

(T. 132.)

1. **ALL** glory to the sov'reign Good,  
And Father of compassion!  
To God our help and sure abode;  
Whose gracious visitation  
Renews his blessings ev'ry day,  
And taketh all our griefs away:  
Give to our God the glory!

2. The heav'nly hosts with awe show  
forth  
The praise of their Creator;  
All creatures, both in heav'n and  
earth,  
Whate'er exists in nature,  
Speak their divine Original,  
Impress most wisely on them all:  
Give to our God the glory!

3. What is created by our God  
Enjoys his preservation;  
He doth extend o'er all abroad  
His fatherlike compassion;

Throughout the kingdom of his grace  
Prevail his truth and righteousness:  
Give to our God the glory!

4. In my distress I rais'd with faith  
To God my supplication;  
My Saviour rescu'd me from death,  
And gave me consolation;  
This makes my heart with thankful-  
ness

Rejoice before the God of grace:  
Give to our God the glory!

5. The Lord hath ever to his flock  
Kept without separation;  
He doth abide our Shield and Rock,  
Our Peace and our Salvation;  
He leads us with a mother's care,  
Protects from danger, guards from  
fear:

Give to our God the glory!

6. When all the creatures here deny  
Their help and consolation,  
Our great Creator then is nigh  
With succor and compassion,  
And sets the humble souls at rest,  
That live forsaken and oppress:  
Give to our God the glory!

7. As long as I have breath in me  
I will sound forth his praises;  
His precious saving name shall be  
Exalted in all places;  
My heart, with all thy strength adore  
The God of grace, the God of pow'r,  
And give him all the glory!

*Paul* 802. \*Gerhard

(T. 14.)

1. **I'LL** praise thee with my heart  
and tongue,  
O Lord, my soul's delight,  
Declaring to the world in song  
Thy glory, praise and might.

2. Thou art th' eternal Source of grace,  
The Source of lasting bliss;  
From thee devolves to human race  
All real happiness.

3. What are we? what do we possess,  
Whilst here on earth below,

Which thy great love and tenderness  
Doth not on us bestow ?

4. Who spreads the lofty firmament,  
And starry skies around ?

Who makes the dew and rain descend  
To fructify the ground ?

5. Who doth preserve our life and  
health,

Our ease and safe abode ?

Who doth secure our peace and  
wealth ?

Our ever gracious God.

6. On thee, almighty Lord of hosts,  
Depends our life and all,  
Thou keepest watch around our coasts,  
Protectest great and small.

7. Thy chastisements are nought but  
love,

Thy punishments are light ;

Our sins thou freely dost forgive ;  
To bless is thy delight.

8. Thou count'st thy children's sighs  
and tears,

And know'st well why they mourn,  
No tear too small to thee appears  
To put it in thy urn.

9. Thou, when we are oppress'd with  
grief,

Dost us with pity view,  
Administ'ring thy kind relief,  
And lasting comfort too.

10. Why need we mourn, as in despair,  
And grieve both day and night ?  
On him we'll cast our ev'ry care,  
Who gave us life and light.

11. Hath he not, from our earliest  
days,

Us nourish'd and maintain'd ?  
Safe guarded us in all our ways,  
In dangers prov'd our friend ?

12. God never yet mistakes hath made  
In his vast government ;

No what he doth, permit or aid,  
Is blest in the event.

13. Then murmur not, but be resign'd  
To his most holy will ;

Thou'lt rest, and peace, and comfort  
find,

My soul, in being still.

*Dr 803. Watts*

(T. 22.)

1. BLESS, O my soul, the God of  
grace !

His favors claim thy highest praise :  
How can the wonders he hath wrought  
Be lost in silence, and forgot ?

2. 'Twas he, my soul, that sent his  
Son

To die for crimes which thou hast  
done ;

He paid the ransom, and forgives  
The hourly follies of our lives.

3. Our youth decay'd his pow'r re-  
pairs,

His mercy crowns our growing years ;  
He satisfies our souls with good,  
And filleth us with heav'nly food.

4. Let the whole earth his pow'r  
confess,

Let all mankind adore his grace ;  
Let us with all our powers sing  
Praise to our Saviour, God and King.

*J. 804. Cunnick*

(T. 582.)

1. IMMortal praise be giv'n  
To our most gracious God,  
Who sent his only Son from heav'n ;  
To take our flesh and blood :

2. Him a sin-off'ring made  
For Adam's guilty sons ;  
Our pressing crimes upon him laid,  
For which his blood atones.

3. Such torments Christ endur'd  
As none e'er felt before,  
That joy and bliss might be secur'd  
To us for evermore.

4. Hurry'd from bar to bar,  
With blows and scoffs abus'd ;  
Revil'd by Herod's men of war,  
With Pilate's scourges bruis'd.



5. Stretch'd on the cruel tree,  
He bled, and groan'd, and cry'd;  
And in a mortal agony  
Languish'd a while, and dy'd;  
6. But, dying, left a wound  
Upon the serpent's head,  
For which no cure can e'er be found,  
And soon rose from the dead.  
7. Then did to heav'n ascend,  
That we might thither go,  
Where love and praises have no end,  
Where joys no changes know.

805.

(T. 11.)

1. Brethren, let us join to bless  
Jesus Christ, our joy and peace;  
Let our praise to him be giv'n,  
Who is Lord of earth and heav'n.  
2. Jesus, lo! to thee we bow,  
Thou art Lord, and only thou;  
Thou the blessed virgin's seed,  
Glory of thy church, and Head.  
3. Thee the angels ceaseless sing,  
Thee we praise, our Priest and King;  
Worthy is thy name of praise,  
Full of glory, full of grace.  
4. We thy little flock adore,  
Thee our Lord for evermore!  
Evermore show us thy love,  
Till we join the choirs above!

806. *Penkard*  
(T. 146.)

1. Now let us praise the Lord  
With body, soul and spirit,  
Who doth such wondrous things  
Beyond our sense and merit;  
Who from our mother's womb  
And earliest infancy  
Hath done great things for us,  
Praise him eternally.  
2. O gracious God, bestow  
On us, whilst here remaining,  
An ever-cherish'd mind,  
Thy peace be ever reigning:

Preserve us in true faith  
And christian holiness:  
That when we go from hence  
We may behold thy face.

807. *Matts.*

(T. 582.)

1. To God the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.  
2. 'Tis his almighty love,  
His counsel and his care,  
Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
And ev'ry hurtful snare.  
3. He will present our souls  
Unblemish'd and complete,  
Before the glory of his face,  
With joys divinely great.  
4. Then all the chosen race  
Shall meet around the throne,  
Shall praise him for his saving grace,  
And make his wonders known.  
5. To our Redeemer God  
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And everlasting songs.

808. *Wendland*  
(T. 206.)

1. Almighty Lord, ::  
Th' eternal Word,  
The church's Head, ::  
By whom :: the worlds were † made,  
Which in heav'n's spacious sphere ::  
Appear;  
Who by thy blood  
Brought'st us to God:  
Thee we confess ::  
The Lord our Righteousness, ::  
† Heb. i. 2.  
2. Sure as thou liv'st, ::  
To all things giv'st  
Both life and pow'r,  
Supporting :: th' in each hour;

Jehovah, great I AM, :||: †

And Lamb : §

So sure's thy Blood

The highest good

Of sinners poor, :||:

Till death shall be no more. :||:

† Exod. iii. 14.

§ Rev. v. 6.

*Joachim 809.\* Scander*

(T. 101.)

1. Thanksgiving, honor, praise and  
might,

Unto the slaughter'd Lamb be ren-  
der'd,

Who brought us to his kingdom's  
light,

And bought us from all tongues and  
kindred;

Before the world was form'd we were  
ordain'd *and bless*

By him to happiness, which hath no  
end.

2. By all the saints around his throne,  
And all th' angelic choirs in heaven,

With shouts of glory to God's Son,  
Our King and Shepherd, praise be  
given.

They join with us his goodness to  
rehearse,

His name be prais'd throughout the  
universe.

810.\* *any.*

(T. 4.)

WE all at thy throne

Now humbly fall down;

Praise to thee, our God,

Be brought by us, sinners, redeem'd  
with thy blood.

*S. 811.\* Angelus*

(T. 341.)

1. THOU, Jesus, art our King!

Thy ceaseless praise we sing:

Praise shall our glad tongues employ,

Praise o'erflow the grateful soul,

Whilst we vital breath enjoy,

Whilst eternal ages roll.

2. Thou art th' eternal Light,

And shin'st in deepest night:

Wond'ring gaze th' angelic train,

While thou bow'dst the heav'ns be-  
neath,

Taking thy abode with man,

Man to save from endless death.

3. Thou for our griefs didst mourn,

Thou hast our sickness borne:

All our sins on thee were laid;

Thou with unexampled grace

All the mighty debt hast paid,

Due from Adam's helpless race.

4. Thou'rt overthrown the foe;

God's kingdom fix'd below:

Conqueror of all adverse pow'r,

Thou heav'n's gates hast open'd wide,

Thou thine own dost lead secure,

And to life eternal guide.

5. Above the starry sky

Thou reign'st, enthron'd on high!

Prostrate at thy feet we fall:

Pow'r supreme to thee is giv'n;

Thou'rt the righteous Judge of all,

Sov'reign both of earth and heav'n.

6. The mighty seraphs join,

And in thy praise combine;

All their choirs thy glories sing.

Who shall dare with thee to vie,

Mighty Lord, eternal King,

Sov'reign both of earth and sky!

7. The church thro' all her bounds

With thy high praise resounds:

The confessors fearless here

Boldly praise and laud their King;

Children's feeble voices there

To thy name hofannas sing.

8. 'Midst danger's blackest frown,

Thee hosts of martyrs own:

Pain and shame alike they dare,

Firmly trusting in their God;

Glorying thy cross to bear,

Sealing thus their faith with blood.

9. Arise, exert thy pow'r,

Thou glorious Conqueror!

Help us to obtain the prize,

Help us well to close our race;

That with thee, above the skies,

Endless joys we may possess.

*Jos. 812. Steger*

(T. 14.)

1. NOT all the angels of the sky,  
Nor happy saints above,  
Have greater cause to praise than I  
The Saviour's dying love.
2. Had I an angel's heav'nly tongue,  
Or seraph's melody,  
I'd sing the praise of him, who hung  
Upon the cross for me.
3. For thee he hangs! my soul, re-  
joice;  
For thee, my soul, expires;  
Then sing his love with thankful voice,  
Sing what his love inspires.
4. Till fleeting time shall have an  
end,  
And years shall cease to roll,  
Due praise shall from his church as-  
cend,  
And spread from pole to pole.
5. How sweet the precious gospel  
sounds  
To ev'ry sinner's ear!  
This balm heals their cank'ring  
wounds,  
And dries each anxious tear.
6. But tears of joy must ever flow  
For this his wondrous love,  
And when I leave this world below,  
I'll sing his praise above.

813.\*

(T. 195.)

1. GOD reveals his presence,  
Let us now adore him,  
And with awe appear before him;  
God is in his temple,  
All in us keep silence,  
And before him bow with rev'rence;  
Him alone, God we own:  
He's our Lord and Saviour;  
Praise his name for ever.
2. God reveals his presence,  
Whom th' angelic legions  
Serve with awe in heav'nly regions,  
Holy, Holy, Holy!

Sing the hosts of heaven  
Praise to God be ever given!  
Condescend to attend  
Graciously, O Jesus!  
To our songs and praises.

3. O majestic Being!  
Were but soul and body  
Thee to serve at all times ready.  
Might we, like the angels,  
Who behold thy glory,  
Deep abased sink before thee,  
And through grace, be always,  
In our whole demeanor,  
To thy praise and honor.
4. Grant us resignation,  
And hearts 'fore thee bowed,  
With thy peace divine endowed:  
As a tender flower  
Opens and inclineth  
To the cheering sun which shineth;  
So may we be from thee  
Rays of grace deriving,  
And thereby be thriving.

5. Lord, come dwell within us,  
Whilst on earth we tarry;  
Make us thy blest sanctuary.  
O vouchsafe thy presence,  
Draw unto us nearer,  
And reveal thyself still clearer.  
Us direct, and protect;  
Thus we in all places  
Shall show forth thy praises.

*Dr. 814. Watts*

(T. 14.)

1. COME let us join our cheerful  
songs,  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousands are their  
tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
2. "Worthy the Lamb that dy'd,"  
they cry,  
"To be exalted thus;  
"Worthy the Lamb," our hearts  
reply,  
"For he was slain for us."

3. Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and pow'r divine;  
And blessings more than we can give  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
4. The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

815. *Wesley*

(T. 14.)

1. O For a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise!  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace.
2. Jesus, the name that charms our  
fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
3. He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd  
sin,  
He sets the pris'ners free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood avail'd for me.
4. He speaks, and list'ning to his  
voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,  
The humble poor believe.
5. Hear him, ye deaf, his praise, ye  
dumb,  
Your loosen'd tongues employ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

816. *Ambrosius*

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

(T. 235.)

- LORD God, thy praise we sing,  
To thee our thanks we bring.  
Both heav'n and earth doth worship  
thee,  
Thou Father of eternity.  
To thee all angel loudly cry.  
The heav'ns and all the pow'rs on  
high;

Cherubs and seraphim proclaim  
And cry thrice holy to thy name:

Holy is our Lord God,  
Holy is our Lord God,  
Holy is our Lord God,  
The Lord of Sabaoth!

With splendor of thy glory spread  
Is heav'n and earth replenish'd.  
Th' apostles' glorious company,  
The prophets' fellowship, praise thee.  
The noble and victorious host  
Of martyrs doth thy praises boast.  
The holy church, in ev'ry place  
Throughout the earth, exalts thy  
praise.

Thee, Father, God on heaven's  
throne  
Thy only and beloved Son,  
The Holy Ghost, who Christ dis-  
plays,  
The church doth worship, thank and  
praise.

O Christ, thou glorious King, we  
own  
Thee to be God's eternal Son.  
Thou, undertaking in our room,  
Didst not abhor the virgin's womb.  
The pains of death o'ercome by thee,  
Made heav'n to all believers free.  
At God's right hand thou hast thy  
seat,  
And in thy Father's glory great;  
And we believe the day's decreed,  
When thou shalt judge the quick and  
dead.

Promote, we pray, thy servants'  
good,  
Redeem'd with thy most precious  
blood;  
Among thy saints make us ascend  
To glory that shall never end.  
Thy people with salvation crown,  
Bless those, O Lord, that are thy  
own:  
Govern thy church, and, Lord, ad-  
vance  
For ever thine inheritance.

From day to day, O Lord, do we  
Highly exalt and honor thee:



Thy name we worship and adore,  
World without end, for evermore.  
Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly  
pray,

To keep us safe from sin this day.  
O Lord, have mercy on us all;  
Have mercy on us, when we call.  
Thy mercy, Lord, to us dispense,  
According to our confidence.  
Lord, we have put our trust in thee,  
Confounded let us never be.

Amen!

*J. 817. Linnick*

(T. 159.)

1. Adored be the Lamb of God,  
That he upon the cross,  
Unto himself, by his own blood,  
Hath reconciled us.  
All praise be giv'n to him, that we  
Were born the day of grace to see:  
When he his love to us reveal'd,  
And thus our pardon seal'd.

2. To be his priests and witnesses,  
Is now our happy lot,  
To sing in songs of endless praise,  
To Jesus who us bought.  
We now, like Mary, wish to fit  
In spirit, list'ning at his feet,  
Waiting with lamps prepar'd and  
dress'd

For Jesu's marriage-feast.

3. Mean while his promises we trust,  
And join our warmest lays,  
In concert with the ransom'd host,  
To sing redeeming grace.  
Whilst they who round his throne  
appear,

The wonders of his love declare,  
And sing: "The Lamb for us was  
slain."

Our hearts reply, Amen.

*J. 818. Linnick*

(T. 83.)

NOW with joyful songs appear,  
And with humble adoration,

'Fore the Lord, who's always near  
To his ransom'd congregation.  
With the poor he deigns to dwell:  
He is nam'd Immanuel.

*Rockel 819.\**

(T. 58.)

O Lord, with thanks at thy feet we  
fall,  
When all thy mercies to mind we call;  
Grant us still in future thy kind di-  
rection,  
Till in us all the aim of thy election  
Be quite obtain'd.

*Count 820.\* King*

(T. 121.)

IN joyful hymns of praise,  
Like one man, sweetly raise  
Voices quite united;  
With your liturgic lays  
Your Saviour is delighted;  
He'll with gracious ear  
Your thanksgiving hear,  
Feel him, he is near.

*Gregor 821.\**

(T. 22.)

WITH grateful hearts we-humbly  
praise  
Our heav'nly Father for his grace,  
Our Saviour who for sinners bled,  
The Holy Ghost by whom we're  
led.

*J. 822.\**

(T. 39.)

1. O That we with gladness of spi-  
rit for ever  
Adored and praised our crucified Sa-  
viour!  
O might each pulsation thanksgiving  
express,  
And each breath we draw be an ad-  
them of praise!

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2. The Lamb, who by blood our fal-  
vation obtained,  
Took on him our curse, and death  
freely sustained,  
Is worthy of praises, let with one ac-  
cord,  
All people say Amen, O praise ye the  
Lord!

*S. 823. Swinton*  
(T. 230.)

PRaises, thanks, and adoration,  
Be giv'n to God without cessation:

To Jesus Christ, our gracious Lord,  
For his mercy, love, and favor,  
To us, his flock, endures for ever:  
Bless, bless his name with one ac-  
cord.  
To God, the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, Three in One,  
Hallelujah.  
In highest strain  
Praise the Lamb slain:  
Let heav'n and earth reply, Amen!

## XXXVIII. Of the Vanity of Human Life, our Departure unto the Lord, and the Resurrection of the Body.

*Aug. Human 824.\* Franke*  
(T. 132.)

1. THANK God, towards eternity  
Another step is taken,  
My heart with longing turns to thee,  
Whilst here on earth I'm walking;  
I long and pant for my release,  
When I shall hence depart in peace,  
To be with thee for ever.

2. I tell the hours and days and years,  
And think them tedious ages,  
Until the wish'd-for time appears  
Which all my grief assuages;  
Meanwhile I forward press with haste,  
Until I shall arrive at last  
At my desired haven.

3. Come, faith thy bride, who wants  
thy sight,  
Of all that's earthly weary,  
She cries aloud with all her might,  
Come, come, and do not tarry;  
Jesus, my Bridegroom, come to me,  
Thou know'st, O Lord, that I to thee  
Already am betrothed.

4. I am assur'd, nor life nor death  
Me from thy love can sever,  
Whilst I abide in thee by faith,  
And taste thy love and favor;  
What, though this time seem long  
to me,  
A foretaste of eternity  
I have in thy communion.

*Dr. Geo. 825.\* Pappus*  
(T. 52.)

1. MY life I now to God resign:  
At his decree I'll not repine.  
Will he prolong my mournful days;  
His promis'd grace  
Sufficeth me to run my race.

2. I go hence at th' appointed hour;  
I can't, nor would I go before;  
My very hairs he counteth all,  
Both great and small,  
Without his will not one can fall.

3. What is this life? a constant scene  
Of sighs and tears, of care and pain:  
Moments of sin and days of woe  
Here ebb and flow,  
Till we are summon'd hence to go.

4. What is a man? a clod of earth,  
A needy mortal from his birth,  
Brought nothing with him when he  
came,  
But sin and shame,  
And naked leaves this worldly frame.

5. No greatness, wit, nor golden  
store  
Can here a better lot procure;  
'Gainst death no med'cine can prevail;  
No fee nor bail  
Can cancel Adam's sad entail.

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6. To-day we live, look fair and red,  
To-morrow may be sick or dead;  
For life upon a thread depends,  
And at our hands  
God unawares our souls demands.

7. Lord, make us number so our days,  
T'apply our hearts to wisdom's ways,  
Knowing how swift our moments fly,  
That all must die,  
Poor, rich, young, old, both low and high.

8. This is the fruit of Adam's fall,  
Death, like a conqueror, seiz'd on all;  
Sin gives him pow'r o'er human race;  
There is no place  
Exempt from his continual chace.

9. Evil and few, as Jacob says,  
Alas! I count my pilgrim days:  
When God shall call his servant home,  
I'll meet the tomb,  
In hopes of lasting joys to come.

10. How should I feel the guilt of sin  
Assaulting me without, within;  
Did I not know, God gave his Son,  
Who did atone  
For what I all my life have done.

11. 'Tis he, my Lord and Saviour  
Christ,  
Who for my sins was sacrific'd,  
And rose triumphant from the grave,  
That he might save  
My soul from being satan's slave.

12. To him I yield my life and breath;  
His love shall guide my soul through  
death,  
And bring me to that blessed place,  
Where face to face  
I shall behold the God of grace.

13. This gives me comfort and relief  
In all my greatest pain and grief,  
That I shall rise, when Christ appears,  
Free from all fears,  
God will himself wipe off my tears.

14. My ever faithful God is he  
Who takes my bones in custody;  
Out of his hands no dust shall fall,  
He truly shall  
My body from the grave recall.

15. Humbly, Lord Christ, I thee ad-  
dress,  
Ah! clothe me with thy righteousness;

Within thy wounds I crave a place,  
O Source of grace!  
For there's my only happiness.

16. Amen! thou sov'reign God of  
love;

O grant that when we hence remove,  
All souls redeemed by thy blood  
May find in God  
Their everlasting sure abode.

*S. 826. Hart*  
(T. 582.)

1. THE spirits of the just,  
Confin'd in bodies, groan,  
Till death consigns the corpse to dust,  
And then the conflict's done.

2. Jesus, who came to save,  
(The Lamb for sinners slain,)  
Hath sanctify'd the gloomy grave,  
And made ev'n death our gain.

3. Why fear we then to trust  
The place where Jesus lay?  
He'll raise this body from the dust,  
And unto life convey.

4. Sin's pardon'd—I'm secure;  
Death hath no sting beside:  
The law gives sin its damning pow'r,  
But Christ, my ransom dy'd.

5. God gives the victory;  
To him due thanks be paid;  
For we are conquerors when we die,  
Through Christ our living head.

*Do* 827.  
(T. 22.)

1. FOUNTAIN of life, who gav'st us  
breath,  
Eternal Sire, by all ador'd;  
Who mak'st us conquerors over death,  
Through Jesus our victorious Lord.

2. We give thee thanks, we sing thy  
praise,  
For calling thus thy children home;

unto the Lord, and the Resurrection of the Body. 257

And short'ning tribulation-days,  
To hide them in the peaceful tomb.

3. Jesus, confiding in thy name,  
Thou king of saints, thy body's  
head,

We give to earth the breathless frame.  
Rememb'ring thou thyself wast  
dead.

4. Thine was a bitter death indeed,  
Thou harmless, suff'ring Lamb of  
God :

Thou hast from hell thy people freed;  
Their souls are clean'ed in thy blood.

828.\* *Lorshiel*

(T. 168.)

MAKE my calling and election,  
Jesus, ev'ry day more sure,  
Keep me under thy direction,  
Till I, through thy godlike pow'r,  
Unto endless glory raised,  
In thy mansions shall be placed:  
When in thee I end my race,  
Weeping will for ever cease.

*Val.* 829.\* *Herbiger*

(T. 151.)

1. Farewell henceforth for ever,  
All empty worldly joys;  
Farewell, for Christ my Saviour  
Alone my thoughts employs:  
In heav'n's my conversation,  
Where souls in him possess  
A rich remuneration  
Beyond their services.

2. Counsel me, dearest Jesus,  
According to thy heart;  
Heal thou all my diseases,  
And ev'ry harm avert:  
Be thou my consolation  
Whilst here on earth I live,  
And at my expiration  
Me to thyself receive.

3. May in my heart's recesses  
Thy name and cross always  
Sparkle, with all their graces,  
To yield me joy and peace:

R

Stand 'fore me in that figure,  
Wherein for all my need  
Thou under justice-rigor  
Once on the cross didst bleed.

830.

(T. 599.)

OUR conversation is in heav'n,  
Whence also we expect  
The Lord our Saviour Christ to come  
And gather his elect.  
Then he shall change our body vile,  
And fashion it like his,  
A glorious body, form'd for realms  
Of everlasting bliss.

*Paul* 831.\* *Gerhard*

(T. 75.)

1. THE Lord my portion is,  
I know no other bliss,  
Here nor eternally,  
But that which flows to me  
From Jesu's blood and death,  
Whereon I trust by faith.

2. Thou know'st, O God, that I,  
Were I just now to die,  
No Saviour have beside,  
But Christ who for me dy'd;  
He is my faithful Friend,  
Whose mercies never end.

3. May I, when time is o'er,  
Behold for evermore  
My Saviour, Lord and God,  
Who bought me by his blood,  
And view the wounds which he  
Received once for me.

4. The time to him is known,  
Mean while be this alone  
My care, that through his grace  
I so may run my race,  
That I in faith may die,  
And live eternally.

*Nic* 832.\* *Herrman*

(T. 132.)

1. JESUS, by thy almighty pow'r  
My soul from death deliver,



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In that important awful hour,  
When soul and body sever;  
Into thy ever faithful hand  
My spirit then may I commend,  
I trust, thou wilt receive it.

2. Tho' guilt would fill my soul with  
dread,

Despair and consternation,  
I know I need not be afraid,  
Since Christ is my salvation;  
His precious blood, his wounds and  
death,

Will, when I draw my latest breath,  
Be my support and comfort.

3. I of his body am a limb,  
This is my consolation;  
Nor life nor death 'twixt me and him  
Shall make a separation;  
He in me, I in him abide,  
In him, who for me liv'd and dy'd,  
I've found life everlasting.

4. Since he did from the dead arise,  
And then ascend victorious,  
I likewise in the hope rejoice,  
To rise again more glorious;  
Thus free from fear I can in peace  
Depart to see him as he is,  
And live with him for ever.

*Inde 833.\* Apig*  
(T. 83.)

1. **CHRIST**, my Rock, my sure  
Defence,

Jesus, my Redeemer liveth;  
O what pleasing hopes from thence  
My believing heart deriveth,  
Else death's long and gloomy night  
Would my guilty soul affright.

2. Christ is risen from the dead,  
Thou shalt rise too, faith my Saviour,  
Of what should I be afraid,  
I with him shall live for ever.  
Can the head forsake its limb,  
And not draw it after him?

3. No, my soul he cannot leave,  
This, this is my consolation,  
And my body in the grave  
Rests in hope and expectation,

That this mortal flesh shall see  
Incorruptibility.

4. Closely by love's sacred bands  
I am join'd to him already,  
And my faith's outstretched hands  
To embrace my Lord are ready;  
Death itself shall never part  
Mine and my Redeemer's heart.

5. Flesh I bear, and therefore must  
Unto dust be once reduced,  
This I own, but from the dust  
I shall be to life produced,  
And convey'd to endless bliss,  
Live, where my Redeemer is.

6. In my body, when restor'd  
To the likeness of his body,  
I shall see my God, my Lord,  
My belov'd, once white and ruddy;  
In my flesh eternally  
My Redeemer I shall see.

7. These mine eyes most certainly  
Shall behold and know my Saviour,  
I, no stranger, no, ev'n I,  
Him t' embrace shall have the favor,  
Grieving, pining in that day  
Ever shall be done away.

8. What here sickens, sighs and  
groans,  
There o'er death shall prove victo-  
rious;  
Earthly here are sown my bones,  
Heav'nly they shall rise and glo-  
rious:

What as nat'ral is sown here,  
Shall as spiritual rise there.

9. Let us raise our minds above  
This world's lusts, vain, transitory,  
Cleave to him ev'n here in love,  
Whom we hope to see in glory;  
May our minds tend constantly  
Where we ever wish to be.

*Louisa 834.\* Heyn*  
(T. 149.)

1. **YE** who Jesu's patients are,  
Let your hearts be tending  
Thither, where ye wish to share  
Bliss, that's never ending;

O may ye—constantly,  
Wean'd from what's terrestrial,  
Look for things celestial.  
2. Placing all your thoughts above,  
Where each true believer  
Will, for his redeeming love,  
Praise the Lord for ever:  
Here, by faith—in his death,  
We find consolation  
And complete salvation.

*Chr* 835.\* *Gregor*  
(T. 37.)

MY happy lot is here  
The Lamb to follow;  
Be this my only care  
Each step to hallow,  
And thus await the time,  
When Christ my Saviour  
Will call me hence, with him  
To live for ever.

836.\* *Gregor*  
(T. 22.)

MAY Christ continue still to keep,  
To feed and tend his dear-bought  
sheep,  
And lead them through this vale of  
tears,  
Till that great day when he appears.

*Dr* 837.\* *Watts*  
*Louisa de* *Hayn*  
(T. 166.)

1. LORD, when I quit this earthly  
stage,  
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?  
For I have fought no other home,  
For I have found no other rest.  
When earthly cares engross the  
mind

And turn my thoughts aside from  
thee,  
Then the successive days and nights  
Seem long and wearisome to me.

2. My God, and can a needy child,  
That loves thee in humility,  
From thy dear presence be exil'd,  
Or ever separated be?

R 2

O no, for in thy wounded hands  
My worthless name engrav'd I see;  
Firm and secure thy promise stands,  
That where thou art, thy friends  
shall be.

*Count* 838.\* *Linzendorf*  
(T. 244.)

1. HOW soon, exalted Jesus,  
Thou wilt to us reveal  
Thy countenance most glorious,  
That none as yet can tell;  
So as thou didst appear  
To thy disciples here;  
Mean while, by frequent visits,  
Us, thy poor members, cheer.

2. Till then, thou wilt call over,  
Out of thy family,  
Now one, and then another,  
To be at rest with thee:  
O grant us needful grace,  
That we may run our race,  
Relying on thy mercy  
Till we shall see thy face.

839.\* *Gregor*  
(T. 184.)

WHEN, O when shall I have the  
favor

To see th' approach of those blest days,  
When I shall welcome my dear Sa-  
viour

With solemn strains, with joyful  
lays?

How blest will then be my condition,  
When in my flesh I Christ shall see!  
Though happy in his love's fruition,  
Ev'n here, I long with him to be.

*Paul* 840.\* *Gorkham*  
(T. 151.)

WHEN I shall gain permission  
To leave this mortal tent,  
And get from pain dismission,  
Jesus, thyself present;  
And let me, when expiring,  
Recline upon thy breast,  
Thus I shall be acquiring  
Eternal life and rest.

*Mart.* 841.\* *Böhme*  
(T. 22.)

1. LORD Jesus, Fountain of my life!

Sole comfort in this world of strife!  
I come both weary and oppress'd,  
And pray, Lord, take my soul to rest!

2. And when I yield my dying breath,  
Support me by thy bitter death;  
Thy mercy is my only plea;  
Thy bonds have gain'd my liberty.

3. By all thou hast for me endur'd,  
Thou hast eternal life procur'd;  
Thy shame, reproach and thorny crown,  
Gain'd for me glory and renown!

4. Thy stripes have me a sinner heal'd;

My pardon with thy blood is seal'd;  
Thy agony, thy dying breath  
Redeem'd me from eternal death.

5. Unto my heart when speech I want,  
The utterance of thy Spirit grant:  
O that my soul to heav'n may rise,  
When death in darkness seals my eyes.

6. What songs of everlasting joy  
Shall mine and angels' tongues employ!

How shall we to eternity  
Exalt thy love and mercy free!

842.

(T. 22.)

1. LET us this {brother's } corpse  
inter, {sister's }  
While we God's word in mem'ry bear

That it shall rise again one day,  
Nor more be subject to decay.

2. It is but earth, from earth it came,  
And now returns into the same,  
But under earth no more will lie,  
When God's loud trump shall fill the sky.

3. The soul doth ever live with God,  
With grace already here endow'd,  
And from all blot and stain of sin,  
By Jesu's precious blood made clean.

4. Our {brother's } sorrows, griefs  
{sister's } and woes

Arc now come to a happy close,

Who since {he } did Christ's yoke  
{she } embrace,

Dead in the body, lives always.

5. This body leave its rest to take,  
We to our stations will go back,  
And serve our Lord with cheerful heart,

For soon we too shall hence depart.

6. Christ, our Redeemer, will us aid,  
Since by his blood he us hath freed  
From satan's pow'r and endless pain,  
To him all honor doth pertain.

*Count* 843.\* *Linzendorf*  
(T. 483.)

NOW rest in peace;

Our pray'rs, when dying, thee attend,

Thou'st ended

Thy mortal life, and now always

Beholdest Jesus face to face;

The holy angels did convey

Thy soul to realms of endless day,

There blest thee, God the Father, and the Son,

Thee blest the Holy Spirit, Three in One,

Thou there ador'st the Lamb that sitteth on the throne.

*Chr* 844.\* *Gregor*  
(T. 159.)

MY only joy and comfort here  
Is Jesu's death and blood;  
This is my pass when I appear  
Before the throne of God.

unto the Lord, and the Resurrection of the Body. 261

Thus shall I once depart in peace,  
Behold my Saviour as he is,  
And with the saints above adore,  
And praise him evermore.

*G. 845.\* Murnan*  
(T. 14.)

1. **How** sweetly this our {brother }  
sleeps, {sister }  
Enjoying endless peace,  
The grave wherein {his } Saviour  
lay {her }  
Is now {his } resting-place.  
{her }

2. Nought can disturb this heir of  
life,  
All worldly cares are fled ;  
To be with Christ was {his } de-  
fire, {her }  
And {he's } now perfected.  
{she's }

*Abt. 846. Reincke*  
(T. 102.)

1. **WHERE** is this infant ? It is  
gone !  
To whom ? To Jesus who redeem'd  
it.  
What doth he for it ? He goes on,  
As he hath done to love and tend it !  
He blesteth, embraceth  
Gladly without end,  
For he is the children's unchangeable  
Friend.

2. He took them in his arms on earth,  
And shew'd to them peculiar favor,  
Hence we may know, that from their  
birth,  
He longs to prove their gracious Sa-  
viour !  
He gave them, he takes them,  
Whene'er he thinks best  
For them to come to him and with  
him to rest.

R 3

3. O Lord, thy glorious name we  
blefs,  
That we have seen this little infant ;  
And that thy blood and righteouf-  
ness  
Is now to it a robe resplendent.  
We thank thee most humbly  
For taking it home,  
And that it so soon hath all dangers  
o'ercome.

4. This infant rests now happily  
In Christ the source of its salvation !  
Rejoicing to eternity  
Amongst the ransom'd congregation.  
The body we bury ;  
We know that, from pain  
Released, we once shall behold it  
again.

*Bowl 847.\* Ginzendorf*  
(T. 14.)

1. **Whether** the period of this life  
Be long or short, we know.  
'Tis in itself of no great weight,  
We're pilgrims here below.

2. Thrice happy they, who in this  
time  
In Jesus Christ believe,  
And as a living sacrifice  
To him their bodies give †.  
† Rom. xii. 1.

3. He is, as long as life shall last,  
The Source of all their bliss,  
And when they from this world de-  
part,  
They see him as he is.

848.\*

(T. 14.)

**LORD**, may I live to thee by faith,  
To thee O may I die,  
For thine I am in life and death,  
Thine, thine eternally.



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*Wm* 849. *Taylor*

(T. 11.)

1. LORD, my times are in thy hand,  
Be they then at thy command;  
Though in me death lives, and I,  
Daily living, daily die.

2. Did I live to thee alone,  
Then the sting of death were gone.  
But without thy Spirit's breath  
Life is only living death.

3. Lord, where should a wretch like me  
Fly for shelter but to thee?  
Thou hast gone before, in grace,  
To seek out a resting-place.

4. Bearing my sin's heavy load,  
All thy steps were mark'd with blood,  
From the garden to the cross,  
Bleeding, dying for our loss.

5. By thy bitter agony,  
By thy life pour'd out for me,  
Let me, wretched sinner, find  
In my God a Friend most kind.

*Ch Wesley* 850. *on his Death*  
(T. 96.) *Bed*

IN age and feebleness extreme,  
Who shall a helpless worm redeem!  
Jesus my only hope thou art,  
Strength of my failing flesh and heart!

O could I catch a smile from thee,  
And drop into eternity!

*J.* 851. *Sweetman*

(T. 114.)

THE spirits of the righteous which  
are seated  
Around the throne of God in heav'nly  
bliss,

Behold my gracious Saviour as he is.  
Ah, when shall I poor trav'ler be  
permitted,

To join this num'rous happy com-  
pany,

And my Redeemer face to face to see!

*Chr* 852.\* *Gregor*  
(T. 146.)

1. THE grace enjoy'd by faith

In Jesu's incarnation,  
His wounds and bitter death,  
Assures us of salvation;

Engageth our whole heart,  
Prompts us to sing his praise,  
Until we hence depart

To see him face to face.

*Chr Allen* 853. *Gregor*  
2. If Jesus should appear

Now at this very moment,  
What think ye, should ye fear?

No, we with deep abasement,  
Yet joyful, would adore

The Lamb who shed his blood,  
And own him evermore

Our Saviour, Lord and God.

*Gregor*  
3. Ah, might the time soon come,  
When thou, our soul's Beloved,

Shalt fetch thy children home;  
Our inmost soul is moved,

To think we shall behold  
Him whom by faith we know,

Chief Shepherd of his fold,  
In whom we're one, and grow.

4. Hear thou our hearts desire,  
Most gracious Lord and Saviour,

Let us in peace expire,  
And rise to meet thy favor;

When thou our Judge shalt be,  
And each his doom assign,

Then all our boast shall be  
Thy righteousness divine.

## LITURGY at BURIALS. \* A.

LORD,  
Christ,  
Lord,  
Christ,

*Have mercy upon us!*  
*Have mercy upon us!*  
*Have mercy upon us!*  
*Hear us!*

Lord God, our Father, which art in heaven,

*Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

Lord God Son, thou Saviour of the world!

*Own us to be thine!*

With thy human birth,  
With all the troubles of thy life,  
With thy temptations,  
With thy being despised and rejected,  
With thine agony and bloody sweat,  
With thy bonds and scourgings, and all that thou hast endured,  
With thy painful crucifixion,  
With thine inestimable blood,  
With thy dying words,  
With thy meritorious death,  
With thy rest in the grave,  
With thy glorious resurrection and ascension,  
With thy sitting on thy Father's throne,  
With thy prevailing intercession,

*Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God!*

*Cong.* Most holy Lord and God!

Holy, almighty God!

Holy and most merciful Saviour!

Thou eternal God!

Grant that we may never

Loose the comforts from thy death.

Have mercy, O Lord!

Lord God Holy Ghost!

*Abide with us for ever!*

\* The petitions printed in Italics are to be said or sung by the whole congregation.

O Holy Ghost, who hast called us by the gospel, enlighten us by thy gifts, sanctify and preserve us in the true faith;

Even as thou dost call, gather, enlighten and sanctify all Christendom on earth, and keepest it by Jesus Christ in the true and only faith;

In which Christian church thou forgiveest me and all believers all sin daily and richly. *Amen.*

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.

Therefore, from henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

*Cong.* Into the earth, like Jesus \*;

This body now is laid.

Soon comes the happy period,

When we, and those interred

Shall live with him who once was dead.

*We poor sinners pray, hear us, gracious Lord and God,*

And keep us in everlasting fellowship with the church triumphant, especially with our brother [sister] N. N. whose remains we here inter, and let us once rest with him [her] in thy presence from all our labor, *Amen.*

Our late brother [sister] desired to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better; and he [she] shall never taste death, but attain unto the resurrection of the dead; for this body which he [she] hath put off, this grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption. His [her] flesh here rests in hope.

The Father and the Son, who quicken whom they will, and the Spirit of him who raised up Jesus from the dead, will also quicken this body, because the Spirit of Jesus dwelt in it. *Amen.*

*Cong.* The Saviour's blood and righteousness

My splendor is, my glorious dress;

In these array'd, I need not fear,

When in his presence I appear.

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\* Here the corpse is let down into the grave.

None of us liveth henceforth unto himself; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's; for to this end Christ both died and rose and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living.

Blessed and holy is he, that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power; but they shall be priests of God and of Christ.

The Spirit and the Bride they say, Come!

Let him that heareth say also, Come!

*Cong.* Amen, come, Lord Jesus, do not long tarry,  
With longing hearts we are waiting for thee;  
Come soon, O come.

Glory be to the Resurrection and the Life, who vivifieth us, as long as we are dying; and after we have obtained the true life, doth not suffer us to die any more.

Glory be to him in that church which waiteth for him, and in that which is about him, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. *Amen.*

854.

*Geo. Traubner*

## LITURGY at BURIALS. \* B.

<b>L</b> ORD, Christ, Lord, Christ,	<i>Have mercy upon us!</i> <i>Have mercy upon us!</i> <i>Have mercy upon us!</i> <i>Hear us!</i>
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*Our Father, which art in heaven; hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

\* The petitions printed in Italics are to be said or sung by the whole congregation.



O Father, love us, because we love Jesus, and believe that he came out from thee, and was made flesh and dwelt among us, and took on him the form of a servant, and redeemed us lost and undone human creatures from all sin and from death with his holy and precious blood, and with his innocent suffering and dying, to the end that we should be his own, and in his kingdom live under him and serve him in eternal righteousness, innocency and happiness; so as he is risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth world without end.

Therefore blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord, from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors.

Whosoever liveth and believeth in Christ, shall never die; for he is the resurrection and the life, and went to prepare a place for us, and will come again, and receive us unto himself, that where he is, there we may be also.

Mean while none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's; for to this end Christ both died, and rose and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living.

Blessed and holy is he, that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power; but they shall be priests of God and of Christ.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which give thus the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

*Cong.* Into the earth, like Jesus \*,  
This body now is laid.  
Soon comes the happy period,  
When we, and thole interred,  
Shall live with him who once was dead.

*We poor sinners pray, hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

And keep us in everlasting fellowship with the church triumphant, especially with this our brother [sister, or with this child] N. N. whom thou hast called home to thyself, and let us once rest with him [her] in thy presence from all our labor. *Amen.*

\* Here the corpse is let down into the grave.

[† As touching children Jesus saith: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."]

We desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better; we shall never see death; and we shall attain unto the resurrection of the dead; for the body, which we shall put off, that grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption: our flesh shall rest in hope.

The Father and his Son, who quicken whom they will, and the Spirit of him who raised Jesus from the dead will also quicken this body, because the Spirit of Jesus hath dwelt in it.

Glory be to the Resurrection and the Life, who vivifieth us, as long as we are dying; and after we have obtained the true life, doth not suffer us to die any more.

Glory be to him in that church which waiteth for him, and in that which is about him. For ever and ever.

*Amen.*

*Cong.* Whilst here the great salvation  
 Procur'd by Jesu's passion,  
 Our fav'rite theme shall be;  
 We hope true joy t'inherit  
 By virtue of his merit,  
 In heav'n to all eternity.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with you all.

*Amen.*

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† To be used only at the burial of a child.

## XXXIX. Of Christ's Coming to Judgment.

855.

(T. 581.)

1. **H**ARK! the trump of God is heard,  
And th' archangel's voice on high;  
Yea, the Lord himself descends  
With a shout that rends the sky;  
See the dead rise from the tomb,  
Glad that now his kingdom's come.

2. Lo, his people too on earth,  
In a moment chang'd, all rise  
In the clouds, caught up with them,  
Meet their Saviour in the skies;  
Fears and doubts are far remov'd,  
For they see him whom they lov'd.

3. See this transient mortal life  
Swallow'd up eternally!  
Death, O death, where is thy sting?  
Where, O grave, thy victory?  
For through Jesus Christ we have  
Vict'ry over death and grave.

4. Now all tears are wip'd away,  
Free from curse and free from pain,  
All Christ's people now with him  
Kings and priests for ever reign.  
Now his matchless love and grace  
Doth engage their thanks and praise.

5. In the hope of all this joy,  
Brethren, let us still be found;  
Steadfast in the faith of Christ,  
May we all in love abound,  
Till we shall, when time is o'er,  
Live with him for evermore.

*J. 856. Cunneen*

(T. 585.)

1. **L**O! he cometh! countless trum-  
pets  
Christ's appearance usher in!  
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels  
See our Judge and Saviour shine!  
Hallelujah! welcome, welcome, slaugh-  
ter'd Lamb.

2. Now the song of all the saved,  
Worthy is the Lamb! resounds:  
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,  
Ev'ry eye shall see his wounds!  
They who pierc'd him shall at his  
appearing wail.

3. Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,  
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;  
All who hate him shall ashamed  
Hear the trump proclaim his day:  
Come to judgment! stand before the  
Son of man!

4. All who love him view his glory,  
In his once much marred face:  
Jesus cometh, all his people  
Now their heads with joy shall raise:  
Happy mourners! Lo on clouds he  
comes! he comes!

5. See redemption long expected,  
On that awful day appear;  
All his people, once despised,  
Now shall meet him in the air:  
Hallelujah! now the promis'd king-  
dom's come!

*L. 857. \*Lawrence*  
(T. 151.)

**P**repare your lamps, stand ready,  
Your vessels fill with oil;  
Be clean in soul and body,  
Your wishes then can't fail:  
Hear Sion's watchmen crying,  
"The Bridegroom draweth nigh,  
"Meet him with banners flying,  
"And shouts of praise and joy."

*Gregor 858.\**  
(T. 580.)

**O** Lord of glory, grant, we pray,  
That each with ardent longing may  
At all times ready be;  
When thou shalt come, with trumpet  
found,  
O let us day and night be found  
Joyful to meet and welcome thee.

*D. 859. Watts*

(T. 590.)

1. MY faith shall triumph o'er the grave,

And trample on the tombs;  
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,  
My God, my Saviour comes:  
Ere long I know he shall appear  
Upon his Father's seat;  
And death, the last of all his foes,  
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

2. Then, though the worms my flesh devour,

And make my corpse their prey,  
I know I shall arise with pow'r,  
On the last judgment-day:  
When God shall stand upon the earth,  
Him these mine eyes shall see,  
My flesh shall feel a second birth,  
And ever with him be.

3. Then his own hand shall wipe the tears

From ev'ry weeping eye;  
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,  
Shall cease eternally:

How long, dear Saviour, O how long  
Shall this bright hour delay?  
O hasten thy appearance, Lord,  
And bring the welcome day.

*D. 860. \*Ringsdale*

(T. 132.)

1. 'TIS sure that awful time will come,

When Christ, the Lord of glory,  
Shall from his throne give men their doom,

And change what's transitory:  
This will strike dumb each impious  
jeer,

When all will be consum'd by fire,  
And heav'n and earth dissolved.

2. The waking trumpets all shall hear  
Throughout the whole creation;  
And all the dead shall then appear,  
Plac'd in their proper station:

Those in the body at that time  
Shall, in a manner most sublime,  
Endure a transmutation.

3. Woe then to him, that hath despis'd  
God's word and revelation,  
And here done nothing but devis'd  
His lust's gratification;  
Then how confounded will he stand,  
When he must go, at Christ's com-  
mand,  
With satan to hell-torment!

4. When all with awe shall stand  
around

To hear their doom allotted,  
Grant, Jesus, then my name be found  
Within thy book unblotted;  
Of which I doubt not in the least,  
For thou, as Saviour and High-priest,  
Hast purchas'd my salvation.

5. I know as Judge thou shalt appear,  
But yet as Intercessor;

And hope in humble faith that there  
Thou'lt call me thy confessor,  
And bring me to that blessed place  
Where I shall see, with open face,  
The glory of thy kingdom.

6. O Jesus, shorten thy long stay,  
And hasten thy salvation;

That we may see that glorious day  
Produce a new creation:  
Lord Jesus come, our Judge and King,  
Come change our mournful notes, to  
sing

Thy praise for ever! Amen.

*D. 861. Watts*

(T. 14.)

1. WHEN rising from the bed of death,

O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker face to face,  
O how shall I appear?

2. If yet while pardon may be found,  
Thy mercy I've not sought,  
My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought:

3. That thou, O Lord, wilt stand dis-  
clos'd  
In majesty severe,



And sit in judgment on my soul,  
How then shall I appear?

4. But thou declarest in thy word  
That sinners who to thee,  
Whilst here they live, repenting turn,  
Shall live eternally.

5. Grant that I never may despair  
Full pardon to obtain,  
Since Jesus Christ, to save my soul,  
Upon the cross was slain.

*Louisa 862.\* Heyn*  
(T. 588.)

1. YE virgins, be  
Girt with alacrity;  
At midnight cometh he:  
Cease all your mourning,  
The Lord will be returning,  
And him you'll see  
In majesty.

2. Now ready stand,  
Yea always ready stand;  
The Bridegroom is at hand:  
Sleep not, nor slumber,  
Let nothing you encumber,  
But ready stand;  
He is at hand.

863.

(T. 166.)

ACCORDING to my state on earth  
Shall the decisive sentence be;  
They who have felt the second birth,  
The second death shall never see.  
But if from hence I take my flight  
A captive to the tyrant sin;  
Farewell to ev'ry cheering light,  
A scene of darkness must begin.

864.

(T. 205.)

1. ARE you form'd a creature new,  
Cleans'd by Jesu's precious blood,  
Can you Christ in spirit view,  
Reconcil'd by him to God;  
Rise, to meet the Bridegroom; go,  
Mingle with the virgin row,

Have you oil, you need not fear,  
Though this moment he appear.

2. Walk with care the narrow way,  
Watchful, cheerful, free from toil,  
Trim your lamps from day to day,  
Adding still recruits of oil;  
Doubly doth the spirit rest  
On that happy, peaceful breast,  
Who himself to praying gives,  
Who a life of watching lives.

3. Up, go forth to meet the Lamb,  
Slumber not, midst worldly care;  
Let your lamps be all on flame,  
For his coming now prepare:  
Then whenc'er ye hear the cry,  
Lo, the Bridegroom draweth nigh,  
You will not confounded be,  
But can meet him cheerfully.

*Count 865.\* Lynde*  
(T. 592.)

1. THIS transient world is not our  
home,  
No soul finds here or rest, or bliss;  
The man by this vain world o'ercome,  
Will of salvation surely miss:  
Jesus alone yields comfort true,  
Jesus is pleasure void of pain;  
His mercies ev'ry day are new,  
His friendship's fire doth still re-  
main.  
The scorn'd selected few thrice happy  
are,  
Who have in Jesu's love and grace a  
share.

2. His shame to all will be display'd,  
However specious here his drels,  
Who is not in the robe array'd  
Of Jesu's perfect righteousness;  
Who of Christ's fulness ne'er re-  
ceiv'd,  
Will tremble at the judgment-day;  
However righteous here believ'd,  
Then naked must he go away:  
Haste then to Jesus Christ; thrice hap-  
py they,  
Who to the mercy-seat have found  
their way.

Of the Church triumphant, &c.

271

*C.* 866. \* *Kirgindorf*  
(T. 16.)

*S.* 868. \* *Sweetman*  
(T. 22.)

JUDGE my heart betimes, dear Saviour,  
Ere thou com'st my Judge to be;  
Show to me, a worm, thy favor,  
Here and in eternity.

867 \* *Gregor*  
(T. 58.)

DEpart from me: O most dreadful word!  
Which those shall hear from our Judge  
and Lord;  
Who, for worldly pleasures, despis'd  
salvation,  
Regardless of their great destination  
To follow Christ.

1. REjoice thou little happy flock,  
Which, grounded firm on Christ the  
Rock,  
Shall dwell with him in lasting day,  
When heav'n and earth shall pass  
away.

2. Who doth not turn to Christ whilst  
here,  
And love him truly, shall with fear  
And trembling, seek a shelt'ring place,  
To hide himself from Jesu's face.

3. Help us, O Christ, to watch and  
pray,  
That we be ready ev'ry day,  
To stand before thee thro' thy grace,  
And in thy kingdom have a place.

XL. Of the Church Triumphant, and the Glory of  
eternal Life.

*S.* 869. \* *Sweetman*  
(T. 159.)

1. MOUNT Sion, where the Lamb  
of God,  
Who for our sins aton'd,  
And bought us by his precious blood,  
For ever is enthron'd;  
Where his redeem'd and chosen bride  
Through endless ages shall reside;  
Is here, through faith in Jesu's name,  
Our joy and final aim.

2. Jerusalem, the church above,  
Now triumphs over death,  
And, when we perfected in love,  
Shall once resign our breath,  
We shall, with all the saints in light,  
In cheerful songs of praise unite,  
And with his chosen evermore,  
His saving name adore.

3. Deliver'd from this mortal clay,  
From sorrow, sin, and pain,  
We shall with Christ in lasting day,  
True holiness obtain,

Lord Jesus, hear our fervent pray'r,  
Us needy sinners all prepare,  
By faith in thee, to end our race,  
And to behold thy face.

*Dr* 870. \* *Matt*  
(T. 14.)

1. THERE is a house not made with  
hands,  
Eternal, and above;  
And here my spirit waiting stands,  
Till it shall hence remove.

2. My Saviour by his saving grace  
Prepareth me for heav'n;  
And, as an earnest of the place,  
Hath his own Spirit giv'n.

3. We walk by faith of joys to come,  
Faith lives upon his word;  
But while the body is our home,  
We're absent from the Lord.

4. 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,  
But we had rather see:  
We would be absent from the flesh,  
And present, Lord, with thee.

*Bohe.* 871.\* *Bohe*  
(T. 205.)

1. O Exalt and praise the Lord,  
Laud his name for evermore,  
Gratefully with one accord,  
With the angels him adore;  
Thank him for the faithfulness,  
Wherewith he his witnesses,  
Who're in heaven perfected,  
Midst great tribulation led.
2. They thro' Jesu's precious blood,  
Cleans'd from sin and render'd chaste,  
As the ministers of God,  
Him by word and deed confest;  
In their Lord's reproach a share,  
Hated by the world, they bare,  
Now with the angelic train,  
Praise the Lamb for sinners slain.
3. All their names are written down,  
In the book of life enroll'd,  
Now they stand before God's throne,  
He doth in remembrance hold  
And rewards their faith, which they  
Did by acts of love display,  
He in mind their suff'rings bears,  
Graciously he dries their tears.
4. They with patience having run  
Their appointed race, in hope  
Of the prize, at last the crown  
Have obtain'd, for them laid up;  
Now they serve the Lamb of God,  
(Having in his precious blood  
Wash'd their robes and made them  
white)  
In his temple day and night.
5. In fine, spotless linen dress,  
Palms of victory they bear,  
By no sorrows e'er oppress'd,  
Unmolested now by care,  
Free from hunger, thirst and heat,  
They've attain'd to joy complete,  
Unto living fountains led,  
By the Lamb himself they're fed.
6. Since we likewise may attain  
To this happiness through grace,  
And by foll'wing Jesus, gain  
With the saints in heav'n a place;  
May we tread the narrow path,  
Not unfruitful in the faith,

And unto the end endure,  
Making our election sure.

7. May we always have in view  
The example of our Lord,  
Faithfully his steps pursue,  
Giving heed unto his word;  
In our bodies, while we've breath,  
May we bear about his death,  
That his life may even here  
In our mortal flesh appear.

8. Let us call to mind with joy,  
Those who have before us gone,  
Who obtain'd the victory  
Through the blood of Christ alone,  
That we all may zealously  
Imitate their constancy,  
Till we too the prize receive,  
And with them in glory live.

872.

(T. 14.)

1. Happy the souls to Jesus join'd,  
And sav'd by grace alone,  
Walking in all his ways they find  
Their heav'n on earth begun.

2. The church above no other theme  
But Jesu's love doth know;  
In joyful hymns they praise his name,  
We do the same below.

3. Him in his glorious realm they  
praise,  
And bow before his throne;  
We in the kingdom of his grace:  
The kingdoms are but one.

4. The holy to the holiest leads,  
From hence our spirits rise,  
And he that in his statutes treads  
Shall meet him in the skies.

*Chr* 873.\* *Gregor*  
(T. 205.)

AMEN, yea, Hallelujah!  
Jesu, praise to thee be giv'n,  
That for me, through mercy free,  
Thou'st prepar'd a place in heav'n;  
Ah, how blest will be my case,  
When I shall behold thy face,  
And, from pain and sorrow free,  
Live for evermore with thee!

874. *Gregor*

(T. 58.)

1. JESU's life of sorrows,  
His doleful passion,  
Remain alone our highest consolation  
In life and death.

2. All our hopes are founded  
On Jesu's merit;  
He bow'd his head and yielded up his  
spirit

That we might live.

3. And his holy body,  
For us interred,  
Hallows our resting-place, when we  
are bury'd

To rest in hope.

4. Jesus rose victorious!  
And, O my Saviour,  
What lasting bliss shall we enjoy for  
ever,

When rais'd like thee!

5. Lord, to heav'n ascended,  
For our salvation,  
For us in thy dear Father's habitation  
A place prepare.

6. At thy blest appearing,  
Freed from all weakness,  
We shall be chang'd, and meet thee  
in thy likeness,

And with thee live.

7. Then what joy awaiteth  
The poor and needy!  
Beloved Saviour, make thy children  
ready

To share thy bliss.

*Ch Ign.* 875. *La Trobe*  
(T. 136.)

1. MY Lord and God!  
Who for my sins atoned,  
And in death's agony for me hast  
groaned;  
I weep for joy,  
And raise my feeble song,  
For both in life and death this medi-  
tation  
Proves unto me a sweet and strength-  
ning consolation;

S

My pardon's sealed with thy blood,  
My Lord! my God!

2. Come soon, O come,  
Ye hours, wherein for ever,  
With hosts of saints, I too shall have  
the favor

To see my Lord:  
With joy I stand prepar'd;  
Who knows but I this day may leave  
the body,

Call'd forth to meet the Bridegroom?  
may he find me ready;  
I long to be with him at home;  
Come soon, O come!

*Dr* 876. *Matts*

(T. 14.)

1. GOD hath laid up in heav'n for  
me

A crown which cannot fade;  
The righteous Judge at that great day  
Shall place it on my head.

2. Nor hath the King of grace decreed  
This prize for me alone,  
But all that love and long to see  
Th' appearance of his Son.

*Phil. H* 877. *Molther*  
(T. 83.)

WHEN departed once in peace,  
I shall have the grace and favor  
To behold him face to face,  
Whom I love, ev'n God my Saviour:  
Then I shall for evermore  
Him in endless joy adore.

878.

(T. 14.)

1. COME, Lord, and warm each  
languid heart,  
Inspire each lifeless tongue;  
And let the joys of heav'n impart  
Their influence to our song.

2. Sorrow and pain, and ev'ry care  
And discord there shall cease;  
And perfect joy, and love sincere,  
Adorn the realms of peace.



3. The soul, from sin for ever free,  
Shall mourn its pow'r no more;  
But, cloath'd in spotless purity,  
Redeeming love adore.

4. There shall the foll'wers of the Lamb  
Join in immortal songs;  
And endless praises to his name  
Employ their tuneful tongues.

5. Lord, tune our hearts to praise and  
love,

Our feeble notes inspire;  
Till in thy blissful courts above  
We join th' angelic choir.

*Dr 879. Watts*  
(T. 14.)

1. THERE where my blessed Jesus  
reigns,

In heav'n's unmeasur'd space,  
I'll spend a long eternity,  
In never ceasing praise.

2. Dear Jesus, ev'ry smile of thine  
Shall fresh endearments bring;  
And thousand tastes of new delight  
From all thy graces spring.

3. Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul  
Up to thy blest'd abode;  
Haste, for my spirit longs to be  
With thee, my Lord and God.

*Louisa de Heyn*  
880.\*  
(T. 208.)

I AM lost in wonder  
When I duly ponder,  
Jesus, on thy grace;  
That I shall in glory  
Evermore adore thee,  
And that, face to face,  
I shall see eternally  
Thee, the God of my salvation,  
O what consolation!

*881.\* Neuper*  
(T. 126.)

1. WHEN we shall see our Jesus,  
And thankful him adore;  
What rapture then will seize us!  
We meet to part no more:  
Our Lord the ransom'd round the  
throne,  
Midst joys unutterable,  
Will then confess his own.

2. Yea these our eyes in heaven  
Shall see him face to face;  
Then will to us be given,  
What here desired was:  
And our redemption by his blood  
We shall extol for ever,  
Before the throne of God.

*Gospid 882.\* Arnold*  
(T. 97.)

1. HOW doth my needy soul rejoice,  
That by my faithful Shepherd's  
choice,

My name is certainly inroll'd  
Among the sheep of his blest fold;  
May I by nothing e'er be drawn aside,  
But be a happy member of his bride.

2. My faith victorious now doth rise  
Above all earthly vanities,  
And hath Jerus'lem full in view,  
That holy city, fair and new;  
Thro' faith in Christ I am God's child  
and heir,  
And shall the glories of his kingdom  
share.

3. O might I, like a little child,  
Grow humble, lowly, meek and mild,  
Then to that place I have a right,  
Which from the Lamb derives its  
light,

And shall for evermore fix my abode  
In the blest temple of the living God.

4. Then all old things will pass away,  
And a new scene itself display;  
We wait for thee, Immanuel,  
Come soon, thy majesty reveal:  
Our voices then in higher strains shall  
raise

A joyful Hallelujah to thy praise.

883.\* *Gregor*  
(T. 58.)

1. HAPPY I am, yet o'er my happi-  
ness  
Can ne'er rejoice, but with a blushing  
face,  
For it is mere mercy, remains a wonder  
Of Christ's long-suff'ring, when there-  
on I ponder

Now and always.

2. In the glorious presence  
Of God my Saviour,  
Tho' with abasement, this great truth  
I'll ever

Own to his praise:

3. That his incarnation,  
His bitter passion,  
And meritorious death procur'd sal-  
vation

And life for me.

4. On his great atonement  
I'll trust unshaken,  
Until I once to see him shall be taken,  
Whom here I love.

5. Grant to me, Lord Jesus,  
This special favor,  
To look to thee, depending now and  
ever

Upon thy grace.

6. What ecstatic pleasure  
Shall I then favor,  
When face to face beholding him for  
ever,

So as he is.

7. On what joys celestial  
Shall I be feasting,  
When in his presence from all labor  
resting,

I sabbath keep.

8. O what songs of praises  
Will then in heaven  
Resound, when all the ransom'd souls  
thanksgiving

To Jesus bring.

9. Lamb, once slain for sinners,  
Receive our praises,  
Honor and glory from all choirs and  
classes,

To thee they're due.

10. Now let all say Amen,  
The Lord be praised,  
In heav'n and earth his name for ever  
blessed

By all that breathe.

*Courte* 884 *Lynders*  
(T. 166.)

1. UNTO ourselves, with deepest  
awe,  
The spirits of the righteous

S 2

We represent, and comfort draw  
From hence, when trials fright us;  
Rejoicing, we behold them now,  
In Jesu's presence blessed,  
From the church militant below  
To the triumphant raised.

2. There sits the princely company  
Of those who did surrender,  
For Jesu's sake, most willingly  
Their lives and worldly grandeur;  
Undaunted meeting fire and sword,  
No toils too great esteemed,  
If they to preach his precious word  
By him were worthy deemed.

3. All who in Jesu's presence are,  
Mov'd out of mortal vision,  
Where'er they are, far off or near,  
They're in a blest condition;  
They are now with the Lord at home;  
Our humble expectation  
Is, that he'll let us also come  
T' increase their congregation.

*Chr* 885. *Gregor*  
(T. 71.)

1. WHAT shall I feel, when I  
The glorious choirs espy  
In bliss unceasing!  
Already in my heart  
Rays from bright Salem dart,  
With hopes most pleasing.

2. I hear th' enraptur'd song  
Rais'd by the blessed throng  
Of the redeemed:  
Seated upon the throne,  
The Lamb once slain, alone  
Is worthy deemed.

3. Rejoice, my soul, thou soon,  
When here thy race is run,  
Shalt have the favor  
To go and join the blest,  
And there at home to rest  
With Christ thy Saviour.

4. Then shall thy woe and grief  
Find a most sure relief  
In joys unbounded:  
Triumphant songs shall be  
To the blest Trinity  
For ever sounded.

5. How blest when we can say,  
All else is fled away,  
And love prevaieth !  
No longer faith and hope  
We need to bear us up,  
Love never faileth.
6. See how the victors go  
In raiment white as snow,  
With glory crowned !  
He grants such souls, through grace,  
Around his throne a place,  
On whom death frowned.
7. The Bridegroom now appears,  
He wipes off all our tears,  
And ends all sadness ;  
To him I had resign'd  
Myself, and now I'm join'd  
In perfect gladness.
8. O Lord, grant my request,  
To be in heav'n at rest,  
If 'tis thy pleasure ;  
Then, to eternity,  
I ne'er shall parted be  
From thee, my Treasure.
9. At thy through pierced feet  
I'll humbly take my seat,  
There's heav'n's enjoyment :  
To give thee thanks and praise,  
For all thy love and grace,  
Be my employment.
10. Whilst here, I live by faith,  
Relying on thy death,  
For thou'rt my Saviour ;  
There I enjoy sweet rest,  
Reclining on thy breast,  
In peace for ever.
- Chr* 886. \* *Gegen*  
(T. 184.)
- WHAT heav'nly joy and consolation  
This hope affords unto my heart,  
That Christ, the God of my salvation,  
Shall me receive, when I depart !  
Then in his presence I for ever,  
With the redeem'd shall sing his  
praise ;  
O Lord, I long to have that favor,  
To leave this world and see thy face.

## C O N C L U S I O N .

*I* 887. *Sweetmen*  
(T. 159.)

1. SING Hallelujah! praise the Lord!  
Sing with a cheerful voice ;  
Exalt our God with one accord,  
And in his name rejoice :  
Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransom'd host,  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost !  
Until in realms of endless light  
Your praises shall unite.
2. There we to all eternity  
Shall join th' angelic lays ;  
And sing in perfect harmony  
To God our Saviour's praise :  
" He hath redeem'd us by his blood,  
" Hath made us kings and priests to God ;  
" For us, for us the Lamb was slain."  
Praise ye the Lord !

A M E N .

# I N D E X.

Showing by every first line of each verse, where it is to be found, Those lines marked thus \* begin a hymn.

A.	Page		
A Blessed pattern Christ our	186	Alas, I knew not what I did	93
Above the starry sky	251	Alas, I know the cause	33
Accept for thy passion	27	Alas, I know the reason why	32
*According to my state on earth	270	All fears and terrors when he	84
*According to thy mercy, Lord	217	*All glory be to God on high	13
According toth' appointed plan	20	*All glory to the sov'reign good	248
A cheerful confidence I feel	69	All his glorious work is done	45
A child true happiness may find	186	*All glory to Immanuel's name	12
A child of God for ever pants	141	All is thy gift that's counted	129
A christian traveller I am	243	*All my desires are fix'd on thee	125
A church that in itself is void of	114	All my hope and consolation	36
*Aft full of godlike majesty	182	All our days, O Jesus	138
*Adored be the Lamb of God	254	All our woes he did retrieve	17
A foretaste of eternal joys	204	All pains and tribulations	37
*Again another year is ended	159	All sprung from thine	53
*Again another fleeting year	159	All the pains and sorrows	39
Again, as teacher of mankind	20	All righteousness did he fulfil	32
Against the fiercest pow'rs of	6	All the merciful are blessed	110
Agonizing in the garden	79	All the pure in heart are blessed	110
A guilty, weak and helpless	5	*All the world exalt the Lord	11
Ah, behold the Son of God	132	All things in beauteous form	58
Ah, come Lord Jesus, hear our	6	All those are blessed	157
Ah, could we preach in ev'ry	214	All those who thro' a beam of	91
Ah, do not of my goodness doubt	79	All thy strength and life	155
Ah give me, Lord, myself to feel	64	All self-dependence is but vain	154
Ah give me this to know	122	*All of you, dear youths, not one	193
Ah, Jesus, thy unworthy bride	15	*All the trials we experience	205
Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty	98	All those who here enjoy by	32
*Ah, Lord, how apt am I to stray	134	All we who now are his were first	90
Ah might in my behavior shine	183	All who're possess'd of faith and	147
Ah might my heart a mirror be	20	All ye who gospel preachers are	207
Ah might the time soon come	262	All your children are his own	203
Ah my defect lies here	82	*Almighty Lord—th' eternal	250
Ah remain, Ah remain our	116	*Almighty God and Lord	31
Ah, should not the mercies you	188	A lowly mind impart to me	145
Ah, teach us all thy holy will	131	*All praise to thee, my God,	240
Ah then in never-ceasing bliss	51	All may of thee partake	219
Ah then we feel that life divine	180	All our hopes are founded	273
Ah, why am I thus blest	178	All thanks to thee, my gracious	244
*Ah, why did I solate thee know	123	All their names are written down	272
*A lamb goes forth and bears the	27	All who love him view his glory	268
Alarm'd at their successful toil	208	All who in Jesu's presence are	275
*Alas, and did my Saviour bleed	35	Altho' his med'cine cause me	147
Alas, how blind and deaf are we	1	Atho', dear Jesus, we can't see	100
		Although some complained	187



# I N D E X.

*Amazing grace, how sweet	105	Assist and strengthen us, O Lord	71
*Amen, yea Hallelujah	272	As leader he before his people	69
Amen, come Lord Jesus	47	*As long as Jesus Lord remains	153
Amen, thou sov'reign God of	256	As long as I have breath in me	248
*Amidst tribulation	108	As Lord none dare his sov'reign	70
A mortal body he assum'd	9	As man, he pities my complaint	69
And at the same time lets me feel	137	As much when in the manger	69
And can the children Jesus find	190	As oft as I approach the holy	217
And grant the single women	219	*As oft as we expect the favor	177
And his holy body	273	As oft this night as my pulse	239
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And must I then indeed	82	Assist and teach me how to pray	237
And now he pleading stands	68	Assure my conscience of her part	73
And since his name we know	160	*As the branches are connected	145
And then arise and serve the	197	Astonish'd at thy feet I fall	137
And thereby triumph'd over sin	79	*A stranger and a pilgrim I	243
And this indeed will come to pass	209	A subject I of Christ my King	111
And this, O Christian, is thy lot	243	As surely thou presentest	30
And tho' a rugged path it is	153	Astonish'd at thy footstool low	45
And tho' their bodies turn to	172	*As 'twas of old we now may see	211
And tho' unborn, tho' not in	79	As well in joy as in affliction	140
And tho' thou art exalted now	51	A table for me he prepares	112
And thou, O Lord	61	At all times may we ready be	133
And thus by faith we live	140	At all times to my spirit bear	148
And thus for our imputed guilt	10	At th' approaching even tide	34
And we now most humbly bow	173	At nine was the Son of God	34
And when at last I rest with thee	28	A thousand deaths I daily 'scape	58
And when I once this world	139	At last God's servants joys	151
And when I pursue this	106	*At last he's blest, who by the	151
And when we explore the end	141	At parting from thy little fold	50
And when I yield my dying	260	At three Jesus cry'd, my God	34
And will you always Jesus love	190	*Attend, O Saviour, to our pray'r	215
Archangels leave their high	65	At thy blest appearing	273
Are not the joys of God above	241	At thy thro' pierced feet	276
*Are you form'd a creature new	270	*A true widower's and widow's	204
*Arise my spirit blest the day	15	At his cross's foot now tarry	36
Arise exert thy power	251	*Author of the whole creation	239
Arise then and with due respect	168	Awake, my heart, my soul	16
*Arise ye who are captive led	9	*Awake, my soul, and with the	236
*A single mind impart to me	142	Away then, doubts, and all my	8
As a hen is us'd to gather	57	*A wond'rous change Christ	16
As a little child relies	57		
As bridegroom of the soul, the	70		
A second look he gave, which	93		
As fallen creatures could not	2		
As ground when parch'd with	247		
As head and ruler in thy house	215		
As shepherd thou thy sheep dost	70		
As in thy temple keep thou	72		
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## B.

*Babes truly have not yet the use	170
Back, the scou'ges ploughed	41
Banish from me what's not right	136
Baptiz'd into his death	172
Bath'd in repenting tears	172
Bear then the reproach of Jesus	108

# I N D E X.

Bearing my fins heavy load	262	Bless ev'ry thought and action	236
*Because this day is at an end	237	Bless, my soul, this sacred flood	86
Be especially intreated	161	Bless our cov'nanting together	166
*Before conversion of the heart	92	*Bless, O my soul, the God of	249
Before the mournful scene began	21	Bless, O Lord, thy married	202
Before thy face, O Lord, most	59	*Bless us, O holy Father God	220
*Behold! how in Gethsemane	22	Bless are they who suffer gladly	110
*Behold the Saviour of mankind	29	Bless inhabitants of Sion	152
*Behold the love which God	113	Bless he that comes to wretched	10
*Behold I send my messenger	17	Bless Mary, with a cheerful voice	197
Behold our God incarnate stands	78	Bless are they who are despised	110
Behold him all ye that pass by	39	Bless are they who in his merits	200
*Behold, the loving Son of God	32	Bless Saviour, condescend	52
*Behold us, Lord, rough stones	133	*Bless are they who human nature	200
*Behold the Saviour of the world	29	Bless are they who through his	200
Behold! for guilty, guilty man	65	Bless are they who foll'wing	200
Behold how he with Peter dealt	77	Bless'd are they, who're ever	198
Behold the Lamb of God, who	78	Bless'd are then our maidens	198
*Behold, my soul, thy Saviour	121	Bless'd are they who as poor	198
*Behold what love the Father hath	65	Bless'd truth, which no man	196
Behold the Lord Jesus	27	Bless'd are they who in each	198
Behold what pity parents do	246	*Bless'd are they who have the	198
Behold, I fall before thy face	5	Bless'd Jesus, what delicious	129
Behold his body stain'd with	32	Bless'd three who bear witness	62
*Behold my soul the Lamb of God	32	Blessed are the poor in spirit	109
*Behold to us a child is born	12	Blessed Babe, what glorious	241
*Beloved youths if 'tis your aim	192	Blessed, who without cessation	109
*Beloved Saviour, Prince of life	144	Blessed are the meek in spirit	109
Believe then, mourning sinner	79	Blessed name of Jesus	19
*Believing souls, rejoice and sing	44	Besprinkled with thy precious	238
Be meek and patient, humble	141	*Bliss beyond compare	101
*Be not dismay'd in time of need	85	*Blood worthy of praises	39
Be not cast down nor frightened	11	*Body and soul 'sat thy command	212
*Be our comfort which ne'er	99	Bonds and stripes, and tribulation	108
Be our Shepherd ev'ry day	189	Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine	89
*Be of good cheer, in all your	64	*Brethren, 'tis but meet to render	196
Be present with us, Lord our	171	*Brethren, let us join to bless	250
*Besprinkle with thy blood my	139	Brethren would you please our	132
Be thou my pattern, make me	21	Breast, which heaves with sorrows	39
Be thou my only treasure	236	Breathe comfort, where distress	74
Be thou, dear child, in thy	241	*Bread of life	177
Be thou our strength, be thou	113	Breathe on these bones so dry	73
Be thou extoll'd for thy great	75	Breathless and almost suffocated	28
Be thou the consolation, help	219	*Bride of the Lamb, thou favor'd	158
*Be with me, Lord, where'er I	237	*Bride of the Lamb, I'm one in	158
Be watchful, and you shall	189	Broken eyes	42
Bestow on me a simple mind	142	*Burial Liturgy, A	263
Besprinkle him, O Jesus, Son	171	*Burial Liturgy, B	265
Bid us call to mind thy cross	174	*Buried in baptism with our Lord	171
Blessings on all thou dost bestow	204	But ah, how faint our praises rise	245
Bleeding arms	42	But as my strength is far too weak	26

# I N D E X.

But, dear little children, since	188	By thee as Shepherd of the flock	215
But dying left a wound	280	By thee protected, gracious	152
But drops of grief can ne'er	36	By thy bitter agony	262
But examine first your case	175	By thy reconciling love	132
But, gracious Lord, when I	136	*By thy sweat mix'd with blood	182
But how happy is the soul that	195	By sea and land by night and	242
But himself I must behold	127	*By various maxims, forms and	90
But hence our confidence begins	32	C.	
But Jesus Christ the Son of God	43	*Can any contemplation	103
But Jesus's blood and death	138	Can any ill distress my heart	63
But I have trials to go through	211	Can we thy triumphs e'er forget	50
But I am proud and headstrong	188	Care for us still, preserve, defend	58
But, O! I'm blind and ignorant	93	Cast thy burden on the Lord	150
But O! what offering shall I give	98	Cause all disharmony and strife	71
But, O my Jesus, give thyself	97	Cause me who now am thine	179
But oh! might we such brethren	197	Children of God, look up and see	44
But our most faithful Saviour	191	*Chosen souls, who now assemble	166
But one thing will I ask of thee	244	Christ, thy atoning blood	85
But see what diff'rent thoughts	14	*Christ being risen from the tomb	43
But since words the happiness	184	*Christ crucified! my soul by	140
But since our Saviour doth	47	Christ crucify'd we own as God	207
But since my Saviour I have	90	*Christ Jesus was to death abas'd	43
But sinners who with pungent	91	*Christ Jesus is that precious grain	21
But soon o'er death he'll reign	29	*Christ I love with all my pow'r	151
But thy reviving gospel-word	81	*Christ is the vine, we branches	143
But thou declarest in thy word	270	Christ is risen from the dead	258
But tears of joy must ever flow	252	*Christ is the widow's friend	204
But there's a voice of sov'reign	5	*Christ thy wounds and bitter	36
But we can hope thy word and	213	*Christ, my rock, my sure defence	258
But who can pay that mighty	126	*Christ, my Redeemer, Lord and	114
But why was Jesus born in	185	Christ, our ever-blessed Saviour	108
But when he shows me how I	137	*Christ, our Saviour, look on	164
But why, my soul, was this	33	Christ, our Redeemer, will us aid	260
But what frail man observes how	4	*Christ, thy flock doth	174
But words can never rightly tell	177	Christ, thy all-atoning death	165
By all the saints around his	251	*Christ, the Lord, the Lord most	15
By all thy grief, thy tears and	22	Christ, the bread that came from	200
By all thou hast for me endur'd	260	*Christ the Lord of all things was	16
*By Christ were screen'd with	151	*Christ was reveal'd in the flesh	180
By faith I see the hour at hand	90	*Christ, when risen from the	45
By faith in Jesus who for sinners	131	*Christ, who saves us by his cross	33
By faith through outward cares	23	*Christ, whom the virgin Mary	14
By God the Father they're	77	*Christ's precious blood, which	240
By his blood shed	123	Christ's people peace and rest	207
By his own pow'r were all things	65	Christ's agony, his death and	35
By my own strength I can't	137	Christ's meritorious suff'rings	75
By none of all the human race	43	*Christians, dismiss your fear	46
By one man's guilt we are	4	Christians are not here below	110
By the holy Spirit	53	Ghastise me when I do amiss	135
By thine all-seeing eye then	134	Cheer thy chosen witnesses, O	216
By this sacrament we are	177	*Church of Christ, sing and	154

# I N D E X.

215	*Church Litany	221	Conversing with the Lamb of	145
152	*Church Litany (shorter)	231	Convince us that the Lamb was	73
262	Church, who art arrayed	161	Convince us of our sin	73
132	*Church of Christ, be glad	156	Could all his loving heart but	77
181	Circumcise our sinful hearts	18	Could even all the love	137
241	Cloth'd in thy righteousness	85	Could I exalt thee worthily	116
90	Closely I'll follow Christ with	158	Could I with him spend all my	128
	Closely by love's sacred bands	258	*Could we sinners fully tell	184
103	*Come, approach to Jesu's table	174	Could we tune our hearts and	24
63	Cold mountains and the midnight	21	Counsel and deed are one with	53
50	Come, all ye souls, by sin	78	Counsel me, dearest Jesus	257
58	*Come, children, and trace	186	Cover'd with a holy shame	77
150	Come, O my guilty brethren	80	Creatures with all their endless	59
71	*Come hither, dear children	187	*Cross, reproach and tribulation	108
179	*Come, Holy Ghost, dear	187		
44	Come, Holy Ghost, my soul	71	D.	
166	*Come, Holy Ghost, come Lord	71	Day nor night	1
85	*Come, Holy Ghost, eternal	71	Deaden my nature's active fire	139
43	Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesu's	176	Dead to the world when I'm	240
40	*Come, Holy Ghost, inspire	115	*Dear boys, unto the Saviour	193
207	Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's	61	*Dear boys, O that ye all but	193
43	*Come, Holy Spirit, come	73	*Dear children, assemble to hear	188
21	*Come, Holy Spirit, on us	73	*Dear children, whom the	189
51	*Come, let us join our cheerful	252	Dear Comforter	61
43	*Come, Lord, and warm each	273	*Dear brethren, duly take to	197
58	*Come, lowly souls, that mourn	172	*Dear heavenly Father, we adore	64
4	*Come, O my soul, and sing	184	Dear Jesus, ev'ry smile of thine	274
36	Come, faith thy bride, who	155	Dear Jesus, grant this my	139
58	Come soon, O come, ye hours	273	*Dear Jesus, wherein wast thou	25
14	Come, sinners, come, though	77	*Dear Jesus, when I think on	129
68	Come, sinners, view the Lamb	34	Dear Lord, while we adoring	117
64	Come, sinners, view th'incarnate	13	*Dear Lord, this congregation	174
60	Come, sinners, Jesus will receive	11	Dear Saviour, I resign	96
74	*Come, sinners, to the gospel	78	Dear Saviour, thou well know'st	139
65	Come then let us follow	187	*Dearest Jesus, come to me	128
15	Come then and take this heart	190	*Dearest Jesus, we are here	3
20	Come then, divine Interpreter	2	Death now no more I dread	187
16	Come then, each needy sinner	32	Deliver'd from this mortal clay	271
80	Come then with uprightness	193	Delight to make us thine abode	188
45	*Come to me, says the Lord	76	*Depart from me, O most	271
33	*Come, ye redeemed of the Lord	14	*Descend from heav'n, celestial	73
14	*Come, ye sinners, poor and	79	Devoutly yield thyself to God	160
70	Come, ye that heavy laden are	78	Deliver every one from slavery	118
107	*Come worship at Immanuel's	67	Did but Jesu's love and merit	124
5	*Command us, Lord, whate'er	213	Did I live to thee alone	262
55	*Commit thou thy each	54	*Did I perhaps thee somewhere	238
6	Compassion for lost human race	29	Didst thou thyself devise	179
0	Complete thy work, my gracious	137	Direct, control, suggest this day	236
5	Conceal'd amidst the gath'ring	86	Do what thou wilt with me	82
6	Concern'd for more grace	102	Do thou with faith discharge	56
4	Condemn'd to death for us	31	Don't grieve him by sinning	189



# I N D E X.

Don't say, I've been a wretch	78	*Fit us for thy service, Lord	158
*Doth our gracious Saviour	149	Fix O fix our wav'ring mind	89
*Draw me, O Father, to the Son	65	Fix on that face thine eye	29
Draw me, a sinner, unto thee	78	Fix'd on this ground may I remain	87
Draw near, thou wilt discover	30	Flesh I bear, and therefore must	258
Draw near to Jesu's table	178	*Flock of Jesus, be united	132
Dust and ashes though we be	89	For all thy wounds painful	40
Dwell therefore in our hearts	73	For all put in authority	215
E.		Forbid, O Lord, each vain desire	134
Each day unto my heart	98	Far be gone all carnal reason	174
*Each division 'mongst thy fold	185	Forever then remain engrav'd	119
Each moment draw from earth	97	*For food he gave his flesh	180
Earth or heav'n can't satisfy	128	*For grace I weep and pant	137
Earth's glory to inherit	124	For Jesu's pardon, love and	94
Earthly trifles don't regard	150	For mercy, mercy, Lord, I ask	134
*Eaſt r-morning Litany	46	For O how faithless is my mind	134
Eat and rest at this great feast	173	For our brethren we should too	132
E'er since by faith I saw the	40	For our sakes, most gracious	202
*Ere the blue heav'ns were	65	For should I e'er so faithful prove	95
*Ere Christ ascended up on high	50	For such poor creatures, who of	89
Ere we taste the rich repast	173	*For that amazing love and grace	177
Enrich me always with thy love	237	For that blessed day	192
Eternal thanks be thine	120	For this let men revile my name	207
Eternal gates their leaves unfold	51	For the Lord who died	52
*Eternity's expansions	121	For these our God has number'd	154
Ev'ry island, sea and mountain	268	For thee he hangs, my soul	252
Evil and few, as Jacob says	256	For the Lamb of God	155
Exalted on his glorious throne	90	For there thou choos'ſt	150
F.		For therefore poor on earth he	14
*Fain would I, dear Redeemer	3	For thou art gracious, wiſe and	144
Fain would I think upon thy	100	For this O may I freely count	126
*Faith comes by hearing God's	86	For this I'm longing	157
Faith on Christ's declaration	178	For thy death thou art worthy	116
Faithful Lord, my only joy and	212	For us to heav'n thou didst	50
Faithful name of Jesus	19	For us these wonders hath he	14
Faithfully thy Spirit me directed	135	For we through grace are taught	94
Fall at his cross's foot	29	For we, unworthy as we are	161
*Farewel henceforth for ever	257	For what is all the human race	11
Farewel world, thy gold is dross	38	For worthless me (O God-like	40
*Father, before we hence depart	169	For you the healing current	80
Father, behold thy Son	63	'Fore thee that's nought, which	55
Father, I want a thankful heart	64	*Fountain of life, who gav'ſt us	256
*Father of all, almighty Lord	63	*Fountain of being, Source of	241
*Father of Jesus Christ our Lord	170	Fourthly, the meek and suſſ'ring	31
*Father of lights, from whom	64	Free from the noisy, busy crowd	123
Fear not, for this is he	29	Friend of my soul, O how	105
Feeling beforehand all the	168	*From all false love cleanse ev'ry	199
Firmly fix the eye of faith	204	From all eternity with love	111
Firstborn of many brethren thou	98	From day to day may we with	209
First for his foes he intercedes	31	From God descends a beam of	101
First let us duly count the cost	108	*From life and grace, this we are	89

# I N D E X.

158	*From my own works at last I	144	God reigns on high, but not	59
89	From the provisions of thine	59	*God reveals his presence	252
29	From thee I am, through thee	58	God ruleth in heaven almighty	206
an87	From thence I'll be taught truly	30	*God's holy word which ne'er	2
258	From thy majestic throne	155	God's only Son (stupendous	115
132	From their being join'd in one	130	God takes on him our nature	11
40	From various cares my heart	148	God the Son, Redeemer	61
215	*Full to my view	123	God with us	18
134	Furnish me richly both with	72	God with us we vow to thee	163
174			*Go, follow the Saviour	26
119	G,		*Go forth in spirit go	29
180	*Gethsemane, thou dol'rous	23	Good Lord, our only Comforter	71
137	Give comfort to the weak	118	*Go up with shouts of praise	50
94	Give me an inly cheerful heart	211	*Go witness of the suff'ring	209
134	Give me courage good	68	*Go, ye flatt'ring visions	143
134	Give me grace in all conditions	131	*Grace, Grace! O that's a	90
132	Give me the armour of the Spirit	88	Grace! how exceeding great to	90
202	Give me what thine own mind	211	Grace is the only wish and pray'r	92
e95	Give to mine eyes repenting	13	*Gracious Father, bless this	220
89	*Give to our God immortal praise	60	Gracious Lord! I wish alone	98
177	*Give to the Father praise	62	Gracious Lord, may we believe	165
192	Give to the Lord of lords renown	60	*Gracious Lord, our Shepherd	164
207	Give us an open door	212	Gracious Lord, who by thy	110
52	*Give us, O Lord, to feel thy	201	*Gracious Lord, with one	219
154	*Give us thy Spirit, Lord, that	3	Gracious Redeemer, grant to us	100
232	Give unto all the needful gifts	219	*Gracious Redeemer, Lamb of	134
15	Gladly our own poor works we	247	*Gracious Redeemer, thou hast	128
150	Gloomy thoughts must vanish	146	*Gracious Redeemer, who for us	114
14	*Glorious things of thee are	152	*Gracious Saviour, bless this	216
144	Glory to God who safe hath	236	Grant her to thee an ever free	215
126	*Glory unto Jesus be	45	*Grant, Lord, that we thee more	216
157	Go all ye wise, without control	111	Grant me a harmless dove-like	218
16	*Go, congregation, go and see	23	Grant me an upright simple	218
50	*God and man indeed	150	Grant me but this firm faith	178
14	God can this hour with ev'ry	56	Grant me but this, thou great	192
94	God evermore blest	186	Grant me but this while I am	33
61	God fill thee with his heavenly	241	Grant me that meek and lowly	20
11	God gives the victory	256	Grant me th' indisputable seal	71
40	*God hath laid up in heav'n for	273	Grant me to know thy blessed	211
80	*God Holy Ghost, in mercy us	72	*Grant, most gracious Lamb of	98
55	*God Holy Spirit, be for ever	75	Grant none amongst us may	210
56	God Holy Spirit, now impart	3	Grant, O Christ, thou Son of	34
41	*God in a garden suffers in our	22	Grant that every one in truth	142
31	God in man's death takes no	87	Grant that faithfully I may	108
23	God is mighty to deliver	147	Grant that I never may despair	270
95	God is my salvation	146	Grant that 'mongst thy chosen	153
99	*God is my Saviour and my Light	146	Grant that thy servants freely	219
11	God never yet mistakes hath	249	Grant that we all, both young	216
99	*God omnipotent Creator	236	Grant that we all may stedfastly	215
91	God on these terms is reconcil'd	8	Grant that we may in thee	217
89	God our salvation	156	Grant that we may love thee	216

# I N D E X.

Grant thy comforts to my mind	11	*Head of thy congregation	163
Grant to me, Lord Jesus	275	Head of thy church, thy	201
Grant unto ev'ry married pair	202	Heal me, O my soul's Physician	37
Grant unto us continually	191	Healing name of Jesus	19
Grant us a contented mind	185	*Heal us, Immanuel, here we	86
Grant us all to feel thy	219	Hear him, ye deaf; his praise	253
Grant us in meekness to reclaim	133	Hear my humble supplication	236
*Grant us, most gracious Lamb	181	Hear my requests, O Lord, and	146
Grant us resignation	252	*Hear, O Jesus, my complaints	82
Grant us to increase	75	Hear, O Lord, a parent's pray'r	203
Grant us to obey	75	Hear thou our heart's desire	262
Great God, create my heart anew	5	Hearts of stone, relent and see	86
Great God, how dreadful was	63	*Heav'n's foretaste I may here	184
Great God, mine eyes with	4	Heav'n's kingdom none shall	170
*Great High Priest, we view thee	26	Help us, O Christ, to watch and	271
Great is the harvest, great	211	Help us thy pleasure to fulfil	63
Great is the hidden mystery	13	Hence is it that the giddy eye	200
Guide me throughout my future	97	Heralds of grace would ye	207

## H.

Had I an angel's heav'nly tongue	252	Hereto we cheerful say Amen	209
Had we angels' tongues	61	Hernhuth the Most High's own	166
Hadst thou not life and salvation	202	He as a poor mean Child was	13
Hadst thou not sought me first	115	He at noon was on the cross	34
*Hail, Alpha and Omega, hail	88	He blesteth me so sensibly	128
Hail, First and Last, thou great	88	He bore the curse of all	122
Hail, your dread Lord and ours	66	He breaks the pow'r of cancel'd	253
*Happy I am, yet o'er my	274	He built the earth, he spread	60
Happy is each virgin's station	200	He by his blood aton'd for sin	171
*Happy meditation	38	He came, as plainly was	17
*Happy race of witnesses	173	He came to seek and save the lost	11
Happy she who finds in Jesus	201	He calls us brethren, not	105
Happy souls that feel the healing	199	He could not bear to see	33
Happy the souls who contrite	94	He ever lives to intercede	52
*Happy the children who are	191	He fills the sun with morning	60
*Happy the children who betimes	192	He freely laid his majesty	84
*Happy the man whose highest	144	He fulfill'd all righteousness	17
*Happy the souls to Jesus join'd	272	He grants us for our tears	88
*Happy they who oft for Jesus	200	He having triumph'd over death	45
Happy they whose hearts are	200	He hath dearly bought my soul	38
*Happy, thrice happy hour of	183	He hath now his Godhead's	247
Hark! his dying words, Forgive	38	He hath with a pledge of grace	176
Hark how he groans! while	29	He hath reveal'd his wondrous	226
*Hark, the trump of God is	268	He hath himself the keys	187
Hath God bestow'd his only Son	4	He in the days of feeble flesh	52
Hath he not from our earliest	249	He is, as long as life shall last	261
Hasten as for brides is fitting	175	He is and shall remain our Lord	154
Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul	274	He is my All, my Sacrifice	217
Haste then, O Lord, to thee I	134	He's merciful and kind	88
*Head and Ruler of thy	167	He is mine, and I am his	129
*Head of thy blest congregation	202	He is now ascended	52

# I N D E X.

163	He is our Master, Lord and God	206	He's yours with all his merit	196
201	He is our Saviour and High	204	Here I'll sit for ever viewing	118
ian 37	He is the blessed paschal Lamb	44	Here is a pasture rich and never	104
19	He is the Life, by whom all	70	Here it is I find my heaven	118
e 86	He is the Rock, on him we	69	Here I forgot my cares and	34
e 253	He is the Sun of righteousness	14	* Here in thy presence we appear	3
n 236	He knows the hours for joy and	56	Here is our hand, us, Lord	153
nd 146	He laid his glory by	68	Here is the place where weary	41
ts 82	He leads my soul to living	112	Here let our hearts begin to	113
r 203	He left his Father's throne above	94	Here many faithful souls are	208
262	He left his radiant throne on	117	Here may I stay and drink my	139
e 86	He lov'd and saved me	33	Here pardon, life, and joys	115
184	He loves and values me	244	Here prostrate on my face I lie	58
170	He'll never quench the smoking	52	Here (says our kind redeeming	176
nd 271	He meekly all our sorrows bore	9	Here's a task, may parents think	203
63	He ne'er shall weep more	192	Here we receive repeated seals	113
200	He pardon'd me, like Magdalen	43	Here will I stay engag'd in	41
207	He prospers all his servants toils	208	Hidden in Christ the treasure	93
153	He quits the dark abode	46	* High in the heav'ns, eternal	59
214	He rests now in peace	192	* High on his everlasting throne	207
209	He rises, who mankind hath	44	High Priest on thee I call	69
a 166	He said my flesh is truly	181	Highly favor'd church, thou	154
13	He saith to us repeatedly	204	* Highly favor'd congregation	153
34	He sees us willing slaves	68	Highest King and Priest	87
128	He sent his Son with pow'r to	60	Him a sin-offering made	249
122	He show'rs his choicest blessing	181	Him in his glorious realm they	272
253	He's full of grace and truth	84	Himself shall be thy helping	244
60	He's God come from heaven	18	His being so mean	186
171	He sings now above	192	His bitter death shall sweeten	244
17	He's mock'd and defamed	27	His blood, which did for you	51
st 11	He speaks, and listning to his	253	His body behold	192
195	He sunk beneath our heavy	113	His boundless years can ne'er	56
33	* He that confides in his Creator	56	His comforts daily me sustain	150
52	He took them in his arms on	201	His church is still his joy and	44
60	He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs	81	His ears are open night and	193
84	He truly tasted death	187	His enliv'ning countenance	166
17	He wash'd away my ev'ry stain	6	His eye the world at once looks	207
88	He who always our Saviour's	128	His faithful pray'rs	123
45	He who is by Christ directed	144	His flesh is torn with whips and	30
38	He who Jesu's mercy knows	175	His goodness and his mercies	112
247	He was offer'd on the tree	84	His Spirit is the sovereign	149
176	He was not conceiv'd in sin	17	His good Spirit's best instruction	57
246	He who nought but Christ	143	His holy name for ever be	43
187	He who prepar'd for every bird	185	His Holy Spirit we receive	92
52	He who rules both heav'n and	12	His looks of grace insure always	128
61	He who to John, still in the	170	His loving kindness those shall	145
54	He who the earth's foundations	14	His love is mighty to compel	78
17	He who the wants of all supplies	14	His love produces love	199
88	He who without delay	193	His love what mortal thought	117
29	He, when this feast was first	177	His matchless worth	123
52	He will present our souls	250	His perfect worship here is	4



# I N D E X.

His redeem'd his praise show	45	How highly wonderful is this	26
His shame to all will be display'd	270	How is Jesu's sacred soul	23
His Spirit cheers my spirit	149	*How is my soul delighted	122
His spirit is gone	192	How kind are thy compassions	59
His Spirit purifies our frame	87	How much better thou'rt	241
His Spirit teacheth us to know	202	How much we're lov'd by God	205
His thorns, and nails, pierce	34	How merciful art thou, O God	91
His words with due attention	108	*How pleasant is love's harmony	131
Hither each afflicted soul	175	How pleasing 'tis a new-born	79
*Holy Lamb and Prince of	108	How precious are thy thoughts	195
Holy Ghost, eternal God	4	*How sad our state by nature is	5
Holy Ghost, we praise thee	61	*How shall a young man cleanse	194
*Holy, holy, holy!	246	*How shall I meet my Saviour	10
*Holy Lord, holy and almighty	1	How should I feel the guilt of	256
Holy name of Jesus	19	How should I, slaughter'd Lamb	178
*Holy Trinity	61	*How soon, most gracious Jesus	259
*Hold o'er thy church thy	158	*How sweet the child rests	192
Hold over us thy gracious	217	*How sweet the name of Jesus	18
*Honour to th' almighty Three	62	How sweet the precious gospel	252
Hosanna, hosanna	187	*How sweetly this our brother	261
*Hosanna to the Son	70	How the blood, which from thee	175
*Hosanna to the royal Son	10	How vast is here displayed	178
*How amiable	156	How was it that you needed	190
*How blest am I, most gracious	104	*How well, O Lord, art thou	55
How blest when we can say	276	How wond'rous thy love	135
How blest, how excellent and	125	How wretched those who still	11
How blest'd he is who weigheth	42	Ho! ye needy, come and	79
*How bright appears the Morning	101	Human reason is too shallow	175
*How bold and vain th' attempt	155	Humbly, Lord Christ, I thee	256
How can it be, thou heav'nly	98	Hungry and thirsty after thee	100
*How can I view the slaughter'd	121	*Hush, dear child, lie still and	240
*How can a sinner here below	141	Hurry'd from bar to bar	249
*How could I bear to be partaker	141	I.	
How couldst thou love such	113	I adore	43
How did our Lord accomplish	190	*I am a poor sinner	136
How do I wish spirit's hunger	175	*I am lost in wonder	274
*How doth my needy soul rejoice	101	I am assured, nor life, nor death	55
*How doth my needy soul	274	*I ask not honor, pomp, or praise	139
How doth the old corruption	134	I am the chief of sinners, yea	115
However weak and helpless we	113	I confess, O Lord, with deep	135
How fast can love-cords bind	133	I confidently do believe	65
How glad am I that I have	244	I daily drink the healing streams	217
How glad am I that I so	107	I do not praise my lab'ring hand	58
*How good and pleasant is it to	131	Jeers and stripes, and mock'ries	23
*How great at last my joy shall	111	Jehovah is thy name	67
How great and wond'rous was	43	*Jehovah, thy wise government	58
*How great the bliss to be a	104	Jerusalem, the church above	274
How greatly man incenses	30	Jesus, all our souls inspire	130
How happy feels a contrite heart	43	*Jesus, all praise is due to thee	14
*How heart-affecting Christ to	186	Jesus, and didst thou bleed for	31
How highly blest, how happy	103	Jesus! as water well applied	170

# I N D E X.

is 26	Jesus, be endless praise to thee	8	* Jesus, our helper in all need	204
23	Jesus's bride, his congregation	174	Jesus, our Redeemer	53
122	Jesus, blessed Jesus	19	* Jesus, our guardian, guide and	239
ns 59	* Jesus, by thy almighty pow'r	257	* Jesus, Redeemer of mankind	113
241	* Jesus, by thy holy Spirit	216	Jesus rose victorious	273
God 205	* Jesus Christ, thou Leading-Star	110	* Jesus, Source of my salvation	37
God 91	* Jesus Christ, thou Son of God	141	* Jesus, Source of gladness	140
ony 131	Jesus, confiding in thy name	257	* Jesus, th' almighty Son of God	9
n 79	Jesus cur'd my soul's infection	97	Jesus, thee I view in spirit	37
hts 195	* Jesus fill me with sacred fire	136	Jesus, the name that checks our	253
is 5	Jesus, great High-priest of our	167	Jesus, the Rock on which I build	16
se 194	Jesus gives us life and peace	19	Jesus, the vision of thy face	20
r 10	* Jesus, God of our salvation	161	Jesus, the Bridegroom of their	199
of 256	* Jesus, grant me to inherit	131	Jesus therefore let us own	19
nb 178	Jesus has procur'd salvation	193	Jesus their work delighted sees	206
us 259	Jesus hear my supplication	12	* Jesus, thou art my salvation	242
192	* Jesus hear our pray'r	238	* Jesus, thou art my heart's delight	99
18	Jesus, hear my fervent cry	98	Jesus, thou art our King	60
l 252	* Jesus, how great was thy desire	176	Jesus, thou art my King	69
201	* Jesus, I am richly blest	35	* Jesus, thou fain wouldst have us	139
ee 175	Jesus, I humbly thee implore	145	Jesus, thou gracious Son of God	19
178	* Jesus, I love thee fervently	127	Jesus, thou'rt my joy	101
190	* Jesus, I love thy charming name	18	* Jesus, thou source of life impart	182
55	Jesus, I never can forget	27	* Jesus, thou hast reveal'd	106
135	* Jesus is my light most fair	126	Jesus, thy feast we celebrate	21
11	Jesus is the loveliest name	12	* Jesus, thy light again I view	98
79	* Jesus is our highest good	18	* Jesus, thy love exceeds	115
175	Jesus is worthy to receive	253	* Jesus, thy word is my delight	1
256	Jesus, Jesus, thou my rest	127	* Jesus, thyself to us reveal	120
100	* Jesus, knit all our hearts to thee	169	Jesus, to thee I bow	122
240	* Jesus, my King, thy kind and	103	Jesus, when in majesty	11
249	Jesus, Lord of the creation	175	Jesus, who after thou wast slain	19
43	* Jesus's life of sorrows	273	Jesus, when stern justice said	19
136	* Jesus, Lord most great and	109	Jesus, when thy blessings	136
274	Jesus, lo, to thee we bow	250	Jesus, who art the tree	68
155	* Jesus's love unbounded	138	Jesus, who came to save	256
139	* Jesus makes my heart rejoice	180	* Jesus, who dy'd, is now	51
115	* Jesus's mercies never fail	242	* Jesus, who dy'd the world to	44
135	Jesus, my All in All thou art	102	* Jesus, who for me hast dy'd	143
65	* Jesus, my All, my highest Good	147	Jesus, who hast once been dead	35
117	* Jesus, my All, my soul's best	147	Jesus, who pass'd the angels by	242
58	Jesus, my God, thy blood alone	5	Jesus, who to thy heav'n again	19
23	* Jesus, my highest treasure	124	* Jesus, who to save hast pow'r	184
67	* Jesus, my Lord and God	66	* Jesus, whose hands once pierc'd	106
58	Jesus, my only God and Lord	147	* Jesus, we look up to thee	132
71	* Jesus, my Saviour full of grace	100	* Jesus, will I never leave	128
30	Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour	18	Jesus wipes away their tears	104
11	* Jesus's name	18	* Jesus's wounds, springs of	183
0	* Jesus, O may we thee obey	219	Jesus yields me delectation	97
	* Jesus, our glorious Head and	91	If any, like the prodigal, to	118
	* Jesus, our High-priest and our	51	If any thing in us appears	141

# I N D E X.

If but a boy bemoans his case	194	I'll be 'mongst the beholders	30
If cordial love they in their	131	*I'll glory in nothing but only	127
If done t' obey thy laws	220	I'll here with thee continue	25
If early thou wilt take me hence	190	*I'll praise thee with my heart	248
*If father, mother, children	108	I'll praise him to eternity	95
*If feeling and fruition	178	*I'll spare all needless thinking	151
If I attempt to pray	82	I'll speak the honors of thy	18
If Jesus should appear	262	I'll trust my great Physician's	147
If in thy word I look	82	I'll weep, whene'er he's not to	124
If in him they trust indeed	104	I'll with Jesus never part	128
If I were free from all distress	211	I'm often stubborn, vain and	186
If my frail nature chance to	119	*I'm overcome with humble	123
If my sin's burden would	105	I'm lost in wonder and amaze	22
If once the plow in hand we	108	Immanuel, incarnate God	16
If sinners full of grief	7	Immanuel, our brother now	245
If the Lord protect me	146	*Immanuel, to thee we sing	15
If their faith and courage fail	104	Immeasurable is the extent	58
If thou through thorny paths	105	*Immortal praise be given	249
If thou, O Comforter	73	Impress thy wounds upon my	135
If thou wilt have me longer stay	190	Imprint thine image in my	188
If thou partak'st of saving grace	241	*In age and feebleness extreme	262
If we are to thy cause but true	210	In all I do, a lowly mind	211
If we in Jesu's saving name	140	In all I think, or speak, or do	20
If we thy rich forgiveness daily	199	In all our griefs he takes a share	52
If with willing resignation	147	In Bethle'm a town	186
If yet while pardon may be	269	In ceaseless happiness they view	191
I fully am assured	122	Inclin'd to me in tenderness	6
I feel the load of sin so vast	85	In childhood and in youth	160
I feel how much in debt I am	119	In converse make me tractable	218
I go hence at th' appointed hour	255	In darkest shades if thou appear	239
I give thee thanks unfeigned	25	Indeed had Jesus ne'er been	148
I hear the enraptur'd song	275	In darkness we stray'd	75
*I humbly will rejoice	187	*In evil long I took delight	93
I, I! and my transgressions	30	In faith and love each other	131
I in the dust adore	96	In fine spotless linen drest	272
I know as Judge thou shalt	269	*Infinite source, whence all did	13
I know my poverty	85	*In God the mighty Lord of	203
I know that in myself I have	217	Ingrave this deeply in my heart	126
I know that through thy grace	137	In him complete we shine	122
I know 'tis not the same	82	In him I trust for evermore	94
*I kneel in spirit at my Saviour's	35	*In joyful hymns of praise	254
I lay in fetters groaning	10	In Jesu's love and peace	224
I love his people and their ways	189	*In lying down to take my rest	237
I love his tears and suff'rings	189	In life they witness this with	207
I love mount Calv'ry, where	189	In liveliest manner	186
I love thee, O my Lord	184	In livelier colours, Jesus, draw	118
*I love the Lord who dy'd for	189	In mem'ry of your dying Lord	21
I love to hear that he was slain	189	*In mercy, Lord, remember me	238
I love to think the time will	189	In mercy, Lord, this grace	146
I'll be my flesh denying	30	In my body when restor'd	258
I'll be, like Magd'len, at thy	83	In my distress I rais'd with faith	248

# I N D E X.

30	In mutual love and harmony	199	I saw one hanging on a tree	93
127	*In mercy, Lord, remember me	238	*Is God my strong salvation	149
25	In Olivet's garden	39	Is he our head, each member	67
248	In our degree and measure	164	Is he a rock, how firm he proves	67
95	*In our short warfare here below	214	Is he a sun, his beams are grace	267
151	I now wish to be	105	Is he a vine, his heavenly root	67
18	In peace with all may I be found	218	I see him in the garden	122
147	*In peace I'll now lay down to	239	I see him lead a suffering life	90
124	In pity look upon my need	81	I see him look with pity down	90
128	In servant's form, lo, he appears	16	I see thee scourg'd, plung'd in	25
186	Inspire our hearts with mutual	168	I see his countenance defiled	28
123	In spirit we behold him	181	I see his hands and feet extended	28
22	In suffering be thy love my peace	111	I see my Saviour kneeling	22
16	*In that important doleful night	173	I send my cries unto the Lord	5
245	In that most precious river	188	I sink before thee, O my King	97
15	In the dust we sink before thee	162	I, sinful worm, most humbly 'fore	35
58	In the glorious presence	275	Israel's seed, from slavery freed	173
249	In the hope of all this joy	268	*Is that my dearest brother	181
135	In the morn at the sixth hour	34	Is there a thing beneath the sun	97
188	In the Redeemer, as my head	86	Is there a thing that warms the	165
261	*In thee, O Christ, is all my hope	85	Is there a thing that moves and	106
211	*In thee I live, and move, and am	58	*Is this indeed our happy lot	208
20	*In th' name of Jesus Christ our	157	Is this polluted heart	82
52	In these degen'rate evil days	2	It al'o shows God's boundless	2
186	In these our days exalt thy name	209	It caus'd thee pain, O Son of	96
191	*In thine image, Lord, thou	7	I tell the hours, and days, and	155
6	In this dreadful anguish our	187	It gathers God's elected flock	2
160	In this our wants are well	179	I thank thee, gracious Lord, that	15
218	In this vain and wretched world	203	I thank thee with sincerest	115
239	*In this world so full of snare	203	I thirst, thou didst upon the	79
148	Into death's jaws thou leaping	30	I, thy unworthy child	84
75	In thy family, O Jesus	153	It is but earth, from earth it	260
93	In thy garden here below	143	It makes the wounded spirit	18
131	In thy grace my children keep	203	It makes us all of one accord	184
272	*In thy love and knowledge	143	It plain appeareth	186
13	In thy most precious blood	95	I trust my guilt was done away	84
203	In thy realm all goes orderly	58	I trust thou'lt not despise my	26
126	In thy righteousness array'd	18	Its fresh representation	30
122	In want my plentiful supply	102	*Judge my heart betimes, dear	271
94	In weakness pow'r divine he	144	Justice and truth maintain	66
254	I of his body am a limb	258	Just ready for slaughter	40
224	John's portion so blest	102	I view in thee, thou wan and	41
237	Join earth and heav'n to bless	122	I want, as faithful christians do	139
207	I once was wholly dead in sin	134	*I, with the fallen human race	6
186	Joseph having leave obtain'd	34	*I will a little pilgrim be	191
118	I ought to have been pained	30	I will my heart to thee resign	191
21	Joy for thy torments we receive	29	*I will sing to my Creator	57
238	Joyless and flat all things appear	243	*I will rejoice in God my Saviour	16
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Lord Jesus Christ, in thee	85	Lord, let us be increasing	70
*Lord Jesus Christ, if thou wert	85	Lord, look on me midst all my	188
Lord Jesus Christ, may we	17	Lord, make us number so our	250
*Lord Jesus Christ, my for'reign	81	*Lord, may I live to thee by	261
*Lord Jesus Christ, my life and	237	Lord, may thy love with	109
Lord Jesus Chri', O may I	145	*Lord, may we highly magnify	209
*Lord Jesus Christ, thy death	155	*Lord, might my heart this very	92
*Lord Jesus Christ, who canst	134	Lord, my body, soul and spirit	236
*Lord Jesus Christ, who is like	237	*Lord, my matchless Friend and	121
Lord Jesus Christ, we pray be	168	*Lord, my times are in thy	262
*Lord Jesus, be near	142	Lord our God	1
*Lord Jesus, for our call of	161	Lord, of thy wond'rous love	178
*Lord Jesus, fountain of my life	260	Lord of the harvest, people	214
*Lord Jesus, from thy pierced	171	Lord, receive our thanks and	161
*Lord Jesus, grant us all the	219	*Lord, shouldst thou be induced	138
*Lord Jesus, in thy presence we	163	Lord, strengthen thou my heart	85
*Lord Jesus, let us be thine own	219	*Lord, teach me how to prize	154
*Lord Jesus, may I constantly	238	Lord, teach us thy ways	186
Lord Jesus, may the blood	182	*Lord, the gifts thou dost bestow	242
Lord Jesus, may each married	202	Lord to heav'n ascended	273
*Lord Jesus, 'mongst thy flock	161	*Lord, to thy people aid dispense	213
*Lord Jesus, more than thirty	195	Lord, thou hast re-assum'd thy	222
Lord Jesus, my pray'r	102	Lord, thou'lt appointed us that	243
*Lord Jesus, my most faithful	138	*Lord, thou'lt made the universe	220
*Lord Jesus, receive	135	Lord, thy body's Saviour	138
*Lord Jesus, sanctify thou me	139	*Lord, thy body's Saviour	158
*Lord Jesus, 'tis with us thy	110	Lord, thy body ne'er forsake	165
Lord Jesus, thine we wish to be	61	*Lord, thy church's rock	168
Lord Jesus, to our hearts reveal	167	Lord, thy deep humiliation	37
Lord Jesus, thou art my soul's	101	Lord, thy hands	42
Lord Jesus, thou my Shepherd	99	Lord, tune our hearts to praise	274
*Lord Jesus, thro' all temp'ral	240	*Lord, when thou saidst, "So	59
*Lord Jesus, thy atonement	141	Lord, we fain would trust thee	26
*Lord Jesus, we bless thee for	192	*Lord, when I quit this earthly	259
Lord Jesus, we would fain	161	Lord, where should a wretch	262
*Lord Jesus, when I trace	17	Lord, whilst my heart to thee	88
*Lord Jesus, when we trace	158	*Lord, who ordain'dst the	201
*Lord Jesus, with thy children	2	Lord, who would not fly to	86
*Lord Jesus, with thy presence	220	*Lord, with ev'ry needful grace	219
*Lord Jesus, who for me	118	Lord, with this guilty heart	238
*Lord Jesus, who hast called us	212	Love and grief my heart	118
Lord Jesus, who that very night	131	Love, before I life obtained	7
Lord Jesus, unto me impart	185	*Love God with all thy heart	140
Lord, I'll praise thee now and	37	Love he most strongly did	130
Lord, in ev'ry sore oppression	36	Love, my Life and my Salvation	8
*Lord, in the morning when we	239	Love so strikingly displayed	38
Lord, in the day thou art about	58	Love, thou'lt raise me thro'	8
*Lord, in thy name we go our	243	Love, thy yoke I gladly carry	8
Lord, lead us in thy holy ways	162	Love, who is my blessing	38

# I N D E X.

Love, who hast for me endured	7	Midst danger's blackest frown	251
Love, who hast for me endured	38	Might all the pow'r of his	79
Love, who interced'it in heaven	8	Might each virgin live unto her	199
M.		Might ev'ry one who knows us	116
*Maker of all things, Lord our	10	Mighty God, we humbly pray	141
*Make my calling and election	257	*Mistaken souls! that dream of	86
Make my heart a garden fair	143	*Monarch of all, with humble	59
Make us all of one heart and	132	*More than Shepherd's	177
Making himself a sacrifice	6	Mortals with joy behold his face	65
Man's life's a book of history	58	*Most faithful Lord, thyself	211
*Many complaints to Christ I	217	Most gracious Comforter, we	74
*May Chr:st continue still to	259	Most gracious Lord, thy dying	118
May ev'ry drop of blood	179	*Most gracious Lord, we render	3
May I be serious, childlike too	218	Most gracious Saviour, to	198
May Jesus Christ, the spotless	19	Most holy Lord and God	223
*May Jesu's grace and blessing	237	*Most holy Lord, mankind's	203
May in my heart's recesses	257	Most holy Lord, thou know'st	179
May I of thy chosen bride	127	Most merciful and gracious	44
May I still enjoy this feeling	119	Most merciful Saviour, who	61
May I, when time is o'er	257	Most who've enter'd your blest	153
May it to the world appear	130	*Mount Sion, where the Lamb	271
May'st thou live to know and	241	Mourn, because thou hast	150
May that refresh us while we	240	Mourning souls, dry up your	89
*May the grace of Christ our	62	Mourning souls are truly blessed	209
May the enjoyment of thy flesh	199	Mouth turn'd pale	42
May this each day be my	120	Much of my dubious life is	160
May this place exist no longer	166	*My all things more than earth	197
May thy blest Spirit to my heart	100	*My blessed Saviour, is thy love	114
May to Jesus while we're living	183	*My body's weak, my heart's	244
May we a grateful sense retain	29	My Comfort, Jewel, Life and	126
May we all be ever so disposed	200	My conscience felt and own'd	93
May we always have in view	274	*My dear Redeemer, God	21
May we believe, almighty Lord	2	My dearest, faithful God is he	256
May we so captivated be	176	My dearest Lord, shouldst thou	146
May we, though gifts be	133	My debt to thee, O God of love	33
May we thy mind still better	191	My earnest pray'r whilst absent	128
May we to thee our Shepherd	164	*My faith shall triumph o'er	269
Meanwhile God the holy Spirit	205	My faithless heart, O gracious	134
Meanwhile his promises we	254	My faith victorious now doth	274
Meanwhile I'll love and thank	41	*My Father, who in heaven art	71
Meanwhile that we might bear	177	My fav'rite theme is Jesus	142
Meanwhile we pray thee	50	My feeble self and frail abode	238
Meekness and true humility	198	*My God a man, a man indeed	20
*Meek, patient Lamb of God	142	My God a man became	33
Meek they are to all mankind	130	My God, and can a needy child	259
Me, heavy laden sinner, hear	81	*My God, the spring of all my	239
Mention to him all thy wants	150	My griefs and cares to thee	64
Me nor the saints on earth can	84	*My happy lot is here	259
Methinks I see them kneeling	191	My heart no condemnation fears	6
Me thy all-seeing eye	96	My heart's fix'd on Jesus	127
Midst all trials may I cleave	151	My heart, while here 'tis	37

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251	My heart with fervor	156	Nearer and nearer draw us still	215
79	My Jesus and his merits	149	*Needy souls, who fly f r	121
109	*My Jesu's first bleeding	18	Never may I depart from thee	6
116	My Jesus is always desirous to	127	*Never yet hath in this world	132
111	*My Jesus I trace	105	Next, take to heart his anguish	32
86	*My Jesus, thou didst shed	96	No blessing he denieth	242
59	*My King benign	103	No condemnation now I dread	94
177	My King, thy noble statutes	111	*No farther go to-night but stay	238
65	My lips shall be employ'd to	191	No greatness, wit, nor golden	255
211	*My life I now to God resign	255	No holiness availeth	140
74	My life and blood I here present	207	No, I am safe alive or dead	244
118	*My Lord and God, who for my	273	No limits can thee circumscribe	53
3	My loving friends, farewell	244	No longer burn our love	73
108	My mind enlighten with thy	93	No man of greater love can	115
223	My mind to trace its limits is	26	*No more with trembling heart	151
203	*My only joy and comfort here	260	None can be so o'erwhelm'd	147
179	My portion is the Lord	89	*None God the Father's favor	145
44	My pray'r is: "Jesus, let me	135	None in his own wisdom trusts	130
61	My ransom from the pow'r of	8	None is so holy, pure and just	94
153	*My Redeemer knoweth me	148	None knows what pain he	118
271	*My Redeemer overwhelm'd	23	No pomp adorns, no sweets	14
150	My salvation welcome be	11	Nor hath the King of grace	273
80	My Saviour by his saving grace	271	Nor is there any other way	94
200	My Saviour learned Joseph's	20	No spoil'd creature had been	202
42	*My Saviour, Lord and God	33	*Not all the angels of the sky	252
160	My Saviour, Lord and God	96	Not earth, nor air, nor sun, nor	67
107	*My Saviour sinners doth receive	77	Not for the blood of foes who	79
114	*My Saviour's pierced side	182	*Not one of Adam's race	7
244	My Saviour takes notice of	127	No! 'twas beyond all human art	7
126	*My Saviour, that I without	145	Nought can disturb this heir of	261
93	*My Saviour, thou thy love to	111	Nought in this world affords	99
21	Myself can hardly bear	82	Now all tears are wip'd away	268
256	My sins, as num'rous as the sands	33	Now a new scene of time begins	160
126	My song in thy great loveliness	27	*Now begin the heav'nly theme	80
33	*My song shall bless the Lord of	69	Now behold him weeping	23
128	*"My son, give me thy heart"	95	Now bless and praise the	190
269	*My soul awake and render	236	Now, dear brethren, know ye	166
134	*My soul exalt the Lord thy	246	Now, dearest Lord, we inly	91
274	My soul obey th' almighty call	5	Now doth our Lord, the Son of	65
71	*My soul prepare to meet	178	*Now haste, my soul, with awe	40
142	My soul's welfare he advances	57	Now I can leave this world, he	20
238	My soul, though deeply bow'd	107	Now is come our time sabbatic	174
20	*My soul waiteth on the Lord	166	Now is his sympathizing heart	77
33	My soul with patience wait for	151	*Now I have found the ground	87
259	My spirit too with solemn	22	Now I'll lie down and sleep in	237
239	My strength and grace come	141	Now let all say Amen	275
64	My trusty counsellors they are	4	*Now let us join with hearts	245
259	*My yoke, faith Christ, upon	108	Now let us praise the Lord	250
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37	Name for ever sacred	19	*Now sing, thou happy church	62



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Now then my Way, my Truth	148	Of this complete salvation	140
Now though he reigns exalted	113	Of this I am persuaded	149
Now through thy wounds my	96	*O for a thousand tongues to sing	253
Now through another year	160	O for thy name's sake let me	81
*Now unite to render praises	217	*O for a theme of thankful praise	51
Now what he is doing	136	*O glorious Saviour of thy house	213
*Now will I, like Mary	41	*O God of mercy, grace and love	96
*Now with joyful songs appear	254	*O God, thou bottomless abyss	53
		O God of our salvation	160
O.		*O God, whose love (immense	97
O all ye wise, ye rich, ye just	148	O gracious God, bestow	250
*O! at last I've found my Saviour	97	O gracious Lord, thy name be	159
*O behold your Saviour wounded	36	O gracious Lord, receive my	273
*O blest condition, happy living	143	O grant me thro' thy precious	139
*O blest Redeemer! in thy side	172	O grant us thy divine, thy	72
O boundless love! O love beyond	26	O greatest King, whose power is	26
O boundless love and grace	133	O ground us deeper still in thee	112
*O can it be that I should gain	93	O give me, Jesus, give me still	142
*O come and view the greatest	165	O give me wisdom's sharpest	56
O come and in our hearts reside	188	Oh glorious hour, it comes with	245
*O Comforter, God Holy Ghost	72	Oh Holy Ghost! with pow'r	173
*O could we but love that Saviour	121	Oh if your hearts but upright	194
*O Christ, my only life and Light	125	Oh I ord, what thee tormented	24
O church of God, lift up thy	182	Oh let me ever share thy grace	129
*O church of Jesus, now draw	179	Oh let thy pity thee constrain	113
O church, now tremble awfully	181	*O Head so full of bruises	24
*O Day-spring from on high	68	*O Holy Ghost, eternal God	73
O dear bleeding Saviour	40	O Holy Ghost! kind Comforter	71
O dear Redeemer, Jesus Christ	44	O Holy Ghost, our sov'reign	60
O death, where is thy sting	31	*O Holy Ghost, within my soul	72
*O deepest grief, which the	42	O how basely wast thou used	37
O dwell within my heart, that	184	O! how beyond expression great	65
O delightful theme, past all	24	O how blessed are the moments	217
*O exalt and praise the Lord	272	O how crave I the fruition	175
O'erstream our souls with thy	144	*O how enraptur'd is my heart	107
O'erwhelm'd with grief and	28	*O how I love thy holy word	3
O Father, me with pleasure	218	*O how I long to go and see	244
*O Father, hear	61	O how shall I the goodness tell	80
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	170	O how shall words with equal	54
*O Father of mercies, be ever	6	O how unutterably blest am I	184
Oftentimes for thee I sigh	128	O had not Jesu's blood been	117
Oft often oppress'd with human	20	*Oh could we but love that	124
*Oft as the church the blessings	215	*Oh! let me always think thou'rt	142
Oft as in spirit Christ he views	141	Oh may I then of Christ this	240
Oft he was hungry, spent and	20	Oh, that I thus could always feel	34
Of all the crowns Jehovah bears	69	Oh! this makes me think with	25
Of all the feeble be the strength	69	Oh, sustain us on the road	174
Of all thou the beginning art	59	O if this night should prove	239

# I N D E X.

*O if the Lamb had not been	106	O Lord, be thou my shield and	98
O joy all joys exceeding	124	O Lord, before we go	212
O! I'm lost in deepest wonder	97	O Lord, grant my request	276
O Jesus blest'd! my heart's true	42	O Lord, how very short I fall	99
O Jesus Christ, my Lord and God	93	*O Lord, how vile am I	81
*O Jesus Christ, most holy	155	O Lord, I'll treasure in my soul	115
O Jesus Christ, thou only holy	185	*O Lord, in me fulfil	98
O Jesus Christ, thou only child	60	*O Lord, lift up thy countenance	162
*O Jesus, everlasting God	100	*O Lord, let thy countenance	159
*O Jesus, for thy matchless love	117	*O Lord of glory, grant, we	268
*O Jesus, 'fore whose radiation	87	O Lord, preserve me sound in	147
*O Jesus, Jesus, my good Lord	134	*O Lord, the contrite sinner's	142
*O Jesus, may our whole behavior	237	*O Lord, the widow's friend	205
O Jesus, source of grace	84	*O Lord, thy church which	120
O Jesus, show thy great	88	O Lord, thy everlasting grace	87
*O Jesus, could I always keep	136	O Lord! thy glorious name we	261
O Jesus, wipe away my tears	134	O Lord, thy grace impart	137
*O Jesus, were we, through thy	139	*O Lord, we highly magnify	209
O Jesus, God of my salvation	144	*O Lord, with thanks at thy feet	254
O Jesus, shorten thy long stay	269	O Lord, we'll blest thee all our	245
O keep our souls and senses	160	*O Lord, when condemnation	36
O keep me contrite, low and	146	*O Lord, we humbly thee adore	202
O King of glory, Christ, the	95	O Lord, who dost thyself impart	179
*O King of peace, our Sov'reign	220	*O Maker of my soul	169
O Lamb, for sinners slain	120	O majestic Being	252
O Lamb of God, the book	1	O make us all devoted unto	199
*O Lamb of God, who wait for	107	O make us quite conform'd to	133
O Lamb of God, we trace	31	O may I look to Christ without	104
*O Lamb of God, for sinners	136	O may I with submissiveness	145
O let each member of thy fold	219	O may I never from thee stray	98
O let my house a temple be	58	O may I in his love be blest	124
O let my soul with thee	101	O may I humbly onward move	121
O let me thee behold in faith	119	O may my life and labor	37
O let thy congregation feel thy	215	O may my soul on thee repose	240
*O let thy countenance, most	103	O may our souls forever pine	242
O let thy love my heart	83	O may our lives thy power	208
*O let thy love our hearts	130	O may the church of Christ	154
O let thy Spirit still attend me	88	O may the children true	219
O let that faith which thou hast	88	O may the single men be fill'd	118
O let us go from strength to	88	O may the sweet, the blissful	117
O let us then repeat the theme	65	*O may the witness spirit rest	206
O living Fountain, he who	70	O may thy flock still more	133
O Love divine, most strong	176	O may thy name still cheer my	18
*O Love divine, what hast thou	39	O may thy word in Christendom	220
O Love, thou bottomless abyss	87	O may we ever feel thee near	191
O Love, no human tongue can	63	O may we feel thy healing	201
O Love unbounded! refuge	149	O merciful Saviour, so grant it	189
O lovely Infant, thou art full	15	O might I but resemble thee	188
*O Lord, accept my worthless	114	O might I like a little child	274
*O Lord, afford me light	82	O might our souls and bodies be	181

# I N D E X.

*O might our youth Christ's	194	O that I with a babe's desire	126
*O might we all, Lord God our	220	O that I was still more possess'd	125
O might we clearly trace	155	O that I never might forget	136
*O my dear Saviour, when thy	17	*O that in Jesu's church, his	181
*O my God, I come, oppress'd	135	O that my heart with eagerness	125
O my Immanuel	137	O that my heart which open	111
O myst'ry of godliness, wonder	190	*O that we could for ever sit	102
*Once more before we part	170	O that the Comforter would	71
One day is better	157	O that the Lord could quite	130
One of those sheep in deserts lost	5	O that we his steps to follow	132
One thing I gladly do, to give	26	*O that we with gladness of spirit	254
O no in all things I shall prove	149	O the delights, the heav'nly	67
O no, me he cannot leave	258	O the happy hours I spend	129
O no, for in thy wounded hands	259	*O the love wherewith I'm loved	38
On fallen men he cast his eye	9	O the rich depths of love divine	115
On him we'll venture all we	206	O then turn to him and live	80
On his great atonement	275	*O thou before whose Father's	191
On me, my King, exert thy	135	*O thou our first-born Brother	169
On me, thy helpless worm, O	85	O thou the church's Head and	167
On my heart thy wounds for	38	O thou Well-spring of salvation	109
On straw, or on hay	186	Others may seek satisfaction	97
On the cross thy body broken	26	O therefore impart	75
On thee, almighty Lord of hosts	249	O thou life-giving stream the	74
On thee alone my hope relies	115	O thou, our highest comfort in	72
*On this glad day a brighter	44	O thou, the sole defence and aid	211
On those, O Lord, who faith'ful	108	*O thou, the great High-priest	214
On us their parents grace bestow	203	O thou thy children's highest	247
On us he spent his life and blood	84	O thou who to redeem my soul	119
On what joys celestial	275	*O thou whose goodness words	216
On wither'd grass reclines thy	15	O thou whose love extends	155
*Open'd fount on Calvary	85	*O thou whose mercies far exceed	155
Open'd heart	43	*O thou who'rt present with thy	175
O Prince of Peace, thou Source	42	O thou who pardon canst impart	93
Open to us those living springs	144	O thou who always dost abide	167
O raise my feeble flame	184	*O those souls are highly blest	104
Or art thou at a loss	29	Our all in all, sole source of peace	70
O receive our thanks and praise	141	*Our baptism first declares	172
Or he that consolation	164	Our brother's sorrows, griefs and	260
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247		The soul doth ever live to God	260	Then let our humble faith	52
247		The soul from sin for ever	274	Then murmur not, but be	249
255		*The spirits of the righteous	262	Then midst failings numberless	141
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82		*The Spirit of the witnesses	1, 8	Then so refers my state to him	148
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84		The thieves expiring on each	31	Then what joy awaiteth	273
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210		*The virgins who enjoy our	199	Therefore all his agony and	24
197		*The unbounded love of my	105	Therefore I'll humbly cleave	89
187		Th' unworthiest of his friends	52	Therefore I'll thee adore	17
242		The waking trumpets all shall	269	Therefore my Saviour's blood	92
257		The water is in baptism seen by	17	Therefore must sin lie vanquish'd	79
112		The water flowing from thy side	139	Therefore, my hope is in God's	83
201		The whole creation join in one	253	Therefore, my soul, delight no	145
217		*The will of God is always best	150	Therefore our Lord calls	6
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6		The world and satan rage	68	Therefore the slaughter'd Lamb	33
214		The word by which all things	70	Therefore we'll follow willingly	111
107		The Word eternal did assume	11	Therefore we nothing can reply	214
78		The word of God like plenteous	13	Therefore whate'er our trials be	204
83		The word of Jesu's bloody sweat	165	*There hangs the Saviour of	30
14		*Thee God's own Son—with joy	197	There hast thou us, most gracious	269
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106		Thee gracious Lord we now	19	*There is a house not made with	271
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91		*Thee, O my God and King	63	Thereof partaking in humble	181
78		Thee of ourselves we could not	74	There on the cursed tree	183
205		Thee t' approach with awe we	161	There's but a small beginning	214
240		Thee the angels ceaseless sing	250	There quite o'erwhelm'd with	23
93		Thee we address in humble	241	There shall the followers of the	24
239		*Thee will I love, my Strength	123	There sits the princely company	275
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702		Then all old things will pass	274	Thereto the church of Christ	245
45		*Then after supper took the cup	173	There we to all eternity	276
46		*Then after walking in thy ways	190	*There where my blessed Jesus	274
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108		Then did to heav'n ascend	280	These are the wounds I bore	180
10		Then forward press this very	195	These my eyes most certainly	258
94		Then his own hand shall wipe	269	These our fault-ring lays, dear	247
115		Then I shall be supremely blest	244	These were the unrelenting	83
91		Then in a nobler, sweeter song	40	Th' eternal and almighty God	14
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They're delighted when they all	130	This precious blood is full of	171
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They sing, all glory doth pertain	95	This renews the heart and all	198
They spit in his face, and then	187	This sacred word exposes sin	2
They that mourn, blest is their	109	This territory	157
They thro' Jesu's precious blood	272	*This transient world is not our	270
*They who Jesu's followers are	130	This will I do, thou child divine	14
They who feel their want and	177	This wondrous grace to	172
They who search their hearts	76	*This yields true joy and pleasure	140
They who simply to him cleave	104	*Tho' by nature I'm defiled	137
They who see themselves undone	12	*Tho' but a little child I am	185
They with patience having run	272	*Tho' Christ was God and all	186
Thine eye observ'd from far	63	Tho' comforted they still distrust	91
Thine is the kingdom, thine the	63	*Tho' ev'ry child of God	88
Thine was a bitter death indeed	257	Tho' guilt would fill my soul	258
Think how on the cross he hung	76	Tho' hated, tho' despis'd and	213
Think, my soul, how great the	153	Tho' heav'n and earth belong	15
*Think on our brethren, Lord	212	Tho' heav'n's his throne he came	84
*Th' impression of what Christ	121	Tho' his majesty be great	76
Th' impression of Christ's bitter	114	*Tho' I'm in body full of pain	241
Thirdly, observe the tender	31	Tho' I'm a sinful creature still	119
This alone can keep them steady	197	Tho' in the very form of God	115
This awful blessed meditation	28	Tho' I to mercy had no right	114
This be my support in need	83	Thomas, we have seen the Lord	46
This blessed truth I firmly will	35	Tho' press'd, we need not yield	68
This body leave its rest to take	260	Tho' seated on thy Father's	50
This caus'd thy incarnation	10	Tho' she feels that soul and body	108
This confirms me when I'm weak	83	Tho' sin with us doth much	83
*This flock 'fore thee appears	205	Tho' sins exceed a mountain	30
*This flock of Christ receiveth	157	Tho' thou'rt unseen yet we by	167
This gospel cheers the poor in	2	Tho' thou hast but little strength	154
This gives me comfort and	256	Tho' the outward mark and fear	141
This grace, as long as life shall	119	Tho' waves and storms go o'er	87
This holy bread and wine	180	*Tho' we can't see our Saviour	102
This infant rests now happily	261	Tho' weak and poor, I am thine	146
This is the day the Lord hath	44	*Those are partakers of our	145
This is the fruit of Adam's fall	256	Those children are to God most	241
This is the light prepar'd to	20	*Those who're devoted to our	121
This is the man, th' exalted	67	Thou art destruction to the grave	33
This is the time, no more delay	78	Thou art my daily bread	69
This is my body, broke for sin	21	Thou art my faithful friend in	99
This is my joy, which ne'er can	148	*Thou art our Father and our	64
This Jesus who to heav'n is	50	Thou art my life, thy pow'r	99
This Lamb is God omnipotent	27	Thou art the earnest of his love	73
This, Lord, I do with many	121	Thou art th' eternal Light	251
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206	Thou art the truth, in thee I've	99	Thou, Lord, art good, and thou	60
240	*Thou Bridegroom of the soul	201	Thou, Lord, art love, from thee	59
150	Thou can'st in love to my relief	125	Thou, Lord, art light, thy native	59
171	Thou canst alone to us true life	163	Thou, Lord, attendest all my	243
25	Thou canst true comfort to me	27	Thou Lord of life, fix thou my	41
198	*Thou Comforter and Guide of	74	Thou loving all-atoning Lamb	83
2	Thou countenance transcendent	24	*Thou mine and all poor	191
157	Thou comfortest the heavy heart	73	*Thou Maker of each creature	70
270	Thou count'st thy children's	249	*Thou meek and patient Lamb	109
ne 14	Thou didst in form of fiery	188	*Thou, O Jesus	110
172	Thou dost a mother's nursing	15	Thou on my neck didst fall	63
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137	Thou dost thy sanctifying gifts	71	Thou only know'st, High-priest	101
185	Thou Father from eternity	101	Thou Prince of glory knew'st	33
186	*Thou flock of single men	195	*Thou ransom'd church of Jesus	164
st 91	Thou for our griefs didst mourn	251	Thou ransom'd congregation	181
88	Thou for their sake who hated	6	*Thou'rt my Light, my	237
258	Thou fountain of eternal love	169	Thou'rt still as full of love to	79
213	Thou Friend of sinners, love me	135	Thou say'st, dear Jesus, all thy	101
15	Thou God of grace, of love, and	207	Thou seat us here, assembled in	118
ne 81	Thou God of love, Lord our	159	Thou shalt my comfort be	85
76	*Thou God of love, thou sinners'	112	*Thousand times by me be	37
241	Thou God of love, thy great	159	Thou source of love, God Holy	72
119	*Thou God of love, we pray	155	*Thou slaughter'd Lamb, thy	183
115	Thou God of my salvation	122	*Thou sov'reign Author of all	242
114	*Thou God's most holy Lamb	133	Thou'st chosen us to show thy	195
46	*Thou, gracious Saviour, for my	190	Thou tak'st no pleasure in the	79
68	Thou gracious Teacher, thee	74	Thou the good Shepherd art	68
50	*Thou Guardian of thy lambs	189	Thou the great victorious Lamb	199
198	Thou hast a tender sympathy	51	Thou thro' love incomparable	175
83	Thou hast me drawn with cords	95	Thou took'st the sting of death	244
30	Thou hast kindly led us	160	Thou to purchase our salvation	120
167	Thou hast o'erbrow'd the foe	251	Thou wast more spotless than a	188
154	*Thou hast thy church appointed	211	Thou, when we are oppress'd	249
148	Thou hast, with shepherd's	152	Thou who a divine repast	184
87	*Thou hidden source of calm	102	Thou who didst love me first	107
102	Thou holy, spotless Lamb of	6	*Thou who in the days of thy	171
146	Thou holy, spotless Lamb of	142	Thou who on earth the sick	215
145	Thou, Jesus, art my God and	28	Thou who the nail-prints dost	35
241	*Thou, Jesus, art our King	241	*Thou who so graciously didst	163
124	Thou in grace hast look'd on	127	Thou who'rt in heav'n above	145
33	Thou know'st her wants and	215	Thou with great tenderness art	51
69	Thou know'st, O God, that I	257	Thou wilt be our Saviour	192
99	Thou know'st, O Lord, how	55	Thou with more than lamb-like	37
64	Thou know'st the baseness of my	64	Three hours upon the cross	31
99	*Thou know'st the congregation	159	Thrice happy they who in this	161
73	Thou know'st what wild	213	*Thrice happy are the feeble	142
251	Thou know'st which way to	135	Through all eternity to thee	54
248	Thou know'st my inmost soul	107	Through all the dangers of the	238
133				

# I N D E X.

Through ev'ry period of my	54	Thy forty days fasting	21
Through faith in thee to God	115	*Thy form on the cross	120
Through grace afford us	157	Thy gospel oft I hear	81
Through his atonement's	144	Thy glory be to all the world	158
Through his poverty the poor	76	Thy good Spirit, Lord	68
Through hidden dangers, toils	54	Thy grace thou freely dost	162
Through him alone we live	247	Thy hand rewards, though all	54
Through this vain world he	60	Thy holy Spirit with us leave	178
Through thy grace may we	117	Thy holy unction power affords	71
Through thy so spotless blood	84	Thy humiliation	21
Thus Abraham was sav'd by	95	Thy incarnation, wounds and	95
Thus all who wait upon the	198	Thy love and mercies all exceed	129
Thus Father, Son, and Holy	13	*Thy law, O Lord, be my	140
Thus having all the law fulfill'd	7	Thy love alone may we require	202
Thus I am sure to live or die	239	Thy love hath always been the	126
Thus in communion may I live	100	Thy love, my Saviour, all	126
Thus in number and in grace	164	Thy love, which always is the	111
Thus may we abide in union	62	Thy love uphold me when	126
Thus might I hide my blushing	36	Thy love is great beyond all	176
Thus our bliss will last for ever	162	Thy love hath thaw'd my frozen	83
Thus penitents who die to sin	172	*Thy majesty how vast it is	60
Thus preserv'd from satan's	57	Thy messengers of peace thou	79
Thus sav'd by God's unbounded	11	Thy mercy and thy goodness I	184
Thus the souls he join'd	132	*Thy mercies and thy faithfulness	116
Thus thou hast bought us with	6	Thy mercy I can ne'er forget	116
Thus, while his death my sin	93	Thy mercy is our only stay	162
Thus will our infant tongues	19	Thy mercy ne'er from me	126
Thy anguish, thy tormenting	33	Thy name dispels my guilt	34
Thy blest people, trusting in	167	Thy pow'ful presence, Lord	213
Thy blood and death shall be	210	Thy precious blood for sinners	178
Thy blood shall wash our	45	Thy providence my life sustain'd	54
Thy blood-streams and bruises	39	Thy providence is kind and	59
Thy blood-sweat, dear Saviour	39	Thy sacred meritorious infancy	185
*Thy blood hath me a sinner	119	Thy sacred blood, O Son of	29
*Thy blood so dear and precious	40	Thy sacred body thou didst give	178
*Thy blood preserve my garments	142	Thy sacred word is all our boast	2
Thy body, slain for me	178	Thy sighs and groans unnumber'd	30
Thy bounty gives me bread	58	Thy Spirit can afford us light	3
Thy church, great Saviour	152	Thy statutes to thy church	167
*Thy church, O Lamb of God	165	Thy stripes have me a sinner	260
Thy cheeks, through heavy	24	Thy suff'ring life I cannot trace	17
Thy chastisements are nought	249	Thy suff'rings, Lord, each	179
Thy communion's celebration	175	Thy suff'rings then and bitter	119
Thy conversation be sincere	236	Thy sweet communion charms	73
Thy cross and saving name	107	Thy tender mercies, Lord	240
Thy cross, thy shame, thy	128	*Thy thoughts of peace o'er me	115
Thy dying love doth justify	109	Thy thoughts of peace o'er us	270
Thy faithfulness eternal	54	*Thy virgins, Lord, fore thee	199
Thy flight into Egypt	21	Thy unfeign'd obedience	21
Thy former mispent time	236	Thy unction O may I obey	218

# I N D E X.

21	Thy unction freely dost impart	72	To Christ th' anointed King	70
123	Thy unspotted childhood	21	To comfort man was his delight	20
8r	Thy wond'rous love to evidence	33	To-day we live, look fair and	256
158	Thy word's a lanthorn to my	5	*To-day we celebrate the birth	16
68	*Thy wounds and all-atoning	183	To ev'ry wife thy grace dispense	202
162	'Tis by you they should be led	203	*Together with these symbols	176
1	*'Tis done, my God hath dy'd	122	*To God let all the human	245
54	'Tis done! the precious	29	To God our great Creator	164
178	*'Tis evident that Jesus loves	124	*To God, our Immanuel, made	16
ds 71	'Tis faith that conquers earth	87	*To God on high all glory be	60
21	'Tis faith that changes all the	87	*To God the Lord be praises	242
95	'Tis finish'd, was the following	32	To God the Father and the Son	162
d 129	*'Tis heav'n itself on earth to	101	*To God the Holy Ghost we	74
140	'Tis here with happy John I	123	*To God the only wife	250
e 202	'Tis he, my Lord and Saviour	256	*To God we render thanks and	11
e 126	'Tis his almighty love	250	To have of Jesus such a view	46
126	'Tis his body and his blood	177	To grant us pardon, peace and	14
e 113	'Tis Jesus Christ, who taketh	149	To heav'n's bright realms he	9
126	'Tis myst'ry all: th' immortal	93	To him I give my life and	256
176	'Tis none of our endeavor	11	To him I wholly give	95
en 83	'Tis only this which Christ of	95	To him poor sinners may appeal	94
60	'Tis our desire to follow thee	162	To him we owe our breath	160
79	'Tis pleasant to believe thy	271	To his name give thanks and	166
184	Till death's pale ensigns o'er	29	To his voice attentive be	154
s 116	Till fleeting time shall have an	252	To Jesus Christ is due eternal	140
119	Till I shall once behold thy face	120	*To Jesus now deliver we	196
162	Till then thy blessed aim with	215	To Jesus, our exalted Head	9
126	Till then I would thy love	18	To look to Jesus as he rose	90
34	Till then, thou wilt fetch over	259	To love thee is all my wish	122
213	*Till the hour shall come, with	176	*To marry, led by fleshly schemes	202
178	Till we in heav'n shall take our	74	To obtain remission of our sin	83
d 54	Till we the Lord our	130	To our Redeemer, God	250
59	Till we with angels join to sing	162	*To our Redeemer's glorious	117
185	*'Tis sure that awful time will	269	To remove his unbelief	46
29	'Tis the desire of all our hearts	210	*To rest I now again retire	238
178	*'Tis the most blest and needful	99	To scorn the senses sway	219
2	'Tis the most lovely attitude	35	To the dear fountain of thy	5
d 30	'Tis thine alone to change the	144	To the throne go undismayed	247
3	'Tis thine to cleanse the heart	73	*To the single brethren be	197
167	'Tis through thy grace we're	188	To thee, O Lord, our	162
260	*'Tis through the grace thou	102	To thee the mercy-seat we	70
17	'Tis thy desire to save the lost	144	*To thee, our Lord, all praise be	50
179	'Tis true the lonely widow'd	203	To them he saith, Arise and live	91
119	'Tis true that I love	102	To these the Lord will deign	145
73	To all my weak complaints and	54	To world and sin they bid adieu	94
240	*To avert from men God's wrath	175	To wrath when I begin to yield	136
115	*To be a happy married pair	202	Trembles the king of fears	66
270	To be his priests and witnesses	254	Triumph and reign in me	66
199	To Christ draw nigh for he!p	85	Trusting his mild staff always	180
21				
218				



# I N D E X.

True faith by Jesus in us wrought	7	Wake me right, that so	68
True faith obeys its author's will	87	Walk with care the narrow way	270
True faith receives the offer'd	86	Was ever grace, Lord, rich as	52
Truly blessed is this station	118	Was it for crimes that I had	35
Turn, my soul, unto thy rest	150	Water and blood, in streams	172
* 'Twas by an order from the Lord	4	Water can cleanse the flesh, we	171
* 'Twas in a dark and doleful night	21	Water the body laves	172
'Twas he, my soul, that sent his	249	Weak are the efforts of my heart	18
'Twas then the children join'd	186	Weak, helpless babes, 'tis true	114
'Twas to save thee, child, from	241	* We adore thee evermore	117

## V.

Vain are our fancy's airy flights	87	* We all at thy throne	251
Vain are all other helps beside	93	We all in spirit are agreed	153
Vanquish our lusts, our pride	74	We all know who, and what we	112
Vile worm, shouldst thou refuse	82	* We can't thy boundless	242
Virtue goes forth from him, he	89	We dead in sins and trespasses	9
Unexampled is that love	149	* We feel our shame and great	138
Unfeigned thanks receive	107	We for whom thou once wast	174
* Unfathom'd wisdom of our	152	We gladly take what he'll	153
Unhappy they who turn away	11	We give thee thanks, we sing	256
United firmly by thy grace	130	We have an example	187
Unnumber'd comforts to my	54	We humbly thee adore and	60
Unspotted robes you wear	172	We humbly pray! support the	152
Unto each married pair that	118	We humbly pray with one	227
Unto ourselves no praise is due	212	We in ev'ry nation	108
Unto thy praise my all I'll	26	* We in one covenant are join'd	130
* Unto the pow'rs which thou'lt	216	We in thy ways proceed	120
* Unto ourselves with deepest	275	* We join united in the spirit	205
* Unto thee, most gracious	197	We join the ransom'd church	207
* Unto the Lamb of God	95	* We know that we're poor	135
Unto my heart when speech I	260	We know thou never canst	51
Unto Christ's congregation in	74	We know his boundless love	154
Vouchsafe to be present, thou	171	We magnify thy name, O Lord	55
Upon that dear majestic head	67	We now no longer need remain	194
Upon the cross I see him bleed	90	We offer gladly up to thee	211
Upon thy call I'm here	178	* We often in our course thro'	211
Upon the cross he dy'd	68	We pray thee fill us all with	74
Up, brethren, we to all the	117	We pray thee, let the heav'nly	245
Up, Calv'ry, the Saviour	40	We pray thee, O Being most	8
Up, go forth to meet the Lamb	270	* We pray thee, wounded Lamb	98
Us into closest union draw	130	We rest in Christ, and yet desire	92
Us thy congregation own	177	We're poor and needy, but	198

## W.

Was there nothing but a manger	247	We see on hearts as cold as ice	211
Wait still on God, my soul!	146	We sing and we hear how our	190
		We sing thy praise, exalted	52
		We sinners humbly crave	155
		* We sinners, void of good	120
		* We sing to God, whose tender	9
		We surely are a work of thy	216
		We stand unto this very hour	207

# I N D E X.

We stedfastly this truth maintain	206	What in thy love possess I not	111
*We thank God for all gifts	242	What is my anchor, if you ask	151
We thank thee that thou wilt	191	What is created by our God	248
We thee intreat with one accord	212	*What is for our dear single	196
We thee intreat to form us to	199	What is a man? a clod of earth	255
We therefore wish most ardently	114	*What is it, wounded Lamb of	119
We think not in such cases	164	What is this life? a constant	255
We thirst, O Lord; give us	91	*What joy or honor could we	94
We thy little flock adore	250	What love can be compar'd with	110
We to God the Father	52	*What, my soul, should bow thee	150
We too have reason to rejoice	12	What off'ring shall I bring to	13
We walk by faith of joys to	271	*What pains poor souls go thro'	137
*We who here together are	168	*What peace divine, what perfect	100
Welcome all, by sin oppress'd	80	*What praise unto the Lamb is	118
*Welcome among thy flock of	167	*What shall I feel when I	275
Welcome, O welcome, noble	16	What shall we pay our heavenly	176
Welcome, thou Source of ev'ry	15	What shall we say for this thy	51
We'll join together heart and	130	What should I do, who am so	85
We'll now with the angels	190	*What splendid rays of truth and	128
Well might the sun in darkness	35	What the fathers wish'd of old	11
Were health and strength may	147	What tho' the world foameth	127
Were we but all desirous, day	100	What thou shalt to-day provide	57
Weigh next the pardon and	31	What undeserved favor	122
We wish to afford	75	What wonder in the soul takes	112
We virgins each have cause to	200	Whate'er is carnal thro' thy	141
What am I, Lord, that thou	17	*Whatever honors Christ the	139
What are the mines of shining	3	Whene'er I mourn—and humbly	128
What are we? what do we	248	*When simplicity we cherish	143
*What a peace divinely sweet	2	When thou, my Saviour, shalt	20
What can be laid unto my charge	6	*When a maiden feels her lost	198
What can we offer thee,	208	*When a maiden's heart believeth	198
What can from Christ me	149	*When Adam fell, the frame	4
What can we, poor sinners, do	174	When angels by transgression	245
What can we now give to thee	117	When all with awe shall stand	269
What caused this I know too	13	When all thy mercies, O my God	54
*What causes me to mourn is	126	When all the creatures here deny	248
What extatic pleasure	275	When all our labor here is o'er	214
What for myself I thus request	218	*When by adversity I'm tried	147
What gain'st thou by thy anxious	56	When Christ shall come in	66
*What glorious pattern for heart	194	*When Christ who sav'd us by	64
*What good news the angels	12	*When Christ our Saviour lives	205
What grace, what great	11	*When departed once in peace	273
What have I done for him that	238	When earthly cares engross the	259
What harm can I from death	28	*Whene'er the suffering Lamb	32
What hast thou not performed	10	When from the curse he sets us	87
*What heav'nly joy and	276	When flesh and heart decays and	244
What heights, what depths of	10	When he had prevailed	27
What here sickens, sighs and	258	When he applies his healing	84
*What human mind can trace	22	When he this act of love had	168

# I N D E X.

When heav'nly bread he gives	184	When we have fail'd and deeply	106
When his hour strikes for	147	When we, like wand'ring sheep	114
*When having been with guilt	135	When we on his faithfulness	164
When in his glory bright	245	*When we rejoice that Jesus	164
When in our blood we lay	160	When we such boundless love	114
When in our souls this blessed	89	*When we shall see our Jesus	274
When into darkness we are	1	When we see our names enroll'd	141
When in the night I sleepless	240	When with him, my Lord, in	106
*When in the sanctuary	182	When worn with sickness, oft	54
When in the flipp'ry paths of	54	*Whom, dear Redeemer, dost	112
When in their hearts his love is	199	Whose faithfulness so oft I've	138
When I, a needy sheep of his	184	Where are those we counted	169
*When I am conscious truly	135	Where'er thy faithful lab'ers	208
When I close my eyes to	239	Where'er we look around, both	74
When I give up my spirit	37	*Where is this infant? It is	201
When I hence depart	68	*Where my Redeemer's blood	173
When I review my mis-spent	81	*Where shall my wand'ring soul	80
When I sleep, his love is taking	57	Where should I turn, or how	147
*When I shall get permission	259	Where'er we to mankind	214
When I to thee for succor	114	*Whether the period of this life	261
When I thy mercy weigh	120	While guilt disturbs and breaks	5
*When I visit Jesu's grave in	40	While human nature doth exist	91
*When Jesus hung upon the	3	While I hear this grace reveal'd	38
*When justice did demand its	8	While, like a tide, our minutes	56
When law condemns and justice	8	While others make the law their	118
*When, O when shall I have	259	*While we at honest labor toil	150
*When on the cross my Lord	34	Whilst here on earth I'm living	30
When once the sin-sick soul	193	Whilst here I live by faith	276
When on the breast we hung	160	*Whilst here on earth we run	114
*When pining sickness wastes	243	Whilst in the body I remain	95
When pride would stir within	146	Whilst here the great salvation	267
*When rising from the bed of	269	Whilst with her flagrant flowers	0
*When rising winds and rain	90	Who can describe the loveliness	20
When simply we obey his voice	198	*Who can condemn, since Christ	149
When satan tempts, how soon	137	Who can maintain the bold	7
When this we felt to be our	74	Who can to love his name	29
*When the due time had taken	5	*Who can rehearse, most	161
When the Lord appears	101	*Who can the love of Christ	154
When thou art near, I must	129	Who can thy operations trace	72
When thou confest on me a	26	Who doth not turn to Christ	271
When thou, dear Jesus, wast a	188	Who doth preserve our life	249
*When thou, dear Saviour, didst	50	Who early by a living faith	191
When thou shalt on Sion stand	109	Who hath thee thus abused	30
When thy glorious light we see	89	Who in the Spirit's light can	165
When thus the blessings of his	94	*Who is like thee, who	67
When to the cross nailed	27	Who in Jesus Christ abideth	143
When up the mount he came	31	Who now can render thee just	53
*When we baptize a sinner in	170	*Who overcometh shall abide for	151
*When we before our Saviour's	180	Who sincerely loveth Jesus	143
When we commemorate his	180	Who spreads the lofty firmament	249

# I N D E X.

*Who through Christ's blood	140	With the deepest adoration	38
Who to Jesus humbly cleaveth	143	*With thy presence, gracious	217
*Who, who have such reason as	190	With what divine and vast	20
Who would not now pursue the	130	*With willing hearts for Jesus	243
Who would still such mercy	76	Woe then to him who hath	269
Who'er would spend his days	104	Would we but be a little quiet	56
*Who'er in Jesus doth believe	145	Would the world with gay	36
Who'er in self-righteousness	175	*Would you know the grace	199
*Who'er striveth for	194	Wounded back	42
Why art thou afraid to come	76	Wounded head! back plough'd	25
Why did the scourges tear	33	*Worthy, O Lord, art thou	65
Why fear we then to trust	256	Worthy the Lamb that dy'd	252
Why is his body rack'd with	32		
Why need we mourn as in	249		
Why was thy soul with hellish	25		
*Wid'wers on the Lord rely	204		
Will ye then so hard remain	86		
Wisdom and faithfulness afford	202		
With all our errors and mistakes	106		
*With ardent longing at thy feet	217		
With cheerful heart I close my	239		
With contrite tears I thee adore	119		
With deep rev'rence we draw	177		
With each of us obtain thy	209		
With faith I plunge me in this	87		
With fire and with spirit endow'd	196		
With gladness they obey his	245		
*With grateful hearts we humbly	254		
*With his gentle crook	105		
With humble faith on thee I	144		
With joy I still discover	236		
*With joy we meditate the grace	52		
With longing eyes thy creatures	59		
With love's ardor to be fired	132		
With mouth and hand I give	210		
With my Jesus will I stay	179		
With my whole heart I cleave	125		
Without beginning or decline	69		
Without thy aid we nought	213		
Without thy blessing how could	214		
Without thy favor while I live	134		
With painful penance thoughts	28		
With pining sickness I decay	244		
With pity view me at thy feet	3		
With pleasing grief and mournful	93		
With tears interceding	27		
With thanks we call to mind	165		
With thanks before his throne	154		
With these my happy lot is	148		

## Y.

Yea, by thy body and thy	215
Yea, his sympathizing heart	164
Yea, his condition	157
Yea, Lord, we wish to cast	160
Yea, only he who feels	67
Yea, these our eyes in heaven	274
Yea, with joy ourselves	247
Yea, an obedient, simple mind	193
Yea, all his works in ev'ry	245
Yea, this be our concern to	133
Yea, by the blood thou'st shed	182
Yea, his Son, his heart paternal	57
Yea, when I see in spirit	135
*Year after year commences	160
*Ye angels round the throne	62
*Ye angels that are great in	246
Ye, alas! who long have been	80
*Ye brethren, sav'd by Jesus	197
*Ye bottomless depths of God's	8
Ye children, fall down and	187
Ye chosen people of the Lord	194
*Ye foll'wers of the slaughter'd	182
Ye mourning souls, look	51
*Ye people of the Lord	155
Ye purchas'd souls, ye	194
*Ye sinners, in the gospel trace	78
Ye sons of men, this doleful	42
*Ye servants of God, your great	206
Ye that feel quite poor and	12
*Ye venerable widow'd classes	205
Ye virgins, be girt with	270
*Ye who're humbly weeping	52
*Ye who Jesus's patients are	258
Ye who Jesus's death proclaim	165



# I N D E X.

Ye who see the Father's grace	80	Yes, thou art precious to my	12
*Ye who for true consolation	204	Yet let by faith my penetration	87
Ye who in Christ believe	172	Yet let me not thy grace abuse	138
Ye with your Lord are ris'n	172	Yet, O God of glory, our	8
*Ye who know the Lord	213	Yet still the servants of their	208
Ye who love him cease to	45	Yet the warmest mutual love	135
Ye who believe on Jesus	181	Yet when my Saviour I shall	95
Ye who from Jesus Christ have	167	Yet when, by faith, our Lord	204
Yes, gracious Saviour, I	185	Yet we are of defects aware	237
Yes, he sustains us ev'ry day	204	Yes, we feel indeed our own	196
Yes, I was wholly dead in sin	96	Younger plants, the sight how	169
Yes, Lord, we will remember	173	Your crimes and self-made	11
Yes, my dear Lord, in foll'wing	148	You can from experience trace	204

# TABLE of TUNES.

Note, The number affixed to every line in this Table, corresponds with the Tune-book, which is an extract from the Tune-book used in our congregations abroad, except a few original English tunes.

Tune.

1. **T**EACH us, O Lord, thy cross's mystery. No. 220, 596, 654,  
712, 726.
4. O Spirit of Grace. No. 212, 284, 296, 399, 432, 810.
9. What, my soul, should bow thee down. No. 465, 519, 554, 563.
10. My soul, awake and render. No. 445, 507, 522, 744, 778.
11. Let the splendor of thy word. No. 15, 34, 36, 57, 62, 109, 127,  
224, 229, 239, 248, 273, 294, 311, 377, 381, 290, 429, 439, 595,  
597, 614, 675, 730, 774, 776, 795, 805, 849.
14. Jesus, thy word is my delight. No. 2, 13, 19, 21, 32, 52, 56, 60,  
61, 65, 66, 67, 86, 88, 93, 96, 103, 114, 124, 137, 138, 141, 145,  
148, 154, 157, 161, 169, 175, 184, 191, 201, 208, 209, 232, 234,  
238, 241, 247, 245, 257, 260, 277, 281, 297, 322, 328, 329, 334,  
339, 341, 355, 357, 370, 382, 386, 387, 394, 396, 397, 416,  
417, 426, 442, 443, 447, 452, 466, 495, 506, 535, 540, 560, 561,  
574, 606, 611, 612, 618, 623, 625, 650, 676, 703, 721, 747, 758,  
760, 761, 763, 767, 768, 772, 794, 796, 802, 812, 814, 815,  
845, 847, 848, 861, 870, 872, 876, 878, 879.
15. Thy blood hath me a sinner bought. No. 346, 376.
16. Christ the Lord, the Lord most glorious. No. 47, 168, 307, 344,  
358, 440, 455, 651, 657, 659, 667, 719, 722, 770, 866.
22. God's holy word, which ne'er shall cease. No. 3, 6, 7, 11, 14, 17,  
26, 29, 31, 35, 42, 45, 50, 69, 70, 90, 99, 123, 130, 136, 152, 158,  
159, 172, 174, 180, 187, 192, 196, 203, 210, 218, 240, 251, 258,  
261, 266, 271, 288, 309, 324, 379, 383, 392, 407, 410, 411, 412,  
415, 419, 434, 438, 444, 449, 450, 454, 456, 461, 478, 493, 494,  
514, 544, 548, 567, 568, 571, 579, 593, 602, 605, 615, 616, 617,  
620, 621, 632, 658, 660, 663, 672, 687, 705, 710, 714, 720, 734,  
742, 745, 748, 750, 753, 754, 756, 766, 771, 773, 783, 787, 788,  
789, 790, 791, 803, 821, 827, 836, 841, 842, 868.
23. Come approach to Jesu's table. No. 556, 558, 589, 631, 634.
26. Thou meek and patient Lamb of God. No. 312, 315, 476, 480,  
513, 594, 655, 698, 727.
30. O my God, I come oppress'd with sadness. No. 398, 485.
32. See 583. Whene'er the suff'ring Lamb of God I see.
34. At last he's blest, who by the blood of Jesus. No. 473.
36. Dear Jesus! wherein wast thou to be blamed. No. 74, 81, 237,  
289, 330, 711, 769.
37. Lord, had I of thy love. No. 246, 332, 628, 835.
39. To God, our Immanuel, made flesh as we are. No. 53, 163, 373,  
545, 609, 613, 619, 626, 684, 822.

# TABLE of TUNES.

Tune.

45. O deepest grief. No. 119, 375, 647.
50. Jesus, all praise is due to thee. No. 43, 128.
51. When Jesus hung upon the cross. No. 92.
52. My life I now to God resign. No. 825.
54. The suff'rings of this life's short day. No. 77, 316.
56. Thou, O Jesus, art a gracious Lord. No. 333.
58. Most gracious Lord, we render thanks and praise. No. 9, 49, 63, 68, 143, 165, 205, 211, 213, 253, 278, 305, 366, 423, 500, 542, 577, 603, 635, 695, 718, 819, 867, 874, 883.
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